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THE HOUSE OF SAVOY.*

THE Princess Belgiojoso is one of the most striking and original figures in contemporary biography; and the varied and remarkable incidents in her career might claim a prominent place in the annals of a far more romantic age than that in which she lives. Nobly born, rich, and beautiful, with every temptation to a life of ease and luxury, she has again and again risked rank, and wealth, and life in the cause of Italian independence; has undergone the vicissitudes and hardships of poverty and exile, rather than submit to the Austrian yoke; has lived to see the triumph of that cause to which she has devoted her existence; and has now the happiness of beholding the whole of Italy, with the exception of Rome and Venice, united

under the constitutional scepter of Victor Emmanuel. She is the daughter of Geronimo-Isidoro, Marquis of Trivulzio, and was born in Lombardy in the summer of 1808. In 1824, she married the Prince of Barbian and Belgiojoso. During the earlier part of her married life, her high rank, wit, and varied accomplishments rendered her the object of general admiration and homage; and at Milan, the ancient and beautiful capital of Lombardy, she was a leader of fashion, and a distinguished patroness of artists and men of letters. But she soon became dissatisfied with such a career, and, deeply sensible of the wrongs of Italy, determined to devote all the energies of her life to the cause of Italian freedom.

For the last thirty years she has been one of the most zealous supporters of the party of action, and has remained true to it through every fluctuation of fortune.

* *Histoire de la Maison de Savoie.* Par Mme. la Princesse CHRISTINE TRIVULCE DE BELGIOJOSO. Paris: Michel Lévy Frères, Libraires-Editeurs. 1860.

Wearied of a tranquil and luxurious life at Milan, she went to reside in Paris, where her talents and political opinions procured her the friendship of the most distinguished writers and statesmen of the day, particularly of Mignet, and of Augustine Thierry. In 1848, she returned to Milan, and entered heart and hand into the ill-planned and worse conducted Italian revolution. At her own expense she raised and equipped a body of cavalry, which, according to some accounts, she led in person against the Austrians; and during her brief military career, she is said to have displayed, on several occasions, a courage and presence of mind that would have done credit to the most experienced soldier. After the total defeat of the Italians by Radetzky, she was banished from Italy, and her possessions were confiscated by the Austrian government. She then sought an asylum in the East, and during her exile, often endured great hardships, though she was generously treated by the Sultan, who gave her a grant of land on the Gulf of Nicomedia for herself and the banished Italians who had followed her fortunes.

It was about this time that she began to distinguish herself by her literary abilities. In 1850, her *Souvenirs d'Exil* appeared in the *National*; and an account of her voyage to Asia Minor was subsequently published in the *Revue des deux Mondes*, to which she has since been a frequent contributor. In 1855, she was permitted to return to Italy, and her possessions were restored by the amnesty of the Emperor Francis Joseph. But sufferings, misfortunes, and the progress of years had so little cooled the ardor of her patriotism, that previously to the war which finally destroyed the Austrian ascendancy in Italy, she was one of the most active and indefatigable agents of the late lamented Count Cavour—traveling from place to place, holding conferences, smoothing differences, reconciling republicans and constitutionalists, and gaining new friends and allies. In 1858 she lost her husband; but she still continues to devote herself with characteristic activity to politics and literature.

A history of the House of Savoy comes with singular grace and appropriateness from this Italian heroine, who for so many years has been one of the steadiest supporters of the cause of unity and independence, as well as one of the most devoted

adherents of that great old family; and who, to an intimate acquaintance with the politics and history of Italy, unites literary abilities which have won the approbation of the best judges of literary merit both in Italy and in France. We do not, indeed, think that the Princess has added much to the information contained in Guichenon's learned, elaborate, and costly work on the House of Savoy, and in Gallenga's more accessible and popular History of Piedmont. But she has succeeded in compressing within the compass of a single volume, a distinct and well-written account of one of the most illustrious, and certainly the most ancient, of the reigning houses of Europe. The narrative in which she recounts the events of the long period of upward of eight centuries, during which, more than forty ancestors of the present King of Italy have swayed the scepter of Savoy, as Counts, Dukes, or Kings, is always clear and often picturesque. Happily for the interest of her work, the great majority of these Princes have been wise, brave, and fortunate; while the lives of several of the Counts are full of romance and adventure, and abound in instances of personal prowess and gallant achievements in Europe, in the Holy Land, in the Greek Empire, and in the islands of the Mediterranean. Yet even these, though gallant knights as ever couched lance, and strongly imbued with the chivalrous madness of the age in which they lived, were at the same time distinguished by the common-sense, and cautious, far-sighted policy, that has since characterized their descendants. While fighting for the cause of heaven, they never lost sight of the interests of earth, and seldom suffered themselves to be dazzled or seduced into forgetfulness of the essential interests of their dynasty.

A circumstance that can not fail to strike even the most superficial student of the history of the House of Savoy, is the unusually large number of distinguished men it has produced. In the history of most other sovereign houses such men are the exception; here they are the rule. It might be possible to point out other dynasties that have risen from smaller beginnings to greater power, but it would not be easy to fix upon any where territorial aggrandizement and political influence have been more manifestly the results of wisdom and valor. It is in consequence of this union of political sagacity and war-

like courage that the descendant of Humbert the White-handed, the founder of the family, who was lord of only a small Alpine territory environed by more powerful states, now rules over twenty millions of subjects, and the whole of the fair Italian peninsula, with the exception of Rome and Venice. The Princess Belgiojoso, whose most cherished aspiration is the fusion of the different nationalities of Italy into one great people, and the destruction of all foreign rule, sees in the history of the House of Savoy the finger of Providence visibly marking it out as the destined regenerator of Italy; and her chief object in publishing the present volume is to influence public opinion in Europe in favor of her views, by a popular narrative of the too little known history of the ancestors of Victor Emmanuel.

We propose at present — taking the Princess Belgiojoso for our guide — to narrate some of the most interesting and romantic incidents in the history of the House of Savoy, and to sketch the career of some of its greatest Princes. The earliest sovereigns were simply Counts of Savoy and Maurienne, owning a sterile domain in the heart of the Cottian Alps, and twelve towns, of which Chambéry and Geneva were the chief. The period occupied by the history of the Counts extends from the reign of Humbert I.—who, in common with the Electoral House of Saxony, was a descendant of the great Duke Wittikind, cotemporary with Charlemagne—to that of Amadeus VIII., created Duke of Savoy by the Emperor Sigismund in the early part of the fifteenth century. The ducal period extends over three centuries, from Amadeus VIII., to Victor Amadeus I., who received the royal title by the Treaty of Utrecht in 1713. The kingly period comprehends a century and a half; and its most remarkable incident unquestionably is the exchange, by the present representative of the house, of the title of King of Sardinia for the far nobler one of King of Italy. The name of Victor Emmanuel will go down, with that of Amadeus VIII., who raised his country to a dukedom, and that of Victor Amadeus I., who raised the dukedom to a kingdom, as having contributed even more than they to the fortune of his dynasty, by raising a third-rate monarchy to the rank of a first-rate European power.

Humbert, the progenitor of the race, was one of the most gallant warriors of

the early part of the eleventh century, and the territories he received from the Emperor Conrad were the reward of long and valuable services. His son Otto married, in 1044, Adelaide, Countess of Susa, daughter and heiress of Manfred, Count of Turin and Marquis of Italy; and by this marriage acquired for his house a great accession of power and territory. The House of Savoy, like that of Austria, has been singularly fortunate in its matrimonial alliances. Guichenon gives a list of forty royal or ducal houses who have contracted alliances with it. "There are," he says, "few sovereign houses in Christendom who have not descendants from the illustrious stock of Savoy. Six Kings of Portugal have descended from it; six emperors of the East; seven Kings of England; four Kings of Arragon, three of Sicily, four of Castile; six Dukes of Bavaria; three Dukes of Milan, and five Dukes of Ferrara." But, to a native of this country, one of the most interesting parts of the history of the Counts of Savoy is that which relates to the close connection which they for a long time maintained with the Royal House of England. In 1236, Eleanor, granddaughter of Count Thomas I., praised by the old chroniclers as a princess of marvelous beauty, married Henry III., of England; while her sister was wedded to his brother Richard Earl of Cornwall, afterward elected Emperor of Germany.* For the accommodation of his numerous relatives belonging to the House of Savoy, Henry built the palace in the Strand known as the "Savoy," the last relics of which, with the exception of the chapel, were pulled down in 1816, at the time of the construction of Waterloo Bridge. Many adventurers from Savoy intermarried with the richest heiresses in England, thus — according to Matthew Paris — contaminating the best blood in the kingdom by "the admixture of the impure dregs of aliens." The names of several of these Savoyard gentlemen

* The two remaining granddaughters of Count Thomas were married, the one to Louis IX., King of France, and the other to his brother Charles of Anjou, afterward King of Naples; so that this whole family of Savoyard Princesses attained the royal dignity by their fortunate marriages. Beatrice, the wife of Charles of Anjou, had three granddaughters, of whom two were Queens and one an Empress; and Guichenon tells us that from her were descended seven Kings of France, seven Kings of England, three Kings of Sicily, and six Kings or Queens of Hungary and Poland.

are perpetuated in existing families; for example, in Grandison, Fletcher, and Butler—originally Grandson, Butiller, and La Flechière. The Savoyards of these days were among the most gallant knights in Europe, and full of the chivalrous extravagance of the age. On his first arrival in England, Peter II., with fifteen Savoyard and Vaudois knights, proposed to hold the lists at Northampton against the whole chivalry of England. Henry III. was prodigal of his favor to this Count Peter, conferring on him the manor of Richmond and the earldom of Essex, and furnishing him with large sums of money to enable him to prosecute his ambitious designs in Savoy and Switzerland. For a long time the alliance between England and Savoy continued unbroken; but the Counts at length, seduced by the pressing instances of the French Kings, espoused the cause of France, and often fought in her quarrel against their former friends. Thus, at the siege of Bruckberg, toward the close of the fourteenth century, Amadeus VII., surnamed the Red Count, during a tournament held before the walls of the place, is said to have defeated the Earl of Huntingdon with the lance, and the Earls of Arundel and Pembroke with sword and battle ax.

One of the most glorious names in the history of the Counts of Savoy is that of Amadeus V., surnamed the Great, (1285–1323.) Like several of his predecessors, he was upon intimate terms with the royal family of England, and was employed in important negotiations between the Kings of England and France. He was present at the marriage of Edward II. with Isabella of Valois, and also at Edward's coronation. He was a firm adherent of the Emperor of Germany, and received from him many marks of distinction and regard. His most famous exploit was his expedition to Rhodes, to aid the knights of St. John against the infidels—an expedition, however, which belongs rather to the domain of romance than to that of history. But it is peculiarly dear to the chroniclers of his house, according to whom, Amadeus conducted in 1316, a powerful armament to Rhodes, then beleaguered by the Turks, and compelled them to raise the siege. During this expedition, he is said to have substituted a white cross on a red shield for the imperial eagle, the original cognizance of the House of Savoy, and to have adopted

for his motto the mysterious device F. E. R. T., interpreted by the chroniclers to mean "Fortitudo ejus Rhodum tenuit"—his valor saved Rhodes. In the reign of Count Aymon the Pacific began the long wars between England and France—arising out of the claims of Edward III. to the French crown, in right of his mother Isabella of Valois—which lasted, with brief intervals of peace, for one hundred years. During these wars, Count Aymon, in spite of the long and close alliance of his family with England, yielded to the pressing solicitations of the French king, and joined him in Flanders, at the head of a noble train of knights and men-at-arms. He was afterward one of the deputies on the part of France for concluding peace with England.

Our limits allow us only to allude to the reign of Amadeus VI., called, from the color of his armor, the Green Count, one of the most brilliant knights of the fourteenth century, among whose gallant exploits the rescue of the Greek Emperor, John Palæologus, stands conspicuous. Under his successor, Amadeus VII., "the Red Count," another chivalrous knight, the towns of Nice and Barcelonette were added to the dominions of the family. This count fell a victim, in his thirtieth year, to the nostrums of a Bohemian quack, named John of Granville, who had promised to give him a luxuriant head of hair and a florid complexion.

We now come to the reign of Amadeus VIII., the last of the counts and first of the dukes; under whom, after long wars and protracted negotiations, Savoy and Piedmont were firmly united into one state. Amadeus deserves to be considered one of the three greatest princes of Savoy—the others being Emmanuel-Philibert (1553–1580) and Victor-Amadeus II. (1675–1730.) His career was most varied and remarkable. He died in 1451; having ruled Savoy as count and duke for forty years; having held the popedom for nine, though a layman, a widower, and the father of nine children; and having been first cardinal and legate of the Holy See for eighteen months. In 1413, Amadeus entertained the Emperor Sigismund with splendid hospitality, on his passage into Italy; and, in requital, the Emperor elevated him in 1416 to the rank of duke. It was during this fifteenth century, which witnessed the elevation of Savoy from a county to a duchy, that her princes found

their plans of aggrandizement arrested—on the north-west by the increasing power of the great French monarchy, and on the north-east, by the formation of the Swiss confederacy. They therefore, with the astute policy characteristic of their race, determined for the future to aim at the gradual acquisition of Lombardy, which still remained open to them, and which one of their number compared to “an artichoke which the House of Savoy was to have leaf by leaf.”

In 1434, Amadeus VIII. formed the singular resolution of abdicating the throne, which he carried into execution by retiring to the Hermitage of Ripaille, near Geneva, accompanied by six gentlemen of his household, whom he afterward constituted into the order of chivalry of St. Maurice, the patron saint of Savoy. He appointed his eldest son guardian of his states, and gave himself up to study and devotion in his chosen retreat. But he was again destined to fill a prominent place in the eye of the world; for in 1439, the Council of Basle deposed Pope Eugenius IV., and elected Amadeus Pope in his stead. It has been said that their reason for this extraordinary proceeding was, that Amadeus, having one foot in Italy and the other in France, might be of great service to the Church in the critical state of the times. The coronation of the new Pope was celebrated at Basle with great magnificence in the presence of more than fifty thousand spectators. He assumed the name of Felix V. Pope Eugenius, however, did not submit to the decision of the Council which deposed him, but maintained his place at Rome; thus causing a schism in the Church, which lasted nine years. On the death of Eugenius, his partisans elected Nicolas V. as his successor. At length a council met at Lyons to put an end to the schism; and on the joint representations of the ambassadors of England, France, and Sicily, Amadeus was induced to resign the papacy. This he did on very favorable conditions, being created Cardinal of St. Sabina, and appointed Apostolic Legate in Upper Italy. Pope Nicolas also, by various bulls, confirmed all that he had done during his pontificate. Under Amadeus VIII., Savoy was one of the most powerful of the Italian states, and could bring eight thousand men-at-arms into the field, at a period when the utmost force of

France or England did not amount to more than thirty thousand.

The ducal period of the history of the House of Savoy extends from the reign of Amadeus VIII. to the peace of Utrecht in 1713, when the important acquisition of the fair island of Sicily changed the ducal coronet of Victor Amadeus into a kingly diadem. It was during this period that the long wars between Austria and France, for supremacy in the Italian peninsula, began to make the position of the princes of Savoy between the two contending parties critical and dangerous; and forced upon them an ever-varying and shifting policy, in order to preserve the national existence of their country. As the Prince de Ligne remarked of them, with equal wit and truth: “Geography hardly allowed them to behave like honest men.” During the reign of Duke Louis there was war with Charles VII. of France, which lasted for thirteen years, when it was ended by the submission of the Duke, who had provoked it by an unjustifiable invasion of the French province of Dauphiny. In this reign the dominions of the House of Savoy were declared inalienable by solemn edict, like those of the crown of France. The recent cession of Nice and Savoy furnishes a sad commentary on the inefficiency of all such declarations, where there is on one side want of strength to maintain them, and, on the other, strength, ambition, and utter want of principle.

The acquisition of the kingdom of Cyprus forms a curious episode in the history of this family. Louis II., son of the first duke of that name, and grandson of Amadeus VIII., married Charlotte, daughter and heiress of John, King of Cyprus, who died in 1458; and, shortly after his decease, his daughter and her husband were solemnly crowned at Nicosia, the capital of the island, as King and Queen of Cyprus, Jerusalem, and Armenia—high-sounding titles, which the lapse of a few years resolved into mere words. The title of the new sovereigns was disputed by James, a natural son of the last king; who, by the assistance of the Soldan of Egypt, was enabled to land in Cyprus at the head of a strong force, with which he carried all before him, and compelled Louis of Savoy and his queen to fly from the island. In 1470, the vic-

torious bastard, then absolute master in Cyprus, married Catherine Cornaro, daughter of Mark Cornaro, a Venetian gentleman; and the fair Catherine was thereupon adopted, by the wily and unscrupulous republic of Venice, as a daughter of St. Mark. In 1473, the bastard died, as was generally supposed, of poison administered by the agents of the republic; and the Venetian government lost no time in sending an army into Cyprus, and proclaiming Catherine regent of the island. After the death of her husband she gave birth to a child, who lived only two years and three months, but was proclaimed King of Cyprus, and named James, after his father. His premature death, like that of his father, was generally imputed to the Venetian republic. His two uncles, who might have been in the way, assuredly died in a Venetian prison; and the republic, having procured from Catherine a cession of her rights to the kingdom of Cyprus, immediately removed her from the island, and assigned her the castle of Azzola, in the Trevisan, as her place of residence, where she was entirely in their power. They then seized upon, or, in the politest phrase of the present day, annexed Cyprus, to the prejudice of the only lawful heir, Charles, Duke of Savoy, nephew of Queen Charlotte, daughter of John, the last legitimate king of the island. She died in 1487; and with her expired the illustrious family of Lusignan, who had swayed the scepter of Cyprus for three hundred years. A few years before her death, however, in the church of St. Peter at Rome, she made a solemn donation of the kingdom of Cyprus to her nephew Charles, "to him and his successors, Dukes of Savoy;" so that the present King of Italy has a plausible political title to one of the fairest portions of the Sultan of Turkey's insular dominions—at least, a much worse one has often served as a pretext for annexation. It is impossible, at this distance of time, to decide whether the Venetian government were really guilty of all the crimes imputed to them. Poisoning in Italy at that era was nearly as common as cooking; the persons removed undoubtedly stood between the Venetian government and a rich inheritance; and, remembering the annals of the republic, we can scarcely believe that the Venetian oligarchs would shrink from any scheme of

political aggrandizement, merely because it led them through the paths of crime.

In the reign of Duke Charles III., surnamed the Good, Savoy and Piedmont suffered terribly from the ravages of the French and Imperialists during the long and bloody wars between Francis I. and his great rival Charles V. Duke Charles was one of the few princes of his race both physically and intellectually weak; and during his reign, of nearly half a century, the power of the House of Savoy was so greatly reduced, that at the period of his death, in 1553, Piedmont was in the possession of the Austrians, and Savoy in the hands of the French; while he himself, of all the dominions of his house, retained only the town and castle of Nice, and a few places of minor importance. Indeed, but for the heroic resistance of the Nizzards, their Duke would not have had a foot of territory or a place of refuge left to him. In 1538, the garrison held out against Pope, King, and Emperor; and refused to deliver up the citadel even on the mandate of the weak Duke himself, willing as he was to have placed it in the hands of the Emperor and the Pope, who had undertaken to act as his mediators with the French monarch. In 1543, Nice again made a gallant defense against the lilies of France and the Turkish crescent, united under the Duke d'Enghien and the famous corsair Barbarossa, the scourge of the Mediterranean. The French armament consisted of forty ships, and seven thousand land troops; while Barbarossa had one hundred and fifty-two vessels, and fifteen thousand soldiers. But the town and castle were defended by men worthy of the occasion, and well fitted to make good the last stronghold of the House of Savoy. Their commander, when summoned to surrender, returned as his only reply: "My name is Montfort, and my motto, 'Il me faut tenir.'" Around this gallant leader was a chosen band of the chivalry of Piedmont and Savoy, many of whom had fought bravely against the infidels as knights of St. John at Rhodes. On the fifteenth of August, after a terrific cannonade which had lasted for five days, the Turks stormed one of the bastions and planted on it the banner of the crescent. But the sight of the infidel flag on the battlements of their town drove the inhabitants to fury; they rushed to the rescue, headed by a heroine named Catherine Sigurana, whose ax

struck down standard and standard-bearer; and after a desperate conflict, drove the assailants in rout and confusion from the blood-stained ramparts. On the twentieth, however, the town was compelled to capitulate; but the inhabitants withdrew into the citadel, taking with them all their valuables, and even the bells from the church-steeple. The besiegers then directed all their efforts to the reduction of the citadel; but it held out nobly until the month of September, when the approach of Andrea Doria by sea, and Duke Charles and the Imperialists by land, compelled the French and their infidel allies to beat a hasty retreat.

On the death of Duke Charles, in 1553, the lustre of the star of Savoy seemed almost extinguished. But better days were at hand. To the weak Charles succeeded Emmanuel-Philibert, his eldest son, the greatest prince of his race, equally accomplished in peace and war, the strongest hand and the clearest head in Europe. He was born at Chambéry, the capital of Savoy, in July, 1528; and his future greatness is said to have been predicted even before his birth, for Duke Charles, and his wife Marguerite of France, having gone to consult the celebrated astrologer Nostradamus, then at the height of his prophetic fame, in order to ascertain the sex of the child about to be born to the Duchess, received the response that she would have a male child, who would become the greatest captain of his age. When the treaty of Nice, in 1544, dispossessed his father of the greater part of his dominions, Emmanuel-Philibert, then only seventeen years old, determined to quit his oppressed and down-trodden country, and learn the art of war under his relative Charles V. He early displayed all those qualities which constitute the character of a great captain; and as these became developed by experience and opportunity, he soon rose to the highest military rank. He remained a steady adherent of the imperial cause—which was indebted to his valor and genius for some of its most brilliant triumphs—and never suffered himself to be seduced by the tempting offers repeatedly addressed to him by the King of France. At the time when the succession of the dukedom of Savoy opened to him, he inherited little more than a barren title. All that remained to him of Savoy and Piedmont, were the towns of

Nice, Coni, Fossano, and Cherasco, and the territories of Aosta and Asti. Under these circumstances, he determined to go where he could increase his influence with the Emperor and the King of France, who might justly be considered as the arbiters of his destiny. He hoped to procure important advantages from the gratitude of the one for the services of so great a captain, and from the fears of the other for the hostility of so dangerous an enemy. Nor was he disappointed, though he had long to wait. Charles V. was much attached to Emmanuel-Philibert, and had the highest opinion of his abilities; so much so, that when he abdicated his throne in 1556, he strongly recommended his son and successor, Philip II., to listen to his counsels and avail himself of his remarkable military genius. The event proved the wisdom of this advice. In 1557, Emmanuel-Philibert won for Spain the great victory of St. Quentin; and, had his advice been followed by Philip, who repaired to his camp immediately after the battle, the victorious Spaniards would have abandoned the siege of St. Quentin, and marched straight upon Paris, before the French had time to recover from the shock of the terrible defeat which they had sustained. But Philip II. was a very different man from his great father. To all the instances of the Prince of Savoy he replied, "That it was bad policy to push a vanquished foe to extremity," and so allowed the golden opportunity to pass away. How differently Charles V. would have acted, may be gathered from his conduct on receiving the dispatch containing the account of the battle of St. Quentin. Before he had half read it, he paused, and—turning to the messenger—eagerly inquired, "Is my son at Paris?" and, on being answered in the negative, instantly retired into his cabinet, without deigning to cast another glance on the narrative of the great victory so ill-improved. The war between Spain and France still continued with varying fortune—the Duke of Savoy being successful wherever he commanded, and the other Spanish general being as constantly beaten—until 1559, when it was put an end to by the Treaty of Chateau-Cambresis, which restored the Duke of Savoy to his dominions, and bestowed on him the hand of Marguerite of France, sister to King Henry II. The French and Imperialists, how-

ever, still retained possession of many important towns in Piedmont and Savoy, which were not entirely freed from foreign occupation until 1574.

When Emmanuel-Philibert returned to his ancestral dominions, from which he had been absent for fourteen years, he found them in a deplorable state of disorder and exhaustion, the results of twenty-five years of hostile occupation; and it is the proudest achievement of his great career, that, by his talents as economist, legislator, and reformer, he raised them from that state of humiliation, and restored them to more than their former social well-being and political importance. He also granted greater liberty of conscience and worship to his subjects than they had ever before enjoyed; and, in spite of the pressing representations that were made to him, would never consent to withdraw the freedom of serving God in their own way, which he had accorded to the professors of the Reformed religion. Throughout his dominions he found the country devastated and the roads destroyed; industry and capital alike fled; the population so reduced, as to be unable to furnish an army for their own defense, or taxes sufficient to defray the cost of government, and entirely dependent on a nobility bought over by foreign gold; the frontiers uncovered, the towns in ruin, respect for the laws and the sovereign enfeebled or forgotten, and the civil and criminal administration of justice extinct. Far from being dismayed by such a complication of evils, he only set himself the more vigorously to cure them, with that iron strength of purpose which marked his character. He abolished the old States-General which used to assemble in every town under the direction of the nobility, and retained only those of Chambéry and Turin, the capitals of Savoy and Piedmont. He appointed a commission, composed of the most eminent jurists, to revise and codify the laws of the realm. He introduced the cultivation of the mulberry and the manufacture of silk. He opened up roads and harbors. He repaired the towns that had suffered during the war, and fortified the passes and frontiers. He established a magnificent hospital at Turin. He furnished the prototype of the national guard of the nineteenth century, by the foundation of what was then

termed, the national militia, which consisted of upward of thirty thousand well-trained citizens; and he also laid the foundation of the navy of Savoy, which took part during his reign in the glorious battle of Lepanto, that gave so terrible a blow to the naval power of the Ottoman Empire. All these improvements were equally well planned and successfully carried out. And such was the beneficial result of his efforts to restore and elevate his country, that the revenue, which on his return to his dominions had dwindled down to two hundred thousand crowns per annum, had risen, twenty years later, to eight hundred thousand. The nationalization of Piedmont, by fixing the seat of government at Turin, was one of the most important acts of this reign. The Italian language was now also substituted for the Latin in public acts, except in Savoy, where French was allowed to be used. All pretensions to Geneva were finally abandoned; and the rulers of Savoy, having fixed themselves at Turin, felt that they were for the future Italian princes.

Emmanuel-Philibert finished his useful and glorious life in 1580, at the early age of fifty-two. His personal character and habits have been minutely described by cotemporary historians. He was somewhat below the middle stature, but with broad shoulders, and a frame inured to hardships by early military training. He had a small, round, compact head—he was surnamed "Iron-head"—fair curling hair, short thick beard, and gray eyes. No man had a firmer or more graceful seat in the saddle, or greater power of enduring fatigue. None had manners more courteous or word more sacred. He allowed himself only five hours for sleep, and kept a strict account of his time; spoke fluently five languages—Italian, French, Flemish, German, and Spanish—and was so fastidious or self-reliant, that he carried on his extensive correspondence unaided, although he had three secretaries in his pay.

During the long reign of Charles Emmanuel I., the son and successor of Emmanuel-Philibert, there were almost constant wars with Geneva, Montserrat, Genoa, and France. He was an able and ambitious prince, and an accomplished general, but somewhat rash in his schemes, and always unable to confine his undertakings within the limits of his

resources. At one period, his designs upon Lombardy seemed likely to be crowned with success. By the Treaty of Brussol, 25th April, 1610, it was agreed between him and Henry IV. of France, that they should unite their forces to drive the Spaniards from the Italian peninsula; that the Duke of Mantua should exchange the province of Casal for that of Cremona; that the Milanese and Montserrat should be united to Piedmont; that Victor Emmanuel should receive the crown of the ancient realm of Lombardy, thus reconstituted; that Henry should give his daughter in marriage to Victor Amadeus, Prince of Piedmont; and that the King of France, the Pope, and the Republic of Venice should guarantee to the Duke of Savoy the title of King of Lombardy. But this promising scheme was rudely dashed to the ground by the assassination of Henry IV., who perished under the dagger of Ravallac the month after the conclusion of the Treaty of Brussol. Charles Emmanuel died in his camp in 1630, while engaged in making war against France; and at his death the greater number of the towns and fortresses in Savoy and in Upper Piedmont were in the possession of French troops.

Under the reign of his son and successor, Victor Amadeus I., there was an alliance with France; and the politic Cardinal Richelieu, bent on breaking the power of the House of Hapsburg, dazzled the eyes of the Piedmontese Prince by the promise of the crown of Lombardy. He offered to revive the Treaty of Brussol, but coupled it with the condition that Piedmont, on receiving Lombardy, should cede Savoy to France. So that France seems to have had her eyes fixed on Savoy nearly as long as those of Piedmont have been fixed on Lombardy.

The armies of Louis XIV. overran, and for some time kept possession of, Savoy; and he had, at one period, three Piedmontese regiments fighting under the French standard in Flanders. He also compelled the Duke of Savoy to imitate his persecuting and short-sighted policy toward his Protestant subjects, and to exterminate or expel them from their homes among the valleys of the Alps. In 1690, Victor Amadeus II., who chafed under this degrading thralldom, and longed to emancipate himself from the yoke of France, joined the League of Augsburg

against Louis XIV., and, in the course of the wars which followed, his territories were repeatedly invaded and ravaged by the superior armies of France. His strongholds were destroyed or captured, and his towns occupied, till at last he was reduced to as great straits as his ancestor, Charles the Good, and had nothing left to him but Coni and Turin. In 1706, the latter was besieged by an army of sixty thousand Frenchmen, with two hundred pieces of artillery. To resist this overwhelming force, there was but a scanty garrison of nineteen regiments of regular troops. But these were relieved and assisted by seven companies of armed citizens, while a band of three hundred women, and even the poor from the almshouses, and the convalescents in the hospitals, joined in the defense. The invaders experienced a desperate resistance, and the defense was signalized by many instances of heroism and self-devotion. Victor Amadeus himself was always at the post of danger, and his courage, coolness, and inspiring words did much to cheer and animate the courage of his people. Three terrible assaults were made upon the town, whose walls and bastions had crumbled under the long cannonade, and whose defenders were thinned by the sword, and worn out by watching and fatigue. The last and most desperate of these was repelled with extreme difficulty, and was illustrated by an example of heroism worthy of the best days of antiquity. Pierre Mica, a private in the corps of engineers, observing a party of French troops about to discover a mine, called out to his comrades to retire, and, as soon as he found himself alone, applied the lighted match, and perished in the ruins along with the whole of the hostile detachment. But succor came at length to the beleaguered and exhausted defenders. The brave Eugene of Savoy, the ally of Marlborough, and cousin to Duke Amadeus, arrived before Turin in the beginning of September, at the head of a gallant army of forty thousand Imperialists. Under the combined attack of Prince Eugene and the Duke of Savoy, the French were entirely defeated; eight thousand lay dead on the battle-field, and a great number were made prisoners. The whole of Piedmont was speedily restored to its Duke. In many of the towns the populace rose against the French garrisons, as soon as they heard

of the great victory of their Prince, and expelled them. The invaders themselves voluntarily evacuated some of the strongest fortresses, glad to escape with their lives to their own country. Scarcely a half of the magnificent army that had encamped before Turin survived to recross the French frontier.

Peace was restored to Piedmont by the Treaty of Utrecht, 31st March, 1713. "The first peace," says the Princess Belgiojoso, "concluded between France and Austria, in which the House of Savoy was not sacrificed." That treaty elevated the Dukes of Savoy to the rank of kings, by bestowing on them the rich island of Sicily, in whose beautiful capital Victor Amadeus and his wife, Anne of Orleans, were solemnly crowned in December, 1713. Queen Anne was the daughter of Philip Duke of Orleans, and Henrietta Anne, of England, daughter of the unfortunate Charles I. Sicily did not long remain in the possession of its new masters. In the summer of 1718, an imposing Spanish fleet appeared off the coasts of the island, and landed an army of fifty thousand men, who in a short time made themselves masters of the whole country, expelling the Marquis Maffei, lieutenant of Victor Amadeus, who with difficulty succeeded in extricating the Piedmontese fleet from the overwhelming force of the Spaniards. In 1720, peace was restored by the quadruple alliance. Spain gave up Sardinia and Sicily, and received the reversion of Tuscany, Parma, and Piacenza; while Amadeus was compelled to cede Sicily to Austria, obtaining in exchange the paltry and inadequate compensation of the island of Sardinia.

Subsequently to this period, we behold almost the whole Italian peninsula, prostrate and helpless, beneath the iron heel of Austria, Piedmont alone preserving a firm and independent attitude. By a rare combination of sagacity and valor on the part of her sovereign, who had beaten the best generals of his day on the battle-field, and the wisest statesmen in the cabinet, she had acquired important acquisitions of territory, and had emerged from nearly a century and a half of warfare with renovated vitality and increased resources. We can not do more than advert in passing to the wise reforms, social and administrative, which Victor Amadeus introduced into his dominions, and to his long quarrel with the See of Rome, whose cen-

sures he set at naught, and whose ecclesiastical thunders he despised, causing all the churches to be opened and divine service to be celebrated as usual, while his kingdom was lying under an interdict, and he himself was excommunicated. He showed equal firmness in his contest with the Jesuits, whom he removed from all the offices which they held in the various educational institutions throughout the kingdom of Sardinia. According to Voltaire, he was the first royal personage who emancipated his conscience from Jesuit control—a wise and bold measure, which he was led to adopt in consequence of a conversation which is said to have taken place at the death-bed of his Jesuit confessor. The dying man requested the Prince to send every one out of the room; and, when they were left alone, thus addressed him: "Grateful for all the kindness I have experienced at your hands, I can not show my gratitude more strongly than by giving you one parting counsel, so valuable that it will discharge my debt of kindness toward you. Never have a Jesuit for a confessor. Ask me not the motives for this counsel, for it is not permitted to me to disclose them."

Among the social benefits which Sardinia owed to Amadeus, we may reckon the abolition of the system of feudality; the improvement of the public finances; the foundation of an *Hôtel des Invalides* for his army; the establishment of a board of health; the creation of public archives; the codification of the laws of Savoy in the three volumes termed the *Victorian Code*; and the reconstitution and enlargement of the University of Turin.

There is no more melancholy narrative in history than that of the abdication and death of this great monarch. When upward of sixty years old, he married his mistress, the Countess of Saint Sebastian, and soon afterward, by a solemn and public ceremonial, abdicated the throne in favor of his son Charles Emmanuel I. He reserved to himself a revenue of fifty thousand crowns, and left Turin to reside at Chambéry along with his wife, on whom he had conferred the marquisate of Spino. Matters, for some time, went on smoothly enough. The old King seemed contented in his retirement, and the young monarch was actively and successfully engaged in discharging the important duties which had devolved upon him. But this did not last long. The wife for whom Victor

Amadeus had sacrificed so much was a proud and ambitious woman, who was discontented with her private position, and left no means untried to induce him to adopt violent measures for the recovery of the kingly power, which he had voluntarily and solemnly resigned. For a time, her efforts were unsuccessful. But a shock of apoplexy, which greatly shattered the health and impaired the self-control of the old King, assisted her designs, and increased her ascendancy, so that she was at length able to persuade him to attempt to resume the reins of government. A time was fixed for the execution of this scheme during the absence of the young King from Turin; and, but for the accidental circumstance of a priest's overhearing part of a conversation between the ambitious Marchioness and her husband, and reporting it immediately to the young monarch, the whole kingdom might have been distracted by an unnatural civil war between father and son. This, however, was prevented by the promptitude of the measures of Charles Emmanuel. He instantly left Evian, where he had been residing when the news of his father's intentions reached him, and hastened to Turin, where he arrived just as the old King had entered the neighboring castle of Rivoli. An interview, which subsequently took place between the father and son, was productive of no good results; and soon afterward, Victor Amadeus demanded from the Marquis del Borgo the surrender of the act of abdication, which, but a year before, he had placed in his hands. With this demand, the Marquis, fearing to increase the violence of the old King, promised compliance, but lost no time in informing Charles Emmanuel of what had taken place. A few hours after this interview with the Marquis del Borgo, Victor Amadeus mounted his horse, and, followed by a single attendant, presented himself at the gates of the citadel of Turin, and demanded that they should be opened to him. This was, however, refused by the commandant, who represented that he had been placed there by Charles Emmanuel, and could admit no one without his express orders. This reply convinced Victor Amadeus that his intended *coup de main* had failed, and he lost no time in retiring to the castle of Moncalieri. Meanwhile Charles Emmanuel asked the advice of his courtiers, and the magistrates and

clergy of Turin. Yielding to their representations and advice, the young King, after long hesitation, and with unfeigned reluctance, signed the order for his father's arrest. The castle of Moncalieri was surrounded, and Victor Amadeus and the Marchioness surprised in bed. The latter—the authoress of their unnatural conflict—was seized and sent under a strong guard to the castle of Cerna, while the old King was conveyed to that of Rivoli, where he was closely watched, subjected to considerable restraints and privations, and guarded by a force of six hundred men. During the earlier part of his confinement, he was liable to sudden transports of fury, during which the utmost precautions were necessary to prevent him from destroying his own life. Afterward he became calmer; and as his fits of fury abated in violence, the rigor of his captivity was relaxed, and he was allowed books, papers, and the company of the Marchioness. Latterly, he was removed to the castle of Moncalieri, where he died on the thirty-first October, 1732. Thus perished, in sadness and captivity, Victor Amadeus, the first and greatest King of Sardinia, whom Sismondi truly terms “the ablest, most warlike, and most ambitious monarch of his age.” He was buried in the magnificent church of the Superga, which he himself had built on the highest summit of a hill near Turin, in fulfillment of a vow he had made, as he stood there beside his cousin Prince Eugene, and concerted the plan of operations which resulted in the total defeat of the French army, and the rescue of the metropolis of Piedmont. Little thought the triumphant victor of that great day of battle, that a few years later he should be fretting away his soul in sorrow and hopeless captivity, a prisoner in one of his own castles, with his own son for his jailer.

Several years of the long reign of Charles Emmanuel I. (1730–1773) were occupied by the wars of the Polish and Austrian succession. But from the close of the latter in 1748, by the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, down to 1792, there was, for Italy and Piedmont, a period of forty-four years of profound and uninterrupted peace. Between 1792 and 1814, however, the star of Piedmont suffered an eclipse. During the wars with republican France, from 1792 to 1796, Savoy and Nice were conquered; but the French

formed so high an opinion of Piedmontese valor, that, during the negotiations which preceded the peace of Paris, they offered Lombardy to King Victor Amadeus II., on condition that he would assist them in its conquest with a detachment of his troops; and Bonaparte strongly recommended the Directory to purchase, on any reasonable terms, the alliance of the King of Sardinia, as his excellent troops might prove of great assistance to France. The reign of Charles Emmanuel II. opened amidst the momentous events that followed the great French Revolution. By the Treaty of Paris, the duchy of Savoy, and the counties of Nice, Tenda, and Breuil had been ceded in perpetuity to France. But this unfortunate monarch was destined to suffer still deeper humiliations at the hands of his powerful and unscrupulous neighbor than any which his predecessor had undergone. The conduct of the French republic toward him was marked by an almost incredible degree of baseness and perfidy. In 1798, a French garrison was admitted into the citadel of Turin, and Guingené, the Republican ambassador, became the real king of Sardinia. Shortly afterward, strong bodies of French troops, under the command of Joubert, invaded Piedmont at various points; and, at the close of the year, Charles Emmanuel was compelled to sign an act resigning the government of his continental dominions into the hands of the French republic. Yet it was only after all these deeds of violence had been consummated, that the formal declaration of war by France was sent to Turin. The unfortunate King, thus perfidiously stripped of his territories, took refuge in the island of Sardinia; and from that period till the restoration of his brother and successor in 1814, the national history of Piedmont presents a mere blank. It was occupied by the French for sixteen years; and, in 1802, was parceled out into six departments, and formally annexed to France. In 1814, a Piedmontese contingent, in the pay of England, took the field under the ancient flag of Savoy; and in the summer of that year Victor Emmanuel I. sailed from Cagliari, landed at Genoa, and reentered Turin, where he was received by his enfranchised subjects with transports of enthusiasm. By the Treaty of Vienna, the House of Savoy obtained important

compensations for its long sufferings and humiliations, receiving Genoa and the Riviera, and the reversion of the succession to Parma and Piacenza. From this period dates the naturalization of Piedmont as an Italian state.

The reigns of Charles Emmanuel, Victor Emmanuel, and Charles Felix, the three sons of Victor Amadeus II., extend from 1796 to 1831. They were princes of but moderate abilities, and, terrified by their bitter experience of the effects of revolutionary principles, followed, on the whole, a retrograde system of policy. They all married, but none of them had issue. Two of them abdicated the throne. Charles Emmanuel renounced the crown in favor of his brother in June, 1802, and entered a Jesuit convent, where he died in October, 1819. Victor Emmanuel abdicated in 1821 in favor of his brother Charles Felix. If to these we add Charles Albert, who, after the abortive Italian revolution of 1848-9, abdicated in favor of the present king, we have the singular spectacle of three out of the four last monarchs of Piedmont abdicating from disappointment and hope deferred, or from the pressure of political circumstances. Charles Felix was the last sovereign of the main line; the last of thirty-eight generations of that princely race whose ashes slumber under the sepulchral monuments of the Abbey of Hautecombe,* and, in the vaults of the beautiful church of the Superga. At his death the succession devolved upon his cousin Charles Albert, Prince of Carignan, in spite of the intrigues of Austria, who, suspecting Charles Albert of a leaning to liberalism, left no efforts untried to induce his predecessor to disinherit him, and bequeath the crown to the Duke of Modena, one of the worst rulers in Italy, but the son of a princess of Savoy, and—what was more to the purpose—an Austrian archduke. To Charles Albert, however, the crown of Sardinia proved but a crown of thorns. For more than fifteen years he was compelled to

* The Abbey of Hautecombe was founded by Count Amadeus III. in 1125. It stands in the very heart of Savoy, on the western bank of the Lake of Bourget, at the foot of the steep Mont du Chat. It is the Escurial of the House of Savoy, where rest the bodies of most of its princes. So that when Victor Emmanuel ceded Savoy to France, he abandoned not only the cradle, but the burial-place, of his race.

temporize and dissemble. The necessities of his position were too strong to permit him to follow the bent of his inclinations. He had to choose—as he himself expressed it—“between the chocolate of the Jesuits and the dagger of the Carbonari.” When such were the alternatives presented to him, we can scarcely wonder that he was in no hurry to make a choice. Soon after his accession to the throne, Mazzini commenced his calamitous career, and selected Savoy for the theater of his operations. Mazzini’s attempt upon the kingdom of Sardinia proved a total failure. He did, indeed, succeed in forming a fraction of a republican party. But Charles Albert—rallying around him the liberal-royalist party, which had always existed in Piedmont—easily crushed the nascent rebellion, and punished, with perhaps too great severity, those who had taken part in it.

During the three preceding reigns, the kingdom of Sardinia had made scarcely any progress in social and material civilization. The army was inefficient; education was entirely under the control of the Jesuits; and too much power was possessed by the nobility and clergy. Charles Albert clearly saw that nothing could be effected with a state so ill regulated and so imperfectly organized; he therefore devoted himself, firmly and patiently, to reform abuses, reconcile hostile factions, and, above all, to increase his army and bring it into a state of discipline and efficiency. His labors were ultimately crowned with success; and, after years of patient effort, he found himself at the head of a compact, thoroughly organized state, and of a well-disciplined army.

It is unnecessary here to detail the well-known circumstances which led to the Italian rising against the Austrians in 1848. For a time Charles Albert hesitated to identify himself with the party of action, and to declare war against Austria,* even after he had commenced a liberal policy in Sardinia, and granted many privileges to his people. He left the Milanese unaided for a time, after they had opened the revolution of 1848 by the memorable five days at Milan, where a half-armed and undisciplined populace, after a desperate and protracted struggle succeeded in driving out thirty thousand

regular soldiers in spite of every advantage of discipline, arms, and position. At length, however, he declared in favor of the national movement; and, crossing the Ticino, at the head of his army, commenced that campaign which, though successful in its opening, ended so fatally five months later. Want of union was, indeed, the great cause of the failure of the revolution of 1848–9. Turin distrusted Rome; Rome feared Turin; while the King of Naples was alike afraid of the aggrandisement of the House of Savoy and the increasing popularity of Pius IX. Austria was not slow to avail herself of these feelings of mutual jealousy and distrust, and her intrigues soon produced a rupture among the different members of the national league. Disunion once sown among the Italians, her triumph was assured. Victorious at Goito and Pastrengo, the King of Sardinia was defeated at Custoza and under the walls of Milan, and compelled to conclude a capitulation. In the spring of 1849, however, he again took the field, but with no better success. His army was imperfectly officered, and composed in part of half-disciplined Lombard volunteers, who were no match for the veteran battalions of Radetzky. At Mortara and La Bicocca the Austrians were victorious; and the terrible defeat of Novara—where ten thousand corpses strewn on the battle-field, attested the desperate nature of the strife—gave the finishing-blow to the revolution of 1849. On the twenty-third of March of that year, Charles Albert abdicated the throne of Sardinia, and retired to Lisbon, where he died some months afterward, in sorrow and exile, in his fifty-second year.

No sooner was the triumph of Austria secure, than she began to avenge herself for the alarm she had suffered, and the losses she had sustained. Every species of exaction, oppression, and cruelty was practiced in Northern Italy, and in the other parts of the peninsula subject to her control. In Lombardy, the forced contributions for 1849 amounted to one hundred and forty millions of livres, twenty-three millions being levied in Milan alone.* The storming and sack

* One of the most revolting instances of Austrian cruelty and oppression occurred in this city a few months after the defeat of the Italian revolution. On the eighteenth of August, 1849, the anniversary of the birth of the late Emperor of Austria, a courtess of Milan, named Olivari, displayed an Austrian

* Guerrieri, *L'Austria e la Lombardia*.

of Brescia, by the orders of Haynau, where one fourth of the population was butchered after all resistance had ceased; the massacre at Leghorn by the troops of General Aspre; and the judicial tortures and murders by Austrian military tribunals at Bologna and Ferrara in 1853-4—are a few, out of many, examples of the reign of terror by which Austria sought to compel the Italians to bow to her yoke. Indeed, it may safely be affirmed, that from 1849 to 1859 a state of siege was the permanent condition of the whole of Austrian Italy. It was in the midst of such reverses and disasters, amidst the prostration of liberty and the triumph of despotism, that the present monarch of Italy succeeded to the throne of Sardinia. Immediately after his accession, he gave a noble proof of that sincerity and truthfulness which so eminently mark his character. Marshal Radetzky, in treating for the ransom of Piedmont, offered to the young King, then only twenty-nine years of age, to withdraw the Austrian troops, and to forego all the results of his victories, on condition that he would consent to abolish the constitution (*statuto fondamentale*) of Charles Albert; to which the youthful monarch made the memorable reply: "Our race knows the path of exile, but not that of dishonor!" This noble answer cost him sixty millions of francs.

The following brilliant though perhaps

flag from the balcony of her house. This was hissed by the crowd; upon which a number of Austrian soldiers rushed out from the adjacent cafés, and seizing promiscuously on several passers-by, hurried them off to the castle, where they were tried by a military tribunal, and condemned, seventeen to the bastinado, from twenty five to fifty strokes each, and three to various periods of imprisonment. The floggings were immediately inflicted in the court-yard of the castle, in the presence of a number of Austrian officers, who jeered at the sufferings of the helpless Italians. Among those who suffered this degrading punishment, were two young female opera-singers—Ernesta Galli, of Cremona, and Maria Conti, of Florence, the former aged twenty, and the latter eighteen years. They received, the one forty, and the other thirty lashes, and were a long time in recovering from the effects of the brutal treatment to which they had been subjected. The military commandant of Milan subsequently sent in an account of one hundred and ninety-one francs to the municipality of the town, "for the expense of ice" (applied to the mangled flesh of the victims in order to prevent gangrene) "and of rods used and broken in the punishment of the seditious of the eighteenth of August." Finally, Marshal Radetzky ordered the town to indemnify the courtesan Olivari by a gift of thirty thousand livres. (*Les Autrichiens et l'Italie*, par C. de la Varenne, troisième édition, Paris, 1859.)

somewhat highly-colored picture of the subsequent conduct of the King of Sardinia, and his great minister Count Camillo Cavour, is drawn by the Princess Belgiojoso:

"During the ten years between 1849 and 1859, Victor Emmanuel followed loyally and conscientiously the path traced out for him by the constitution, thus showing himself to Italy as the liberal sovereign who offered her, under the shelter of his throne, a glorious future of independence, concord, and greatness. The firm character and enlightened intelligence of the monarch, however, could not accomplish in ten years the mighty work which we to-day admire. It was Providence, therefore, that placed beside that King so loyal, so brave, and so tenderly beloved a minister, who can not be compared to any of those to whom history has accorded the most splendid eulogies. He surpasses them all: some, by the grandeur of his thoughts and the extent of his views; others, by the purity of the means which he employs; all, or nearly all indeed, by disinterestedness and abnegation. Victor Emmanuel, seconded by Count Camillo Cavour, has, during these ten years, restored to Piedmont the prosperity of which the preceding disasters had deprived her. They have opened roads; undertaken the gigantic work of piercing the Alps; encouraged agriculture, commerce, and industry; fortified, according to the most approved rules of modern science, the chief cities; increased the staff of the army, and improved its discipline, its instruction, and its equipment. They have triumphed over party extremes, and have molded the Piedmontese into a compact nation, liberal and monarchical, knowing their rights and their duties, attached to their king and their institutions, and ready to sacrifice every thing in their defense. They have convinced the great majority of the Italians that there can be for them neither independence nor liberty, nor any of the innumerable blessings that flow from them, except by confiding their destinies to the House of Savoy, by rallying around it, forgetful of all municipal jealousy, all provincial or state rivalry, by refusing all special denominations of Lombards, Venetians, or Tuscans, in order to accept that of Italians, and to constitute themselves into an Italian nation, under the scepter of the loyal and gallant soldier-king. Victor Emmanuel and Count Cavour have done yet more: they have secured the strict alliance of France, and the assistance of her army."

During the Italian revolution of 1848-9, the nobles, the middle classes, and a portion of the clergy were at the head of the movement, while the mass of the people took comparatively little interest in it. But ten years longer of Austrian domination had, in 1859, united all classes in a common hatred of their oppressors. In the beginning of that year, all was pre-

pared for a fresh struggle for Italian independence. The efforts of General La Marmora, and the dear-bought experience of the Crimean war—which cost Sardinia four thousand men and fifty millions of francs—had disciplined and hardened the Piedmontese army; while Lombardy and the provinces of Central Italy wanted but the signal to rise in arms. The Sardinian parliament met on the tenth of January, and was opened by Victor Emmanuel in a speech, which, though guarded in its terms, sounded not unlike a challenge to Austria and a summons to Italy. "Our country," he said, "small in point of territory, has increased in weight in the councils of Europe, because it is great by the ideas it represents and the sympathies it inspires. Such a position is not free from dangers; because, though we respect treaties, we are not, on the other hand, insensible to the cries of grief which are directed toward us from so many parts of Italy." The actual signal for the commencement of hostilities was not, however, given by the Sardinians, but by the Austrians, who committed the foolish and fatal blunder of crossing the Ticino and invading Piedmont in April, 1859. This brought the armies of France upon the scene; and Lombardy became again, what she has been for two thousand years, the battle-ground of nations. The subsequent events of that war—the battles of Montebello, Palestro, Magenta, Malegnano, and Solferino—the sudden and mysterious peace of Villafranca, which gave the lie to the declaration that Italy should be free from the Alps to the Adriatic—the determined and spontaneous movement by which the people of the Duchies, Tuscany, and the Legations, repudiated the arrangements of that peace, and united themselves to the constitutional monarchy of Sardinia—the exploits of Garibaldi in Sicily and Naples—the defeat of General Lamoriciere and the papal army at Castelfidardo—the capture of Ancona and Gaeta—and the final annexation of the whole peninsula, excepting Rome and Venice, to the new kingdom of Italy—are events of yesterday, and fresh in the memory of every one. There is, however, one episode connected with the war of Italian independence which we would willingly forget, and that is the cession of Savoy and Nice to France. Both the fact of the cession and the way in which it was

brought about were alike discreditable to Sardinia. The cradle of the House of Savoy, the nursery of her choicest soldiers, and the town which had repeatedly made a glorious stand for the honor and existence of that House when every other stronghold had yielded to the foe, should not have been lightly parted with. It may be that the sacrifice was rendered imperative by the irresistible pressure of political circumstances, and that the fair kingdom of Italy was cheaply purchased at the price of a few sterile Alpine valleys. Yet we can not help sympathizing in the vehemence with which, on the opening of the first Italian parliament, Garibaldi—the greatest man to whom Nice has given birth—denounced the cession to France of an integral part of the ancient dominions of the House of Savoy.

Victor Emmanuel, the most fortunate and powerful of the kings of the House of Savoy, has been aptly termed the Henry IV. of Italy. He has all the gallantry and warlike ardor that distinguished the great French monarch, the same frankness and loyalty of character, the same good-nature and affability, and the same gift of personal fascination. By his Piedmontese subjects, and especially by the Piedmontese army, he is adored; and his recent progresses through his newly-acquired Italian dominions have excited a popular fervor and enthusiasm, rarely displayed, in these days, toward a crowned head. His broad chest and shoulders, his complexion embrowned by the suns of Palestro and San-Martino, his firm and easy seat on horseback, his frank and good-natured smile, were all calculated to please the multitude, and win the suffrages of the crowd; who hailed him, not with the official cry of "Long live the King!" but with shouts of "Long live Victor Emmanuel!" "Long live the King of Italy!" "Long live the Corporal of Zouaves!" "Long live the soldier of independence!" The following characteristic anecdote of this gallant monarch must close our sketch of the history of the House of Savoy: Among the Piedmontese soldiers who particularly distinguished themselves in the Italian campaign of 1859, was a sergent of artillery, named Vigna, whose left arm was shattered by a bullet at the battle of San-Martino. The day after the engagement, Victor Emmanuel, while

visiting the wounded, remarked the interesting countenance of this young man, and his air of cheerfulness, and asked him whether he had been only slightly wounded. "Not very badly, sire," replied Vigna, raising the bed-clothes and showing the stump of his arm enveloped in bloody bandages. The King then left the place; and after making the necessary inquiries, gave orders that the brave sergeant of artillery should receive an officer's commission. Soon afterward, the wounded man was sent to Brescia; and, some weeks later, the King, during an inspection of the hospitals, recognized him, and inquired whether he had received his promotion and was satisfied with it? Vigna had received nothing. The King then issued fresh orders on the spot regarding his promotion, and went away, believing that they would be immediately executed. Some months afterward, however, during a review at Turin, he observed a non-commissioned officer approach him, and extend the empty sleeve of his left arm, on which still appeared a sergeant's badge. Victor Emmanuel has a quick eye and a tenacious memory, and he was not long of recalling to mind the artillery sergeant of San-Martino and Brescia; and, replying to the reproachful gesture by a simple inclination of the head, he returned to the palace, and immediately sent for the Minister at War. M. de la Marmora perfectly remembered the circumstance about which the King inquired; but the nomination of the sergeant had been shelved by the bureaux under the pretext of economy. The formal and absolute order of the King now, however, required obedience; and, a week later, a royal aid-de-camp brought to Vigna his commission as sub-lieutenant, and informed him at the same time that his majesty desired to see him as soon as he had got his new uniform. The young lieutenant, full of joy and gratitude, lost no time in equipping himself and repairing to the royal presence. The King, after complimenting him on his appearance, inquired if he had a horse? "Not yet, sire." "Go down to my stables then, choose one, and try it under my window." Vigna believed himself in a dream; but forthwith hastened to the

royal stables, where he selected and mounted a superb thorough-bred, which he put through its paces in front of the open windows of the palace, from which the King was watching him. "Well," at length inquired the King, "what think you of the horse?" "Ah! sire! what a pity that so handsome an animal should be skittish! It is very embarrassing for the squadron." "Go back, then and try another." This time Vigna returned mounted on a splendid chestnut, full of fire and strength, but perfectly obedient to the hand, and passing all obstacles without being scared by them. "Sire," he said, "here is a capital charger!" "I well believe it," answered Victor Emmanuel, smiling; "I rode him for twelve hours at Palestro, and he never stumbled. You have made a fortunate choice; keep him, and adieu till we meet again."

We have now followed the House of Savoy through the eight centuries of its historical existence. Perhaps the most wonderful feature of its history is, that after so very lengthened a past, it should now seem in the very flower and vigor of youth, at the threshold of a new career, full of labor and full of promise, and bidding fair in its new position, to earn a distinction that shall throw all its past glories into the shade. Unlike the Bourbons, the Stuarts, and the Hapsburgs, the princes of this house have ever been friends to the moral and material interests of their race. Victor Emmanuel has already identified his name with those principles of civil liberty and religious toleration which are the true foundation of national greatness and prosperity. The political and religious emancipation of the Waldensian Church in Italy, is a good omen for religious liberty; while the freedom of debate in the Italian parliament, and the liberty enjoyed by the press, afford guarantees for the preservation of political freedom. All eyes are fixed with intense interest on the new kingdom of Italy, and many are the prayers that its gallant King may yet surmount all the difficulties that surround him, and inaugurate, in the best sense, Italy's golden age.

From the British Quarterly.

MEMOIRS OF DE TOCQUEVILLE.*

ALEXIS CHARLES HENRI CLEREL DE TOCQUEVILLE was born in Paris on July 29th, 1805. His father was of an ancient and noble family, deriving its name from hereditary estates near Cherbourg. His mother was a granddaughter of the illustrious Malesherbes. Alexis was the youngest of their three sons, and his early education—all, at least, which usually passes for such—was a good deal neglected. He was never thoroughly grounded in the classics, and, till his fifteenth or sixteenth year, seems to have remained in ignorance of even their rudiments. At that time his father became prefect of Metz, and Alexis entered the Imperial Academy there. His deficiencies in other respects were partially compensated by the excellence of his French, and, in 1822, the termination of his academical studies was signalized by his carrying off the first rhetoric prize. After a blank of about four years, we find him traveling in Italy and Sicily with his elder brother, now Viscount de Tocqueville, and he returns to France in the spring of 1827, on occasion of being appointed one of the *Juges Auditeurs* of the tribunal of Versailles. "Had he been an ordinary man," says M. de Beaumont, "his destiny would have been ready traced" by this appointment as a junior magistrate.

"His name, his family, his social position, his profession pointed out his path. Grandson of Malesherbes,† he would have been sure of attaining the highest places in the *magistrature*, even without an effort, merely trusting to the lapse of time. Young, agreeable, connected with all the great families, fitted to aspire to the most brilliant alliances, of which many had

already been proposed to him, he would have married some rich heiress. His life, confined by narrow prescribed limits, would have glided by, at any rate, calmly and honorably, in the regular discharge of the duties of his office, in the comfortable enjoyment of a large salary, amidst the narrow but never failing interests of the judicial bench, and in the sober, peaceful happiness of private life."

Such was one of the paths open to De Tocqueville; and though it seemed for a while that he had definitively adopted it, there was gradually opening to him another, a far more difficult and laborious path, yet which seemed to him on every account preferable. The circumstances under which he came finally to choose it; the bearings of that choice upon his own life and character, and his birth thereby to a higher and nobler form of manhood; are all most necessary to be understood, and we shall endeavor to unfold them accordingly. In order to this, it is indispensable to get some comprehension of the times which had recently passed over France, and which were still passing over it.

During the whole interval between the overthrow of the empire in 1815, and the death of Louis XVIII., in 1824, the movement in French politics had been retrogressive. A selfish, ignorant, but respectable king, who had been raised to the throne on the explicit pledge of governing constitutionally, had been growing every year stronger, alike by infatuation and by the mere lapse of time, to govern unconstitutionally. The interests of the crown and of the beneficed clergy were strengthened and extended, till they threatened to absorb or to destroy all other interests.

When Charles X. came to the throne, he persisted in the course which had been already marked out for him by the policy of his brother, but with accelerated speed, and a more resolute selfishness. Emboldened by the impunity of the last few years, and by the encouragement of the new King, the Jesuits poured back into the

**Œuvres et Correspondance Inédites d'Alexis de Tocqueville. Publiées et précédées d'une Notice.* Par GUSTAVE DE BEAUMONT. Membre de l'Institut. Deux tomes. Paris: Lévy Frères. 1861.

Memoirs, Letters, and Remains of Alexis de Tocqueville. Translated from the French. With large additions. Two volumes. London and Cambridge: Macmillan & Co.

†A mistake, which the translator has reproduced. It should be great-grandson.

cities and thrust themselves into the numerous posts of authority from which the revolution had expelled them, and the empire had effectually forbidden them. They swarmed in Paris, pestered the Parliament, were the most assiduous of courtiers, and were supreme in the closet of Charles. They procured the creation of twenty-one new bishops, and moved for the restoration of the revenues which had been confiscated in 1789, and which it is certain could not have been diverted back to their ancient channels without endangering both the Church and the State. The creation of the twenty-one spiritual peers was followed by the creation of seventy-six temporal peers, in order to the more complete securing of court supremacy in the Upper House. Priestcraft and kingcraft were to be the two elements of the new reign. Charles really believed himself a skillful politician, and desired to be absolute. He was equally unfortunate in exaggerating his own abilities, and in depreciating the worth and the might of the nation he ruled. He was no less a stranger to wisdom in his projects, than to common prudence in the selection of means. He was perpetually repeating to himself and to others, "*On ne réussit que par la vigueur !*" (no success without energy;) and if he had lived till now, he would have been repeating it still, only lamenting that he had not been energetic enough.

"The party of the Congregation," as the leaders and tools of the Jesuits were called, obliged the government to bring forward a bill making sacrilege a capital crime—the theft of a ragged surplice from a church-vestry punishable with death and mutilation, *mort avec le poing coupé !* Mortified by the defeat which this impious rashness procured, "*le parti-prêtre*" proceeded for a time more cautiously, and then, with the willing assistance of the King, constrained the ministry to introduce a measure for the effectual, and even ignominious destruction of the liberty of the press. The designs of the reactionists had now become transparent, and Paris was in all but open uproar. The common sentiment of common danger united all classes in opposition to the measure, and produced a unanimity of indignation and of action that might have led one to fancy, says M. Lacretelle, "that all France lived by the press." The French Academy—surely one of the proper and most responsible

guardians of the freedom now attacked—proposed to remonstrate against the measure, and was threatened with dissolution by royal edict if it should. Two of the three members who were appointed to draw up its protest, MM. Villemain and Lacretelle, were dismissed from their posts as Masters of Requests, and the third, none other than Chateaubriand, would have had to share their "disgrace," only that he had been "disgraced" already. With the Chamber of Peers the bill would have occasioned no difficulty; in the Chamber of Deputies it was treated exactly as it deserved. A sufficiently full account of the discussion it provoked there may be found in Lacretelle.* Keen, fierce, and brilliant as was the whole debate, it may be doubted whether it contained any thing better than the speech of the venerable and eloquent Royer-Collard—a man whom one always feels safe to love. In his exordium there was an exquisite mixture of gravity and ridicule, which we find extremely refreshing: "According to the real sentiments of this bill," said he, "there was on the great day of the creation a want of foresight in letting man escape into the midst of this universe in possession of freedom, and endowed with intelligence. Evil and error have been the consequences. But a higher wisdom proposes to repair this fault of Providence—to curtail its imprudent liberality—and, by wisely maiming our humanity, to do it the kindness of raising it, at length, to the happy innocence—of brutes!" It scarcely need be added that this "law of justice and mercy," as the government had called it in the *Moniteur*, perished utterly. What is more to the purpose, it had discovered the designs of the party in power. It was impossible after this, to lull the nation into that slumber of security which had been so rudely disturbed, and which was indispensable to its being robbed and insulted with impunity. It did not take much rubbing of the eyes to make men see clearly enough now why Beranger's ballads had been suppressed; why it was proposed to readjust and amend the established order of trial by jury; why the bench of bishops was being recruited with additions every year; why four of those prelates had been elevated in a batch to the rank of ministers of state; why it was de-

* *Histoire de France depuis la Restauration*, Tome iv. ch. xxxiv. Paris, 1835.

sired to reëstablish the law of primogeniture; why it was proposed to make the duration of Parliament septennial, on the express condition that the very Parliament which was to pass this law, should itself break all law by acting on it without first resigning its trust into the hands of its constituents; why Manuel, one of the most eloquent and distinguished members of the Constitutional Opposition, had been dragged from the Chamber by physical force for making a speech which could not otherwise be answered; and why a hundred other things had been done which were thought, at the time, to be only freaks of power or errors of judgment, but not of intention. The National Guard was haughtily and summarily dismissed; the Villèle ministry fell, and was quickly followed by that of Martignac; and while men were wondering what was to be next, Prince Polignac, the man after Charles's own heart, was smuggled into the palace like a bale of stolen goods, and was then made Premier of France.

As this period was, in fact, the very *making* of De Tocqueville, it needs no excuse that we wish it to be strongly placed before the reader's mind. So far as we know, it has not yet been sufficiently considered in this respect. M. de Beaumont, however, has not failed to observe it in some part, and if his brief but glowing description excludes all reference to particulars, it may well be because such information was less necessary in France, than must unavoidably be the case with a nation that was, at that time, only too fully occupied with its own affairs.

"Those who did not witness that period," he writes, "(from 1827 to 1828,) and who are acquainted only with the languor and the indifference of our own, will hardly comprehend its excitement. Twelve years had elapsed since the fall of the empire. For the first time France had known liberty, and had loved her. This liberty, a comfort to some, the greatest of blessings to others, had created for all a new country. Institutions were substituted for the will of one man; new habits arose amidst profound peace. The development of instincts, feelings, and wants, till then unnoticed, had contributed to awaken a new life in a regenerate nation. Yes, it must be acknowledged that, setting aside the old revolutionary and imperial parties, whose liberalism was a lie, and in spite of the disagreements inseparable from freedom, France was at that time sincerely liberal, passionately attached to her new institutions, jealous in maintaining them, quickly alarmed by the dangers which threatened them, and ready to see

in their destruction or preservation her own degradation or grandeur. Now, for the first time, the great problem of constitutional liberty was seriously stated in France. The country seemed to feel the peril of the experiment. With what anxiety she watched its progress! with what emotion she looked for the slightest symptoms of a storm, whether coming from the people or the sovereign! What interest was then taken in the smallest incidents of public life—the arbitrary act of an official, a prosecution for libel, the verdict of a jury, a new book, a word let fall in one of the Chambers, sometimes a newspaper article!"

The whole period, indeed, but especially from 1827 to 1830, marks one of the greatest and most striking progresses in French intellect. Men awoke to a life to which they had hitherto been strangers. De Tocqueville was of their number. The irresistible forces which then swayed France, reached not only to the seats of justice—usually inaccessible—but to all other seats; and dead things were quickened into life, and old things either passed away, or endured an ordeal which pronounced them fit to live.

Then came the Three Days of July, 1830, and the flight of the unhappy King—another minor revolution in the grand revolution not yet finished. De Tocqueville was only in his twenty-sixth year, but showed that he had already been a careful student of his age. A new phase of existence opened to him; yet he proved that he had not in the desirable lost sight of the possible or the probable. His views were practical and those of common-sense. He had examined most profoundly into the character of his countrymen, and, having attained to a wide and comprehensive knowledge both of history and of mankind, he could not but watch the advent and the action of the new revolution with anxiety and fear. When it came, he deliberately, but without enthusiasm, joined the ranks of the government, and when Louis Philippe had become the successor of Charles, he gave a free but sorrowful adhesion to the new King, hoping against hope for the best, and feeling how dangerous to constitutional liberty—or, in other words, to the moral and intellectual salvation of his country—might easily be a system directly inaugurated by popular power, and which promised to become neither stronger nor better than that which had produced it.

Six months later, De Tocqueville was on his way to America. He had an irre-

sistible desire to study the nature and character of democratic institutions, in the only country in which they might be seen untrammelled and entire. He proposed his plan to his friend and colleague, M. de Beaumont, who eagerly approved it; and having procured an official mission to study on the spot the United States Penitentiary System, the two young magistrates obtained the necessary leave of absence, and in May, 1831, found themselves in New-York.

It is not needful to dwell in detail on what De Tocqueville saw and did in America. It may suffice to note that the twelve months to which his visit extended, were passed in incessant activity, travel, inquiry, observation. The official mission of the two friends was fully accomplished, and, on their return, they published an elaborate Report on it, under the title of *The Penitentiary System of the United States, and of its Application in France*. It was speedily translated into German and English, and occupies a high place among the works of its class.

During the whole time of his travels in America, materials had been accumulating in the mind of De Tocqueville for another work of a totally different, and of a much more important and difficult character. He was resolved to write a book on democracy. He felt that, whether for good or harm, for blessing or curse, democracy was the one grand and central fact of modern state-life and politics. He saw that there was in it much which had never been investigated, and never understood. He found that, no more in our language than his own, no more in America than in Europe, was there a complete and philosophical explication of it as a fact—an unfolding of it from its principles—a display of its essential tendencies, of its real nature and character. Such fact he had set himself to study, and such a book he would endeavor to write. Happily for us, his official duties at Versailles were interrupted, and he thus obtained the leisure necessary to his task. It would be an erroneous omission not to describe the manner in which this interruption occurred. M. de Beaumont's narrative of it suggests more than the manliness and courage of those immediately concerned. He writes:

"The resumption of his magisterial duties at Versailles might have proved an obstacle, or at

least a rival, to the progress of the work. An accident removed it. His friend, M. de Beaumont, who had returned to his official post, refused to speak on an occasion when the part which the *ministère public* had to play appeared to him discreditable, and had, for this reason, been dismissed. Tocqueville, considering himself affected by the blow which struck his friend, immediately sent in his resignation, in these terms:

"TOULON, May 21st, 1832.

"MONSIEUR LE PROCUREUR GENERAL: Being now at Toulon, engaged in inspecting the Bagnio and other prisons of the town, it was only to-day that I learnt, from the *Moniteur* of the 16th of May, the severe, and, I venture to say, unjust sentence pronounced by *M. le Garde des Sceaux* on M. G. de Beaumont.

"Long united in intimate friendship with the person who has just been dismissed from his functions, whose opinions I hold, and whose conduct I approve, I think myself bound voluntarily to share his lot, and to abandon with him a career in which neither active service nor upright conduct is a security against unmerited disgrace.

"I have the honor, therefore, to request you, *M. le Procureur Général*, to have the goodness to lay before *M. le Garde des Sceaux* my resignation of the office of *juge suppléant* at the tribunal of Versailles.

"I have the honor to be, etc."

Here, with an emphasis, were fruits of the change through which De Tocqueville had passed during the ripening of the revolution of July, 1830, and which had only been confirmed and completed by what he had seen and experienced abroad. Thus was the first path abandoned, and the second one openly and forever preferred.

And now came to De Tocqueville two or three years of the greatest happiness which life could afford. Emancipated from the doubts which had formerly oppressed him, with health of body and a fully occupied and powerful mind, with a definite subject and a reasonable abundance of appliances for its study, De Tocqueville energized freely and with pleasure,* laboring hard, but with the elastic and cheerful vigor of a man conscious of strength, and assured of reward. The result was the first two volumes of his *Democracy in America*. They were published in January, 1835, and achieved an immediate and unparalleled success. "Since Montesquieu there has been nothing like it," said Royer-Collard; and if

* "Pleasure," says W. Hamilton, "is the reflex of unforced and unimpeded energy."

in any thing Europe and America have failed exactly to indorse this dictum, it has been because they have felt that, as a whole, not even Montesquien may advantageously compare with De Tocqueville.

Profoundly gratified by a success which silenced every misgiving as to his own powers, and which had made him illustrious, De Tocqueville rested, visited England, (whither his fame had preceded him,) married, traveled, and, in due time, settled himself anew to the studies which were requisite to the completion of his task. He felt that it would not do merely to equal what he had already done. He knew, moreover, that success sometimes leads to undue confidence; and placing clearly before himself the object he designed to accomplish, and the dangers and temptations which might stand in the way of it, he girded himself for long and patient labor, resolved that neither indolence, nor confidence, nor haste, should defraud him of his aim. Five whole years did he devote to the preparation of the last two volumes. They contain not a sentence which was not profoundly pondered as to its matter, and most carefully elaborated to chasteness and perfection of style. The multitude of books he read at this time is said to have been something prodigious. Avoiding such as bore directly on his subject, he seized on every thing else with eagerness and delight. The great writers of the seventeenth century were never out of his hands. Bourdaloue, in particular, he seems to have studied much as Horace bids one study the models of Greece—not so much for opinions as for a mastery in art and style which appeared the nearest approach to perfection. "Plato, Plutarch, Machiavel, Montaigne, Rousseau, and their fellows," says his biographer, "he may be said to have devoured." In a letter to his friend De Kergorlay, he says himself: "I pass a short portion of every day with three men—Pascal, Montesquieu, and Rousseau." His labor was incessant, protracted, intense, and was directed to its proper end with the precision and insight peculiar to genius. In the case of some men, the outcome of it all would have been a pile of *tomes* that it would be almost as fatiguing to read as to write. With De Tocqueville, it was two small volumes, from which not a word could

be omitted without loss, or transposed without detriment; in which thought succeeds thought in perfect and rigorous sequence; and which form a whole of proportioned symmetry and strength such as it is scarcely possible should be surpassed.

When he published the second part of his *Democracy in America*, De Tocqueville had been for several years resident in the country, though spending his winters in Paris. Family arrangements made after the death of his mother in 1836, left him possessor of the old family-seat, the "Château de Tocqueville," situate on the peninsula of which Cherbourg is the extremity. His house and grounds commanded the finest views of both land and sea. He found it by no means a hindrance to his studies that he had to devote some portion of every day to the care of his estate and to the repair of the old château. Another thing which added to his contentment in the country was, that political life was strongly attracting him, and that residence on his own property has always been one of the best means by which a good landlord may enter it.

"It is certain," writes M. Beaumont, "that if he had not sought political life, it would have sought him; for in a free country, any thing that raises a man above the crowd, draws to him public attention, and Tocqueville was already illustrious. But, in fact, he desired it. Tocqueville had much ambition—not the vulgar ambition which feeds on money or on place, or is satisfied by empty honors—such ambition he knew only to despise it."

In March, 1839, accordingly, he was sincerely gratified by his election to the Chamber of Deputies for the *arrondissement* of Valognes, and he continued to represent the same constituency till 1848, regularly voting with the constitutional opposition.

It will do any thing but surprise our readers to learn that, as a speaker in Parliament, De Tocqueville had no success. The functions of writer and orator have certainly much in common, but they have almost as much in difference. It is not necessary to discuss and discriminate them here, though M. de Beaumont has done so in his memoir. His affectionate and jealous solicitude to do justice to the memory of his friend, has led to an agreeable digression, describing exactly how it was that De Tocqueville was not an orator, and gently urging an acknowledgment

we have no unwillingness to make, that a great book demands for its production higher and finer qualities than a powerful speech.

At the end of De Tocqueville's nine years' representation of Valognes, came the Revolution of 1848. It filled him with indescribable pain, though it failed to take him by surprise. Indeed, he had already, and in the most explicit terms, warned the Chamber of its near approach some four weeks prior to its outbreak. He foretold the truth, though, like sundry other prophets, he was not believed. No one can suppose that by such a man as De Tocqueville, such a prediction would be rashly and wickedly hazarded. To him there was no hazard in the question. He did not guess, or augur, or conjecture, or merely expect, a revolution; he perceived it. It was as if he had marked the birth of a cyclone, and, by the infallible laws of storms, had announced the place over which it would burst. The gift was in seeing the birth, not in foretelling the crash. How truly De Tocqueville saw it may be gathered from the following extract from a speech he delivered in the Chamber on January twenty-seventh. The commencement of the Revolution was February twenty-fourth.

"... It is supposed," said he, "that there is no danger because there is no collision. It is said that as there is no actual disturbance of the surface of society, revolution is far off."

"Gentlemen, allow me to tell you that I believe you deceive yourselves. Without doubt the disorder does not break out in overt acts, but it has sunk deeply into the minds of the people. Look at what is passing in the breasts of the working classes—as yet, I own, tranquil. It is true they are not now inflamed by purely political passions in the same degree as formerly, but do you not observe that their passions from political have become social? Do you not see gradually pervading them opinions and ideas, whose object is not merely to overthrow a law, a ministry, or even a dynasty, but society itself? to shake the very foundations on which it now rests? Do you not listen to their perpetual cry? Do you not hear incessantly repeated that all those above them are incapable and unworthy of governing them? that the present distribution of wealth in the world is unjust, that property rests upon no equitable basis? And do you not believe that when such opinions take root, when they spread till they have almost become general, when they penetrate deeply into the masses—that they must lead sooner or later—I know not when, I know not how, but that sooner or later they must lead—to the most formidable revolutions?

"Such, gentlemen, is my deep conviction; I believe that at the present moment we are slumbering on a volcano, (murmurs;) of this I am thoroughly convinced, (excitement.)"

De Tocqueville's conduct under the new and trying circumstances which attended the expulsion of the Bourbons, so truly illustrates the whole character alike of his intelligence and his heart, and has been so ably summed up by his biographer, that we gladly present the account of it.

"De Tocqueville had not been bound by any close or peculiar tie to the fallen dynasty; he was attached to it in a merely constitutional point of view; but his great intelligence had, from the first, appreciated the danger to liberty caused by the revolution.

"The danger he considered immeasurable, and the consequent mischief the greatest possible. To avert, in the midst of so much irremediable misery and ruin, this last and greatest danger, seemed to be all that remained for him to attempt. Therefore, after an attentive study of the events passing before him, after considering the raging passions, the divisions of party in the country, divisions which were faithfully represented in the Assembly, he became, whether rightly or wrongly, convinced of two things—first, that the only and, perhaps, the last chance of liberty for France lay in the establishment of a republic; second, that every attempt to prevent its success would end in the ruin of the republic in favor of the power of a single person. In so judging, he was assuredly not carried away by enthusiasm. His instinct and his reason were equally offended by the republic of 1848; the violent and surreptitious origin of the revolution—its authors—the licentious theories and even the absurd phraseology that it had brought forth—were thoroughly repugnant to his nature, and would have held him aloof from the republic, had it not been for the extent of the evil from which he thought that the establishment of the republic alone could save France. Tocqueville would have done any thing to obviate it, because he felt that its natural consequence would be to drive France into an abyss of misery; but now that the republic was established, he saw safety in its maintenance. Was he wrong? Was the permanence of the republic a chimera? One must beware of judging every thing by the result. Many declared the republic to be impossible, who proclaimed still more impossible the permanence of absolute power. However that may be, it is essential to make known the convictions of Tocqueville, as they only can furnish the key to his conduct at this important epoch of recent history. These convictions regulated all his acts; and it is remarkable that, in the midst of the most perplexing circumstances, Tocqueville had not one instant of hesitation or weakness, but appeared invariably more energetic and more resolute than ever."

Thus making the best of what he would fain have had otherwise and better, De Tocqueville will need no vindication for having supported, to the extent of his ability, the only government which then seemed possible. After his return to the Constituent Assembly as representative of the department of La Manche, and when it had become necessary to elect a President, De Tocqueville appears to have considered that General Cavaignac was the man best fitted to be the chief of the infant republic. In so thinking, he was only of the same mind with the best informed and ablest politicians on both sides the channel. This, however, did not hinder him from supporting the government of Odillon Barrot, nor from obeying the summons which he received while traveling on the Rhine with his wife, and which required his return to Paris as Minister for Foreign Affairs. He dealt with the questions which came before him in this new capacity with rare ability and success, but at the end of only five months, we believe, circumstances obliged him to give up his portfolio. He continued to sit in the Assembly till it had dragged its miserable existence almost out, and then, with worn-down health and an utterly jaded mind, he hastened to Sorrento to recruit both. But not even Sorrento—which wife, friends, books, society, climate, scenery, all combined to make the most charming retreat in the world—could do more than partially, and for a while, blunt the anguish with which he watched Paris and France, and the man who was destined to be master of both. He saw the gathering of the storm, appreciated the danger which would attend its outburst, and could no longer rest in the security of his Italian retreat. He felt it would be almost like stealing away from a duty to remain there; and, taking a hasty leave, he arrived in Paris in time to be in his place on the second of December, 1851. What took place on that darkest of days is needless to recapitulate. De Tocqueville shared the lot of his colleagues, being one of the Two Hundred who were marched as prisoners to the barracks on the Quai d'Orsay, whence they were at night removed to Vincennes.

Immediately on regaining his personal liberty, De Tocqueville withdrew to his estate in Normandy. The silence and quiet of uninterrupted communion with

Nature were what he deeply needed, though at first he was unable to enjoy them. There was too fierce a fever within to admit of more than a toleration of the profound tranquillity without.* It was only by degrees that the gentler influences began to prevail, and, even then, but partially. It is certain that though he so much strove to repress them, De Tocqueville was never able completely to subdue the repugnance and impatience with which, on this occasion, he yielded to what he was unable to prevent. Combining with his sense of powerlessness, these feelings often amounted to absolute torture; and we doubt whether, at the best, he ever attained to more than a dubious and paradoxical sort of resignation which, though refusing to be openly swayed by passion, was withal consistent with an ever-present consciousness of utter injustice, of being one, and only one, of the victims of the most gigantic and successful outrage of modern times. Some of the letters written about this time evince only too plainly the keenness and depth of the anguish he endured. We can find space for only a portion of one of them; it dates five months later than the *Coup d'Etat*, and from Paris. De Tocqueville had returned thither from the country to gather materials for the new book he was meditating. He wrote no phrased sentiment, but only what, under such circumstances, a great-souled and profoundly sensitive and noble man could do no other than feel:

" . . . All work is for the present impossible. Being in Paris, I attribute my incapacity

* "Go out," says one who was richly competent to write of this point, "go out into the woods and valleys when your heart is rather harassed than bruised, and when you suffer from vexation more than grief. Then the trees all hold out their arms to relieve you of the burden of your heavy thoughts; and the streams under the trees glance at you as they run by, and will carry away your trouble with the fallen leaves; and the sweet-breathing air will draw it off together with the silver multitudes of the dew. But let it be with anguish or remorse in your heart that you go forth into Nature, and instead of your speaking her language, you make her speak yours. Your distress is then infused through all things, and Nature only echoes, and seems to authenticate, your self loathing or your hopelessness. Then you find the device of your sorrow on the argent shield of the moon, and see all the trees of the field weeping and wringing their hands with you, while the hills, seated at your side in sackcloth, look down upon you prostrate, and reprove you like the comforters of Job."—*Hours with the Mystics*. 1st ed. vol. i. pp. 33, 34.

to the events that I see, and to the exciting conversations of every day. If I were in the country, I should attribute it to solitude. The truth is, that it arises from a sickness at heart, and will not cease till this is cured, which can be the work only of time, the great healer of grief, as every one knows. I must try to wait patiently for the cure. And yet I cherish this grief as one does every real sorrow to which one has a right, bitter though it be. The sight of all that is going on, and especially of the way in which it is regarded, hurts every feeling of pride, honor, and delicacy. I should be sorry to be less sad. In this respect, I ought to be thoroughly satisfied, for, indeed, I am sad unto death. I have reached my present age, and passed through all sorts of circumstances, advocating always the same cause—regulated liberty.

Can this cause be lost forever? I began to fear it in 1848, I fear it now still more; not that I am convinced that this country will never again possess constitutional institutions, but will they last, or will any others? It is a moving sand. The question is, not whether it can be fixed, but what will be the winds that will toss it about?

"Still I try to work. Every day I spend two or three hours in the library of the Rue de Richelieu. In spite of my endeavors to turn my thoughts in another direction, a profound sadness sometimes steals over me; and if I allow it to seize upon me unawares, I am lost for the rest of the day. My life might be pleasant, but if I look aside from my book, I am cut to the heart."

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

From Titan.

A THOUSAND YEARS AGO; OR, ALFRED THE GREAT.

ABOUT the year 855, an Anglo-Saxon king is in Rome, visiting the churches and laying costly offerings upon their altars. He is a man of a sorrowful countenance: he looks as though he had run away from trouble, and as if he were trying to hide his bewildered head beneath the shadow of him who sits as Bishop upon the seven hills of old Rome. The clamor of those fearful northmen "whose cry is in their ships," is still ringing in his ears; and he even now has the scared look of one who listens to a distant echo. The marauding Danes had harried the lands of this poor West-Saxon king, until, remembering the vows which in his early youth he had taken upon him, and sighing for the cowl which he had put on in love, and been forced to throw off in haste under pressure of state necessity, the royal devotee has made a pilgrimage to Rome in order to tell his beads in peace. Wherever he goes, from shrine to shrine, he leads by the hand a fair boy of six years, his fifth, but favorite son.

Is there any thing in that young child's face which hints at future greatness? Doubtless there is an inscription written

there which, like the invisible ink sometimes employed in secret correspondence, will start out into meaning as soon as it be subjected to the strong light of the full day, or to the fiery heat of maturing circumstances. That fair-haired child, born in the year of grace 849, at a place called Wantage, in that part of the West-Saxon kingdom now known as Berkshire, is one of that small brotherhood who are known to all posterity by the title of "Great." No doubt that title might be read even now, either in the molding of the brow, in the clear light of the eye, or in the firm chiseling of the little mouth. Perhaps even the childish step has the expression of greater decision than has the wavering, inconsequent gait of that care-worn Saxon father, as the two strangers pace the round pavement of the Appian Way, or climb the broad stair which leads up to the Capitol. Young *Ælfred* is the future founder of a long-lived kingdom, the skillful architect of a noble constitution, the brave deliverer of an oppressed people, the calm sage who weds liberty to security, the enlightened foster-father of learning—himself scholar, poet, and minstrel.

But the credentials which that child has to show are as yet a sealed packet; and as to future kingship, there are turbulent brothers betwixt Alfred and the throne of Wessex; there were four elder brethren once—one is now dead; but the remaining brethren must each have his turn upon that unstable seat—and young Alfred will resolutely serve them all, with strict loyalty, until God call him to the foremost place.

The father and son spend a whole year in Rome, though England is miserably devoured by the Danish Raven during the weak king's absence. The banner of these terrible Northmen was a Raven, enwrought by the hands of the three fell sisters of Inguar, Hubba, and Halfdene, children of the famous Regnar Lodbrog, the most formidable of all sea-kings. It was a labor of revenge, finished in one noontide; and they said that the mystic Raven would always clap his black wings when he scented victory on the breeze, and always drooped his head when disaster was at hand. The Raven is in full feather now, while the recreant Ethelwolf is rebuilding the school of "Thomas the Holy" at Rome, sealing the grant of "Peter-Pence," and promising to pay yearly a subsidy of three hundred marks to the rising Bishop of Rome—one hundred of these to glide into his privy-purse, one hundred to feed the lamps of St. Peter's on Easter eve, and the last hundred to light the lamps of "St. Paul without the Walls." "This is the Bride," as said old John Speed, in speaking of the Romish Church, "the Bride that evermore must be kissed and dowered."

Alfred, young as he is, is quite at home in the city of the Cæsars. His father had once before sent the child of his hopes thither on pilgrimage, when he was but four years old. The little Anglo-Saxon had traveled down through France, and over the snowy mountains, into the beautiful land of the south, attended by a stately retinue. The Pope of the day is not likely to have had a prophetic view of the child's coming greatness: but it is probable that a secret message from so faithful a son of the Church as Ethelwolf, had induced him to anoint, as future monarch of England, the favorite child of the West-Saxon king. However this might be, it was the policy of a growing hierarchy to occupy every foot

of vantage-ground, and to claim every imaginable power over kings and peoples. The chrism which has anointed that child's head in the Church of "St. John Lateran," the mother church of Rome, may perhaps stand him in good stead some day, when rights are weighed in the uncertain balances of opinion.

But to return to the royal father and his favorite son. Rome is at last left, and the homeward journey is made through France. A new fascination awaits the widowed king as he pauses to rest at the Court of Charles the Bald. Here there is a beautiful maiden, the daughter of Charles, the near descendant of Charlemagne; and the old king is in desperate love. It takes some time to persuade the royal beauty to become the wife of an elderly monarch who has grown-up sons at home, the eldest of whom is rebellious, ambitious, and already plotting to seize the throne of his loitering father—that throne, too, tottering from external assaults, as well as heaving from internal commotion. The fair Judith allows herself to be wooed from July to October of the year 856, and then she accompanies her husband and little step-son to England. So charmed is the monarch with his young Frankish bride, that he insists on sharing with her his royal dignity; and a ceremonious coronation of the queen-consort takes place, though for some time past the Anglo-Saxon queens had been reduced to a very subordinate position. But the sight of a crown on the head of his youthful step-mother, and the knowledge that the anointing oil had been poured on the head of his youngest brother, only further irritate the turbulent Ethelbald: and so strong grows the rebellion, that the weak monarch is fain to give over the half of his kingdom to his wayward son, for the dear love of peace. That wretched compromise will not wear well. The old king dies in two years' space, leaving a divided house and a vexed kingdom. Strange things and unlawful follow; for Ethelbald outrages law, custom, and religious institutions, by taking to wife this very lady, whose coming and whose crown had so deeply moved his jealous nature. They say that Swithin, Prior of Winchester, the tearful saint, so wrought upon the mind of the reprobate, that he consented to put away his wife, and otherwise to mend

his ways. But he only survived his father about three years; and his brothers, Ethelbert and Ethelred, successively reigned in his stead.

All this while young Alfred's mind is molding under the hard hand of adversity, while it receives a finer finish from the lighter touch of woman's influence. The Lady Osburga, his own mother, a woman of excellent gifts, had died when he was yet in early childhood; but the influence and the example of the accomplished step-mother are highly stimulating to his young intellect. The "intellectual Paladins" of the court of Charlemagne had left behind them a standard of education far higher than that which obtained in England; and when Alfred was lingering with his father the while he paid court to the Princess Judith of France, he probably caught something of the tone of mind which prevailed around him. Certain it is, however, that not even a monkish tutor had been found to teach the boy to read up to his twelfth year; and but for the incident which follows, well known, truly, but one which will bear repeating in all the school-rooms of the nineteenth century, Alfred, the scholar, the poet, and the minstrel-king, might have been left to sign his after-edicts with *tooth and nail*, like his rude "forebears," leaving the impress of a royal front tooth and a thumb-nail upon the soft wax. The other boys, his brothers, have grown up in profound ignorance of their letters, but here sits the beautiful Frankish step-mother in one of the rush-strewn halls of her rude English palace. She has just laid aside the royal standard which she has been "embroidering," whereon the White Horse of the Saxons is making ready to confront the Black Raven of Denmark. Her household is grouped around her—the ladies at their spinning-wheels, the eorls and thanes lounging in listless "idlesse." Judith draws out an illuminated manuscript of Saxon poetry, and she reads aloud. The verses have no classic elegance, but they have a stately rhythm of their own; and the thoughts, though rude, are stirring and heroic. The boy Alfred listens with an intensity shared by no other of the group. The royal lady looks around, holds out the book in her hand, and promises that he shall own the manuscript who first learns to read it. The rebel son, king as he is,

cares not to enter such lists as these, and the others hold their peace likewise. With flushed brow the boy Alfred leans forward and asks: "Wilt thou in very deed give the book to whomsoever shall first read and repeat it?" The queen confirms her promise. The Frankish Judith, like the wife of Heber the Kenite, has driven a nail into a sure place. Alfred takes the precious volume and slips away. He goes about seeking for some one to teach him to read his own mother-tongue, and it is no easy quest at an Anglo-Saxon court in that year 861. At last the young student returns, triumphantly recites the poem, and claims the reward. "The child is" indeed "father of the man," and that man will be one of the great ones of the earth. In the teaching drama of that one life, the much talked of "unities" were singularly preserved throughout; the "days," from childhood to advanced manhood, being

"Bound each to each by natural piety."

That boy will live to translate with his own hand into his vernacular tongue, a book which became his dear friend and companion. It was Boetius' *De Consolatione Philosophiæ*; and in peace or in war Boetius was carried about in his bosom; nay, he will never rest until he hath given to his country, in Saxon versions, the histories of Orosius and of Bede, the Greek fables of Æsop, and Gregory's *Pastoral*; and he will instruct and refine his ignorant people by the graceful teachings of his own muse. It is even said that he rendered into Saxon the Old and New Testaments; but it is not credible that so vast a labor could have been accomplished in the intervals of outward distraction. We honor him in that he had it in his heart to do this; and we know that when the pen and the scepter dropped together from the hand of the dying monarch in the fifty-second year of his age, he had half-completed his version of the Book of Psalms. These are brilliant results of that memorable hour in the rush-strewn hall, when the young step-mother held up her prize-book for competition amongst the unlettered youth of a kingdom! If history dealt more with such noble conquests as these, and somewhat less exclusively with the flapping of a raven's wing, the prancing of a mystic horse, the triumphant

swoop of an eagle, or the culminating of a crescent; in fine, if we had more of the moral and intellectual history of men and peoples, and rather less of the physical, we might be wiser students than we now are.

At last Alfred is called to the throne in preference to the children of an elder brother, by the sanction of his father's will, and by the call of a whole nation speaking as with the voice of one man. He is twenty-two years of age now, of a countenance open and engaging, in figure and bearing noble and dignified, in temper singularly mild, and with intellectual gifts and moral qualities such as furnish the very ideal of Christian chivalry. And truly he has fallen upon proving times! The metal he is made of will be tried by almost every conceivable test, saving that most searching one of all—a long summer day of prosperity. He began to reign *quasi invitatus*, as his trustworthy biographer, Asser, says of him, so that we may believe that the step out into greatness was unwillingly taken; and forthwith the sword must be buckled on!

For the first seven years of his reign there is no great proof of skill displayed in the handling of either scepter or sword. He is learning bitter lessons of humiliation, while he makes worthless truces with the treacherous Northmen, who are stalking over the land pillaging, burning, and killing wherever they go. Alfred's friends are even emigrating to other lands in despair, and leaving him alone to face the storm; and we catch an occasional glimpse of a fugitive who is angling in a stream for a dinner, hunting in a wood in hope of breaking a long fast, or hiding in the tangled bushes of a marsh; sometimes with a few haggard comrades, at others in lonely misery; and yet dividing his last loaf with some beggar-subject whose face is yet more sharply cut by famine than his own. Then comes the retreat to Athelingay, the "Isle of Nobles," with the one narrow pathway to his hiding-place, stealing through the alder-growth of the bogs; and then that long year's residence in this "moated grange," where he waited drearily for better days, and "yet they came not." The story of the burnt cakes is such a household word in the million homes of the Anglo-Saxon race, that it may not be rehearsed here, lest perchance some ragged school-boy might consider himself qualified to

set the sketcher right in some minor detail of the picture.

But now at last, after the seven years of apprenticeship to misfortune, come the brighter days. Hope rises amidst the mists of the Isle of Nobles; a handful of followers has threaded the wet path leading to the "moated grange;" they are throwing up little earthworks, making mud entrenchments, running out unexpectedly, beating the astounded Danes, and vanishing again, nobody knows whither! This brisk exercise stretches the enfeebled limbs of depression, and gives more muscular strength to the new-born confidence of the bog-folk and their king. Then ensues the poetical little episode of the harper, who drew such melody from his strings, and sang so deliciously to their music, that he is bidden to the banquet-board of the Danish King as he carouses in his entrenched camp of Eddendune, near Westbury. Like Gideon, Alfred listens to the dreams of intoxicate security, and soon makes ready to break the sorry pitcher which hides his lamp. Whether Alfred, upon this, sent round, as signs and tokens, some of his neatherd's brown cakes, like the handing about of the "chupatties," which were the signal of Indian outbreak the other day, the Saxon chronicle hath not recorded; but, by some sign or other, the English were suddenly awakened out of the sleep of exhaustion by the word: "The King yet lives in Athelingay; the stone of Egbert is the place of meeting." The tryst is joyfully kept, and, for the two days of muster, the blowing of horns is prodigious. The down-trampled Saxons are springing up in all directions, and hurrying in arms to the rendezvous in the willow-thickets of Selwood forest. In one of Alfred's successful sallies from the fens of Athelingay, he had surprised and carried off the famous "Reafen," that enchanted Raven standard of the Danes, so that he has a pledge of future victory to display to his people when they flock to his side at the "stone of Egbert." He has also a dream to tell, which marvelously helps his cause—how that Neot, the Cornish saint, at whose shrine he had once knelt in bodily anguish, and risen up much the better for the appeal, had come in the visions of the night and had promised victory. Some say that Cuthbert, the stern Saint of Lindisfarne, had taken the trouble to come and whisper encouragement.

The two days have passed, and on the

third the Anglo-Saxons march to Eddendune. Alfred is undisputed chief of the Saxon interest in England, because all the kingdoms of the old Heptarchy have now died out, leaving him the representative man. The King says a few words of stirring appeal to his people, and then leads them against the uncounted masses of the Northmen. The Danes fight well; but they are inwardly terror-stricken; because, as "Alfred! Alfred!" is the cry, they think that the grave has opened, and sent him forth to their destruction; while he himself points, with a confident finger, at a standard-bearer who heads one division of his army, and cries: "Saint Neot has come with victory!" Each of these fancies does its work on the excited brain of Dane and of Saxon; it was as the shade of Theseus at Marathon. The Northmen are falling or flying, and before night all who are not lying on that encumbered plain are strengthening themselves in a neighboring entrenchment. Alfred, now King of all England, is beleaguering the Danes, and keeping stern watch about them for a fortnight. While they are growing hungry and heartless, making ready to sue for mercy, mayhap a detachment of Alfred's men is cutting the turf on the hillside above Westbury, and shaping out the great "white horse" on the chalk, to mark the field of Eddendune. But here comes Godrun the Dane, humbly and "delicately." It is well for him that no righteous Samuel is nigh to "hew Agag to pieces." Alfred, instead thereof, exacts oaths and hostages, and one other surrender, at whose precipitancy we certainly demur. Godrun and his Pagan chiefs must go with Alfred to the neighborhood of the Isle of Nobles, and there, clad in white garments, profess Christianity, and receive the seal of baptism. Alfred himself stands godfather to the unreclaimed-looking candidate, and then away go Godrun and his fierce fellow-converts to find spades and pickaxes wherewith to cultivate their new allotment of East-Anglia. As much to our surprise as to our pleasure, we find that the bold scheme answers. Godrun becomes a respectable colonist, a worthy agriculturist; and when a great fleet of the Northmen, under Hastings, the famous hero of Scandinavian romance, soon afterward comes sailing boldly up the Thames, thinking to be eagerly joined by their old confederates, they find the sea-king

settled down as a reputable country squire, amidst his broad acres, and his promising crops. He can not spare time to go harrying the land as of old. He has a vested interest in the prosperity of the country; goes soberly to church on Sundays, and sits in the squire's pew. No! Godrun at least *professes* to fear God and honor the King; and so the strangers spend a dull winter at Fulham, and then sail away to seek better luck in Flanders.

Hastings will come again in force; but in the mean time the land will have rest; and the great Alfred will so strengthen himself in his kingdom and in the hearts of his people, that when the terrible Northman reappears, he will be hunted down until he swim that same river Thames like a wounded stag. Even his wife and children will be seized, baptized, and returned to their chafed lord loaded with the gifts of royal generosity. This is heaping coals of fire on an enemy's head; but they fail to melt his hard nature—they only scorch the revengeful brain of the northern pirate. That man will chasten Alfred's prosperity, and call out the marvelous resources of his great intellect, until the afternoon, if not the very evening, of his day. True, there was a golden sunset; and the calm hours of his closing day were spent in maturing his admirable institutions, and in teaching his beloved people the lessons of wisdom which he had painfully learned in camp, in court, and in hiding-place. Even when he was breathing the disheartening mists of the fenny Athelingay, he was fortifying himself against the miseries of the present, and educating himself for the call of the future, by learning the precious wisdom of the past. He had carried his books with him into his covert—the annals of his poor distracted country—hymns, religious poetry, and, best of all, the manuscript of Holy Scripture. He was sitting apart and reading, when the beautiful incident occurred of the starving beggar, and the halving of the last loaf. David, the minstrel-king of Israel, was the model which he had set before his eyes for imitation; and visions of future victory, of spiritual as well as temporal peace, when God should give him rest from his enemies, may have lighted his dreary "Cave of Adullam."

So illiterate were even the clergy of England when Alfred began to reign, that "very few there were," as he has

himself recorded, "who could understand their daily prayers in English, or translate any writing from the Latin." He adds: "I, indeed, can not recollect one single instance on the south of the Thames when I took the kingdom." But he soon turned his realm into an adult school; for he made even the poor old nobles learn to read as well as the clerks. Slow scholars doubtless they were; and the King, like his step-mother, must needs hold out many a prize in order to stimulate their tardy ambition. The learned men of the past day had almost all perished together with their books; and Alfred had to search all England, and to send literary embassies to foreign lands, in order to secure teachers for himself and for his new University of Oxford. Asser, his future friend and biographer, was found somewhere in the western part of Wales. Grimbald, a learned monk, who had treated with kindness the little Anglo-Saxon Prince of four years, when he was traveling through France, on his early mission to Rome, was sought and found. Perhaps Grimbald's gift of sweet song was remembered after those many troublous years. He became one of Alfred's most congenial companions, and used to soothe the King with his melodious voice. But it was Asser who taught Alfred to keep a Commonplace Book. The Welshman chanced to make a quotation which struck the royal ear. Alfred drew from his bosom his little manual of devotion, and asked Asser to write it down. It was full, and so Asser proposed to make an album, which should receive the stray scraps of learning, that nothing might be lost. The idea takes, and volume after volume is stored with fragmentary wisdom. Now it is a text from Holy Scripture; and then it is some fine classic thought, which the royal scholar renders into his own terse Saxon.

Another important acquisition was the celebrated Johannes Erigena, so called because of his Irish descent. He was a monk of extraordinary acquirements, a learned linguist, and a man whose acute intellect had been turned to the study of the sciences and the arts, as well as literature. He taught geometry and astronomy in Alfred's rising university; while Asser gave lessons in grammar and rhetoric, and John of Saint David's in logic, arithmetic, and music.

But learned factions must have run high at that day; for John Erigena, either at Oxford or at Malmesbury Abbey, where some assert that he taught, was one day set upon by his enraged pupils, and actually stabbed to death with pen-knives!

But it is time to glance at the Great Alfred as the statesman and the legislator, as well as the warrior and the man of letters. And it is right that the noble sentiment of him, who was the true founder of the British monarchy, should here be recorded, that "*The English should forever remain as free as their own thoughts!*" And yet so firm was the hand with which he administered the laws he had himself made, that he caused golden bracelets to be suspended above the highways, as a test of the supremacy of order; and behold! there was not an arm in England bold enough to dare to take them down. Every where law was triumphant, and the rights of property secured. The land was mapped out into counties, the counties were parceled into hundreds, and the hundreds subdivided into tithings. Regular courts of justice were established; and that noble institution, to which the Englishman clings as the anchor by which he may safely ride in storm or calm, trial by jury, became the law of the land. And if the accused could not safely trust his rights to the consideration of twelve reputable men, his own peers in life, he might appeal onward, from court to court, in the ascending scale of dignity. Thus the wise edicts of the minstrel-king of the ninth century, became the basis of that body of legislation which, a thousand years further on in the life of nations, is known by the name of our Common Law.

His encouragement of learning was so marked that he used to sit, as an eager listener, while the learned men, whom he had trained in his own kingdom or allured from other lands, lectured from the chairs which he had set up in the halls of his beloved Oxford. The language of one of his edicts is so remarkable, that it must here be quoted: "Wee will and command, that all free men of our kingdom whosoever, possessing two hides of land, shall bring up their sonnes in learning till they be fiftene years of age at least, that so they may be trained to know God, to be men of understanding, and to live happily; for, of a man

that is borne free, and yet illiterate, we repute no otherwise than of a beast, or a brainlesse body, and a very sot."

When Alfred was lying hid amidst the dank thickets of the Isle of Nobles, accompanied by the Lady Alswitha, the nobly but not royally born wife, who shared his hard crust, he had vowed a vow unto his God. He promised that if God should give him rest from his enemies round about, and should set him up on high above them that hated him, he would dedicate to His service a third part of his time. The vows of adversity commonly become the broken promises of prosperity; but not so with Alfred. And now see him in the stone-built palace of his kingdom—stone-built, for he sets his face against the wooden houses which had previously satisfied an oppressed people, and which used to burn like touchwood at the kindling of the Danes. He is carefully measuring the twenty-four hours of the day and night into three equal portions. There is not a clock in the land to toll the burial of one hour and the birth of the next. There is not even an hour-glass to be turned by Alfred's watchful hand. No dial-plate has ever mapped out the mystic journey of the day; and perhaps the shadow of some ancestral oak, as it silently moves across the face of a sleeping pool, is the only gnomon which graduates the swift procession of the hours. What will Alfred do? There are six wax candles in the royal chapel,

each of them a foot long, with the inches carefully marked by lines of different colors. Each of these burns for four hours, three inches an hour, the six wax candles thus living through a night and a day. "They did orderly burn foure hours a piece," says Spelman, and it was the duty of the keepers of the chapel-royal to go and advertise the King how the colored hour-lines were consuming in their turn. To shield this little torch of Time from wavering before the breath of chance-winds, it was placed in a lantern of thin white horn with a frame of wood, the King's own happy contrivance, and thus the thrifty economist knew when to give his eight hours to God in devotional services or pious works; his eight to the affairs of his kingdom, and the remaining eight to a short sleep, to hasty meals, and to some precious hours of study. This was the man who had fought fifty-six pitched battles with the Danish invaders, and whose days and nights were passed in almost continuous suffering from some incurable malady!

But the candle of the great King's mortal life, with its many-colored hour-lines, at last burnt down into the socket. The hours of service to his people, and the hours of devotion to his God on earth, were told out when he had but just reached the fifty-second year of his age, and the twenty-ninth of his reign; and so, in the year 900, the Great Alfred entered upon the hours of his rest.

From Chambers's Journal.

THE MODERN BASILISK.

EVERY body has heard of the basilisk, which was supposed to fascinate you with its eye; but the basilisk that has appeared in our day has no eyes, and fascinates one—I don't know how. It has five digital members, which I am sorry—for euphony's sake—to say are called toes; these are connected by joints to an undulating body which terminates—what a horrible

language the English is!—in a heel; and the whole is attached, I am happy to say, to an ankle. These several items, when encased in a covering of kid—which matter-of-fact Crispins harshly term a boot—fastened by means of a lace which runs through brass-protected holes, covered with patent leather at the extremity, and provided at the heel with a sole *à la mili-*

taire—a very nice way of doing a sole-form altogether a very formidable basilisk. The priest, the warrior, and the philosopher own it is irresistible. I have myself heard priests acknowledge as much; warriors make no secret of it; and the philosopher is notoriously the first to succumb to its influence, probably because in pensive meditation his eyes are ever downward—for it is most frequently seen tripping over the ground. It attaches itself, with singular good sense, exclusively to the gentler sex; indeed, many ladies carry a couple with them wherever they go; and many who are not ladies are accompanied by the same number, for the basilisk is by no means of an exclusive character. It is very seldom found in quite a perfect form: it is, judges will tell you, either too long or too short; too broad or too narrow; too taper in front, or too protuberant behind; but even modifications of the model shape possess vast fascinator powers, and hold the helpless gazer spell-bound. In a fashionable promenade, it is no uncommon thing to see quite a crowd of people, with their eyes riveted upon one of these charming objects, whilst the owner is herself (apparently) unconscious of the eye-compelling properties of that which she exhibits. It is set off by what mortals with material minds do not hesitate to term a stocking, which is white or party-colored, plain or open-worked, according to taste and fashion; and it is overshadowed by—may one say a crinoline?—which, particularly when formed of a scarlet substance, has been known to add much to the otherwise bewitching creation. Beneath this drapery the basilisk sometimes lurks, and sometimes peeps suddenly forth with a very startling effect. It assumes a diversity of positions, each full of grace and enchantment. It is seen to very great advantage when resting upon the step of a carriage; and such was the shock to a young friend of mine who discovered one supporting itself on the drawing-room fender, for the sake of the genial warmth, that he was seized with a violent palpitation of the heart, and though generally very talkative, was reduced to perfect silence; for if you can only find power of speech, the spell is broken, and your eyes are withdrawn.

It has not the baleful influence of the fabled basilisk: it checks not the growth of children; indeed, it is credibly reported to be an incentive to marriage: peers and

men of fortune, commoners of eminence and men of no fortune, have had no better excuse for matrimony: to the spinster with riches, it often refuses its aid; whilst to the spinster with none, it is often a dowry, and a very handsome dowry too. Scarborough is the favorite resort of the basilisk; it issues daily from the "Queen" during the autumn, and disports itself among the rocks; and it entraps many victims upon the "Spa." In the winter, the lover of natural history will do well to look after it at Brighton; and during the London season, it principally delights in the "drive" and Kensington Gardens. Wherever a military band plays, exquisite specimens of it are sure to be observed; and a trustworthy news paper lately gave an account of the strange fascination which it exercised upon a Rifle Volunteer. Among the patriotic lady-visitors who came to smile approval upon the drill of a certain regiment, was a beautiful young creature who possessed two of those pretty satellites, one of which she considerably displayed for the encouragement of the whole company. Number Twenty immediately was "struck;" his eyes remaining fixed upon the basilisk before him. "Eyes right!" roared the sergeant who was superintending the drill. Number Twenty considered that his eyes were decidedly "right." "Eyes left!" bellowed the sergeant; but Number Twenty couldn't do it. "Number Twenty, ten paces forward." Number Twenty obeyed with alacrity, for it brought him nearer to his object. The sergeant then gave the order to "wheel" and "quick march," and Number Twenty was left solitary. The young lady withdrew the basilisk beneath the drapery before alluded to, and Number Twenty with a sigh found his optics free to act. Lonely, he wended his way homeward, and resigned his position as full private in the aforesaid volunteers.

I have myself fallen under this influence and narrowly escaped unpleasant consequences. Melancholy news had summoned me on that occasion to Hastings; and having been in no humor to court enchantment, I am at liberty to aver that my bewitchment was involuntary. Scarcely before the train started did I reach the well-known platform at the London bridge terminus; hastily was I inducted into a carriage, and more hastily did I fling my lighted cigar out of the

window, (for, alas! I was young, and had been inveigled into smoking,) when I found that all the places except one were occupied, and occupied, too, by ladies. It was evident that my entry was unfavorably regarded; and I heard disheartening whispers of "dissipated young man;" handkerchiefs, too, superabundantly scented, were applied to olfactory organs, in an insinuating and aggravating manner; nor could I help saying to myself, (in private extenuation,) "their abominable scent may be as disagreeable to me as my tobacco is infamous to them." I tried, however, to make peace with my fellow-travelers in every way I could think of. I offered one old lady the *Times*, and was stiffly informed that she never read any paper but the *Record*. To another I presented, with my very best bow, the last issue of a humorous publication, which she just glanced at, and then returned to me with a smile of pity and disdain. A third assured me that she was very much obliged to me, but never could read in a railway carriage. A fourth said bluntly that "it smelt of smoke, and she supposed I didn't wish to make her ill;" and the fifth, to whom I sat opposite, I dared not address, she had upon her countenance so heart-rending an expression of ineffable contempt. I don't think I shall ever forget her, and reasonable people will consider it wonderful if I should. She was—I don't know how old, for of course I didn't ask her, and I'm not an *Cædipus*, but I should say—about eighteen. She was very delicate evidently, and very pretty, also evidently, and she put forward, as if to daunt me, the daintiest pair of basilisks which I ever saw in my life; and they certainly did daunt me. I drew my clumsy muddy boots back as far as I could, and thrust them under the seat upon which I sat until my knee-caps suffered grievously, but as for withdrawing my eyes from the enchanting objects, it was almost an impossibility. I considered it a providential arrangement that she should be going, as in the sequel appeared to be the case, to Hastings, whither I was bound, for I firmly believe that wherever they got out, I should have got out and followed them until they disappeared. It was of no earthly use attempting to extricate myself: if I looked at the roof, my eyes were brought down, as if by physical force, until they rested upon the magic spot; if I made a feeble effort to admire

the country through the window, the result was the same; and if I essayed to read either of my ill-treated papers, every word was transmogrified into "boots." So I resigned myself to my fate; and it was not a very harsh fate either. Once I fancied I saw her smile slightly, as she observed my frantic efforts for freedom of vision, and the despairing manner in which I yielded to destiny; but it was any thing but an encouraging smile, and was succeeded by a most significant application to her smelling-bottle, as if to remind me of that horrid cigar. I made an inward resolve never to smoke again, though a Cubana king should be the temptation; but I shall not make an affidavit that I have kept that resolve; for I considered that the melancholy event with which my journey was brought to a close, left me perfectly free to injure my health in that manner as much as I pleased. There were prophetic warnings and portents as we jolted along, which would have been sufficient, under any other circumstances, to make me very cautious and watchful; but I was now in that comfortable state of mind, or absence of mind, which is popularly supposed to belong to him "*quem Deus vult perdere*." I fancy I must have felt very like Merlin, after he had been subjected to the "charm of woven paces and of waving hands," for what with the melancholy telegram which had summoned me from town, and the sneers of the anti-cigar party, and the pangs of conscience, and the fascination to which I was exposed, I felt—to use a more expressive than learned phrase—exactly "as if I couldn't help it."

At Reigate there was an evil omen: the lady who read no paper but the *Record* inquired of me what station it was. I answered, carelessly, "Boots!"

"Sir!" says she.

"I beg your pardon," said I; "did I say 'Boots'?"

"You did, indeed, sir; and I don't know what to understand."

"I assure you, ma'am," said I, "my head is so confused that I hardly know what I am saying; pray, excuse me. The station is Reigate."

On we rocked, and I knew the eyes of the Recordite were upon me, though mine were constrained to continue their task of involuntary, inevitable staring; and I heard from the hum of voices around me that they were conversing of lunatics and

idiot asylums, and it struck me I had set their ideas running in that direction.

"Pray, sir," said the severe old lady who had objected point-blank to the smell of my papers, "did *you* ever visit one?"

"Yes, ma'am," said I, "I have been to Colney Hatch," (significant smiles exchanged,) "and very much pleased I was with my visit. It is very interesting to watch the eagerness with which the poor creatures pursue any study which by much toil and trouble they have been brought to master, and the patience and attention displayed by the teachers is really a very great lesson."

"Did you observe any thing which particularly struck you, sir?"

"Oh! yes. There was an orphan girl who very much attracted my notice; she looked so sweet, and gentle, and innocent, it seemed to me a pity to attempt to teach her any thing; and" (here my *vis-à-vis* put one boot over the other) "she had such dear little feet!"

Just as I had finished this observation, which my questioner evidently considered quite irrelevant, for *she* didn't believe in

any kind of witchery, we grated into the Hastings station. My *vis-à-vis* now for the first time opened her lips.

"Will you be kind enough, sir," said a soft sweet voice, "to give me my parcel from under the seat?" Like lightning I bent forward, and senselessly supposing that she meant under *her* seat, caught hold of—gracious goodness! the two pretty things which had been enchanting me. It was only for a moment; there was a little shriek of horror from her, and a look of wonder from our fellow-passengers. "Under *your* seat, sir, of course," said she, "I can't think how you *could* make such a mistake!"

But as it evidently *was* a mistake, and as I apologized in a manner more than abject, and as my fellow-passengers were kind enough, notwithstanding the matter of the smoke, to advocate my cause, she with a musical laugh forgave me, and hoped I should know better another time. For my part, though I daredn't say so, I feel convinced it was fascination, and that I was under an irresistible influence.

T H E Q U E E N ' S M E S S A G E .

WHILE the fate of the two hundred unfortunate miners, lately killed at Hartley Colliery, was still uncertain, a telegram was dispatched to the North from Osborne, inquiring by her Majesty's command: "Is there hope?" The following lines, by ISA, have appeared in the *Scotsman*, in commemoration of this touching incident:

Not to her Peers or Parliament,
Her soldiers or her lords,
Not to the waiting nations went
Our Sovereign Lady's words:
She claimed no loyal service,
No love or honor due—
O mourning wives and mothers!
Her message is for you?

Where England's richest harvests
Are gathered 'neath the soil,
More than two hundred men and boys
Went to their daily toil;
Down in the earth's dark chambers,
They wrought till fell the doom;
And the pit shut its yawning mouth
Upon their living tomb.

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And swiftly spread the tidings,
First told with bated breath;
"More than two hundred living souls
Down there shut up with death."
There ran a thrill of horror,
Through all above the ground,
Up to our mourning Queen, who rose
Amid her grief profound.

"Is there hope?" she asked—the question
They ask, with pleading eye,
In palace and in cottage,
Who stand where death is nigh.
"No!" all around the pit's mouth
The wailing women go;
Till they who toil to rescue
Sob out the dreaded "No!"

The message of our widowed Queen
Came to each widow there;
"My heart bleeds," suffering sister,
In your grief I have a share.
Oh! when such holy healing
Did royal lips impart?
Thy message, Sovereign Lady, made
A nation of one heart.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

WEDDINGS AND FUNERALS IN POLAND.

It was the morning of a lovely day in the month of July, 1849. I am particular as to the date, because the great and destructive fire, which I hope some time to describe, occurred in the following year. The sun had risen on the city of Cracow, which never looks so beautiful as in these early hours, when the strong brilliant rays, streaming down on the gilded towers and spires of the numerous public buildings and sacred edifices, cause them to gleam and flash here and there all over the whole area of the city as if they were the footprints of the sun—when the crafts in the broad glowing river swing idly in their moorings—when the rosy clouds spread themselves like a curtain over the summits of the mountains, while the varied and gorgeous tints of the woods which lie at the base and stretch far up the sides, resemble the luminous foliage in the pictures of Claude, who spent whole days in watching the effect of atmospheric changes on forest scenery, leaving, as the result of his life-long observations, finished studies of leaves, and a landscape which he considered his *chef d'œuvre*, in which the infinite variety of trees reminds one of the garden planted eastward in Eden.

I was dressed, and partaking of a delicious breakfast, consisting of tea, chocolate, fresh bread, fresh butter, honey in the comb, and a variety of light cakes, before the first sweet tones of the church bells filled the silent city with harmony. There is less difficulty in having a comfortable early breakfast in Poland than in any other country I know of—England not excepted—the custom, in all well-regulated houses being to prepare it with the earliest dawn, lay it out with unsparing profusion in the dining-hall, and allow each member of the family to partake of it when most convenient. Thus, in the establishment of a nobleman, the family physician very frequently is the first to breakfast, passing the quiet hours, before the clamor of the awakening of a great household commences, in his study, or in visiting the sick poor. The head of the

family may have his sent up to his chamber, or with his sons he may partake of it in the breakfast-room previous to joining the hunt, while their beautiful Ukraine coursers paw the gravel in front of the windows, or shaking their long manes and tossing up their intelligent-looking heads, express by their neighings their impatience for the chase. The ladies are the last to appear, and as in general they attend mass before they breakfast, their tardiness can hardly be considered reprehensible.

I may as well mention here that some of the finest horses in the world, and some of the best horsemen, are to be found in Poland. The Hungarian proverb, "*Lora termett a Magyar*," is equally true as applied to the Poles. The very term "equestrian order," used to distinguish their nobles, proves the value set upon good horsemanship by a people who once rewarded with a throne the victor at a horse-race. The fortunate winner was Duke Leck, and though it is said he gained the prize by stratagem, he proved himself a wise and valiant monarch. He was cotemporary with Charlemagne, over whom, Polish historians say, he gained two great victories. The point from which Leck, and the others who competed with him, are said to have started, is marked by a little cairn on the bank of an inconsiderable rivulet about two English miles from Cracow, while the place of the stone pillar on which the ensigns of royalty were laid, and which Leck had touched with his hand before the others rode up, is covered by the handsome *Porte de St. Florian*.

But to return to the events of the bright July morning. I was engaged to be present at a marriage in the family of a Polish nobleman, residing some miles to the north-west of the city, and a young friend, Jozef Nowosielski, who had also received an invitation, had offered to drive me there in his own little carriage. Immediately after I had breakfasted, I sent a servant to Pan Nowosielski's villa in the

Przedmiescie, or suburba, with a small portmanteau, myself following on foot. There were but few persons traversing the streets, and most of these were entering the wide open doors of the churches. Many of the shops were closed, while others were half-open, and the light was struggling in and glancing on pretty Parisian bijouterie, which women in bright, but singularly negligent-looking morning dresses, were rearranging and freeing from dust. I went on, the sun was rising higher, and country people, with their farm produce, were coming in, looking cheerful and talking gayly, as people will look and talk in the morning, when they are feeding on pleasant hopes, which the day's experience may destroy. I, too, was gay as the gayest, forgetting that the shadow of death had ever fallen on the earth, when suddenly I found myself face to face with the reality. I had turned out of Grodzka street, near the magnificent church of St. Peter, in order to get to the Boulevards, and through it to the Przedmiescie, when, before I was aware of its proximity, I almost touched a coffin-lid, which was laid against the wall of a house, the second or third from the corner. Had I been in my own country, I would have passed on, my spirits checked no doubt by a memento so melancholy and so suggestive, but in Cracow I followed the example of others, and stopped to read.

On the lid was a mourning card, on which was inscribed the name of the deceased, her age, the hour of her death, and the time appointed for her interment, followed by an invitation to "the public" to attend the funeral and join in the services then being performed in the house. Above the card hung a beautiful myrtle wreath, tied with broad white ribbon, symbolizing the youth of the departed, and that she had died unmarried. No one passed by without reading, many who read entered the house, while of those who did not enter there were but few who did not murmur "Requiescat in pace," as they hurried on in pursuit of life's business or amusements.

I entered. A servant in deep mourning stood near a door to the right in the hall, over which hung a heavy black curtain; he lifted this, and opening the door, I stood in the *castrum doloris*, a large room from which the beautiful light of heaven was shut out, and the strange un-

earthly glare of numerous yellow wax tapers in tall candlesticks substituted. In the center, on a catafalque, was a coffin lined with fine white cloth, at the head was a pillow covered with the finest lawn, trimmed with the richest and most delicate lace of Mechlin, and stuffed with the softest down; pressing heavily on this was the fair young head of Panna Marysia Sobolska. She was dressed as if for a morning fete; the high robe of rich white satin fitted closely to her beautiful throat, the plaits of the full body lay gracefully over the exquisitely formed bust, and the folds of the ample skirt were arranged with perfect simplicity and taste, giving a mocking expression of life to the dead. Her small delicate hands, which even the pencil of Vandyck could not rival, clasped a crucifix, which rested on her bosom.

As I stood gazing on that melancholy picture, I was for some moments unconscious of the continued sound of one voice, until the sweet tinkling of a small silver bell, accompanied, or rather immediately followed, by a low murmur of many voices, caused me to turn suddenly round, when I perceived that I had been standing with my back to an altar, at which a Roman Catholic clergyman was celebrating the mass for the dead.

I moved at once from the foot of the catafalque, and then my eyes rested on a scene never to be forgotten. The young dead—the sorrowing friends, their eyes fixed with a sad, questioning gaze on the motionless form—the strangers, some like myself, unused to such ceremonies, standing silently but reverently apart, others joining in the services—the small chastely ornamented altar, with its mourning draperies—the priest in his black pluvials, and his attendant acolytes—and with these, the dreamy, monotonous voice, and the low, soft chanting. A gentle touch on the shoulder from one beside whom I had been standing, recalled my attention to the circumstances passing around me. The priest who had officiated was approaching the faldstool near to which I stood at the head of the bed, followed by his attendants. I moved aside. The priest knelt for a moment, then arose, and bending slightly over the unmoved upturned face of the dead, pronounced the benediction. Sweet voices took up his last words, singing: "Come to her succor, ye saints of God; run to meet her, ye angels of the Lord; taking up her

soul and presenting it before the face of the Most High."

I waited only for the conclusion of this chant. Lifting the black curtain, I passed through the dim hall into the life and bustle of the street.

My friend's carriage was at the door when I arrived, after a hurried walk, during which I had neither looked to the right hand nor the left, after I had quitted the house where lay the young dead. He was pacing up and down with a quick step under the handsome piazza of his house, and as he seemed impatient at my being so much later than I had promised, I jumped at once into my place, reserving my apologies for a more propitious moment. A description of the various scenes and scenery of that one morning would fill a large-sized volume; and as such is not my present object, I shall pass on, just glancing at the various styles of architecture which occur between Cracow and the Okrug, or district, in which Count Andreas Zaluzianski, whose summons we were attending, resided.

Near the city, handsome cottages are general, some with picturesque porticoes, adding considerably to the elegant appearance of the exterior of the buildings, but greatly impairing the cheerfulness of the interior, by excluding a considerable proportion of the beautiful sunlight; while others, like the enchanting abodes in the valley of the Rhone, are covered with lattice-work and roses. As you advance into the country, villas, having some pretensions to being extensive piles of building, occur at frequent intervals, many of them weather-stained, though not ancient, bear the stamp of Italian taste in the tall fluted columns of the piazzas, having masks and busts for capitals. Others are more modern, and one can easily trace the skill and judgment of the French in structures which combine ornament and utility with strength. Less numerous than the villas are the gray mansions whose simple grandeur is shaded, but not hidden, by the magnificent pleasure-grounds which partly surround them; and as we drove past, we more than once had glimpses of the ruins of palatial residences in the dark pine forests which crown the rising grounds at the rear. Many of these are Grecian in character, belonging to the time when Boleslaus the Third, after a short resi-

dence in the Greco-Russian town of Kiew, introduced into Poland a taste for imposing and picturesque architecture; while a few are of the era when the lovely, graceless Bona Sforza endeavored to create in Poland scenes similar to those she had loved in her early youth in beautiful Milan.

These Italian palaces are much more crushed by Time's footsteps than any of the other ruins; and in close proximity to more than one of them, are majestic and extensive chateaux, not crumbling to decay, but in their pristine strength and grandeur, challenging our admiration, and recalling the memory of that sad romantic episode in history, when the structures were raised under the direction of the gifted Barbara Radzwill—the hated daughter-in-law of Bona Sforza—the adored wife of King Sigismund Augustus, whose emphatic reply to Primate Dziejewski, when he tried to induce him to consent to a divorce, offering to distribute, like small dust, on the heads of his enemies, his sins of perjury and desertion, consisted in placing the regal diadem on her brows.

It was past noon when we stopped to give our horses rest. We had been for some time on the broad road which winds round the base of the Wenda, slightly ascending. It is a pleasant, well-engineered road, made by the Austrians, being one of the very few benefits for which the Poles are indebted to them. On one hand the dark pines stretch to the topmost heights of the mountain, raising their feathery heads in triumph into the upper air; on the other lie meadows clothed with short succulent grass, and fields of the rich Sandomir wheat, known amongst us under the general name of Polish wheat. A bright streamlet, sparkling and murmuring, as if giving utterance to its gladness at escape from the dark mazes of the forest, led to our choice of a resting-place. Disappearing beneath the road for a moment, it comes babbling up on the other side, illuminating the meadows as it sparkles through them, till it joins another bright little stream, which turns a mill near the city. Just where this tiny rivulet escapes from the wood, there is a stone set up, pointed out to travelers as "Wenda's Chair," but whether or not the princess (after whom the mountain is named) rested her weary limbs on this rude seat before she sought delusive rest for her

still more weary heart in the mountain torrent, which tradition makes this stream of old, it would be difficult now to determine. It answered all the purposes of a table for us, while sitting eastern fashion we dispatched biscuits and wine; and had it, like our own "Lia fail," which now lies under the coronation-chair at Westminster Abbey, the power of uttering sounds, it might, as it is the trysting-place of all the young peasants in the district of Cracow, have amused us by the revelation of many a history as strange as Wenda's, who gave the homage of her heart to one to whom she was an idol, of whom all her people approved, and yet whom she rejected and repelled, because he betrayed, before he had the right to rule, his opinions of a wife's obedience.

Prince Rudiger was a German. Had he been a Pole, a Frenchman, or an Irishman, he would never have fled from love to war; he would have remained to calm and soothe and win instead of leaving a breaking heart behind him, which in folly and ire he collected troops to conquer. Wenda met him in the field surrounded by a numerous army. She advanced to the front, pale but looking more lovely than ever. The victory was won. Love's vengeance—if love can seek it or accept it—was complete. Rudiger's soldiery refused to acknowledge any other cause but Wenda's, and while he stood motionless, as if not knowing what course to pursue, he was cut in pieces by over-zealous courtiers, who, too late, heard the despairing shriek with which "spare him—save him," was uttered.

In the pale starlight of the next night young fishermen drew from the mountain torrent the stiffened dripping form of Wenda, Duchess of Cracow, and daughter of Krakus, the founder of the city.

This story is perfectly true, though omitted in some histories, and in others rendered doubtful by fabulous embellishments.

Having poured some wine, according to custom, on the "chair," we proceeded to walk through the wood, ordering the groom to take the carriage round to a certain point to meet us. We were soon in shade, but not in gloom, for the sun was glancing down through the feathery canopy, and reminding us of his presence by little bits of brightness here and there.

The path was broad and well trodden, and my friend was as well acquainted with its intricacies and windings as the mountaineers whose wooden huts are scattered up and down even to the top of the highest peaks. Very soon we heard the woodman's ax, and in another direction the song of the barkers; then, almost suddenly, we came on a group of five or six men down in a dell, formed on one side by a great rock covered with moss and lichens, and on the other by a high ridge and a cluster of oak trees, of which there are only a few hundred in the forest. The men, who were hardy, fine-looking fellows, were dressed in the peculiarly picturesque costume of Carpathian mountaineers—a close-fitting white leather suit, a loose graceful-looking short brown cloth cloak, round broad-brimmed hat, and brown sandals. The long tangled locks of these men, which descended to their girdles, seemed to stand miserably in need of the good offices of a barber.

I asked Pan Nowosielski if he was not of my opinion.

"No," he replied, "the services of a hairdresser would by no means be appreciated by these primitive fellows. I shall give you an apropos instance. A young friend of mine, who once, I dare say, entertained your views on the subject, made an excursion some short time ago into the Carpathians. He wore his hair, as all our artists usually do, rather long. His mountain guide noticed it, and one morning remarked, 'that to make it look so nice he must brush it frequently.'

" 'More than once a day,' was the reply.

" 'Ah! how your head must ache!' answered the other, with a look of deep commiseration.

" 'Why?' inquired young Grzebaki, in unfeigned surprise.

" 'Because, sir, I, though I only brush mine thoroughly once a year, for the Easter holidays, have such pains in my head for six months afterward.' "

While listening to Pan Nowosielski's amusing anecdote, I was intently watching the men. They had fallen into a circle, each of them holding in his hand a wooden shovel, having a handle three yards long. From the center which they surrounded, I could see now and then flames bursting up, and licking the

side of a huge caldron which was partly buried in the earth. After a few moments one of them stooped and looked cunningly into the great pot, and then every one plunged in his wooden shovel, and began to move round, thus causing a rotatory motion to the contents of the caldron.

"They are making *pswidtta*," observed my friend, in answer to my inquiry as to what they were doing.

Pswidtta, as I afterward learned, is a jam made of Hungarian plums, and always manufactured in the way I then witnessed. The plums are first well washed by laying them in wicker baskets placed in a running stream. They are then put in caldrons sunk in deep holes made in the ground, with sufficient space left under them for a good fire. As soon as the fruit begins to boil, it is stirred with wooden shovels until it becomes quite thick. The plums are so ripe and so sweet that no sugar is required, and the sale for it is very considerable, especially amongst the poorer classes, during Advent and Lent.

The love of these mountaineers for their twilight homes is astonishing; they seem never to have a wish to look on the broad expanse of the sky, to see the earth in the soft fresh beauty of spring, or in the glow of summer loveliness, or in the richer and riper beauty of the autumn—to gaze on the lakes when a roseate calm rests on them, while every object in remote perspective is bathed in the intense azure which reminds one of the pictures of Poussin, who transfused the very hues of the elements into the background of his wonderful landscapes. Even those whose homes are not under the shadow of trees but whose wretched wooden huts hang on the bare rugged sides of the mountains, dwell up there in the brown world in a state of contentment so perfect, that I know of no nearer approach to happiness than that they enjoy on this side the grave, until the first keen blasts of winter come with their wailing sounds through the trees, and the snow has appeared on the topmost peaks; then they descend unwillingly to the valley, from which all beauty has passed away, and hasten to the towns and villages in search of homes and subsistence during the winter.

The warning for their migration is the first fall of snow, and this occurs so frequently on or near St. Martin's Day, that

it has given rise to the popular saying: "St. Martin arrives on a white horse." On the same day it is usual, at least among the agricultural classes, to serve a goose for dinner, and afterward to draw conclusions from the color of the breast-bone relative to the approaching season. When the bone exhibits a good fair color, a heavy fall of snow is predicted; but if it is dark, a long continuance of frost may be expected. On the *eve* of St. Martin's Day, the daughters and maid-servants of farmers pretend to determine, by the appearance of the sky, the amount of profit which they may expect through the winter from their dairy and poultry. A clear blue vault affords the pleasant hope of an abundance of milk and butter, while a firmament spangled with myriads of stars, indicates an ample supply of eggs. The mountaineers, however, have neither herds nor flocks, and consequently have no interest in, and almost no knowledge of, the superstitions of the people of the plains.

The imagination can picture nothing more singular than the appearance of a number of families descending from their heights, burthened with all their worldly goods. The snow generally meets them half-way, if it is not already lying calm and cold a few inches in depth on the ground before they set out. All—men, women, and children—carry bundles or packs suited to their strength and size; but as none of them ever carry either bed or bedding, I suspect that, like the Israelites of old, the garments they wear during the day, serve them for covering at night.

Many of the women have two, or even three little children tied on their backs; others trip lightly under the weight of good sized panniers filled with strings of dried mushrooms which they hope to sell to the people in the towns; boys are laden with mouse-traps, their own manufacture, or carry huge though light piles of kitchen utensils which they have assisted in the making of; while men trudge along, having boxes strapped to their backs resembling those of our own itinerant tinkers; only larger, and filled with instruments necessary for mending broken crockery and tin-ware, or bend under the weight of long linen bags filled with dried pears or plums. Locomacious and happy, on they go in a straggling body, the crisp snow under

their feet making melody to their ears, and the leaden sky being no more than they expected. As soon as they come to a village or to the "Przedmiescie" (which simply means "before town") of either Cracow, Kielce, or any other considerable place, they separate, each family shifting for themselves.

It was late in the evening when we reached the chateau of Count Zaluzianski, where we were received at the door by the domestic chaplain. We entered a spacious hall, literally crowded with servants, not standing idle, or making a display of their usefulness by moving obsequiously aside as we passed, or gliding before us to open doors, or to announce our presence, but absolutely flying from place to place with countenances expressive of utter bewilderment. Whether, however, this was owing to the amount of miscellaneous duties imposed on each, or to household mismanagement, or to the bustle inseparable from a marriage, or to all these causes united, the reader may decide, after I shall have enumerated the usual number of individuals forming the establishment of people of distinction.

The domestic chaplain, the family physician, the tutor and governess I regard as members of the family, as forming a portion of the exclusive little clique, whose wants, real or artificial, require the attendance of the following individuals: First the *maitre d'hotel*, who has the charge of the whole house and household in general, and of the numerous footmen in particular. He receives, from the heads of the family, all the orders which they deem it necessary to issue, and is required not only to transmit them to those who are under him, but to watch that they are properly executed. When visitors are expected, it is the *maitre d'hotel*, and not the housekeeper, who selects the rooms to be appropriated to each, and then makes out a list for the storekeeper of bedding, and a certain number of towels, and toilette-covers, with curtains and other draperies, suited to the size and decoration of the rooms. The writing-tables in the bedrooms or dressing-rooms are always particularly attended to in Poland, and these also are under the superintendence of the *maitre d'hotel*, who furnishes them lavishly with pens, ink, and paper, besides a

variety of pretty seals, of all which he keeps a large store.

Next in importance to this personage is the "credencier," to whom is intrusted the care of the plate, china, and glass. A novitiate of many years is necessary to entitle a servant to this post, and none are ever placed in it whose future may not confidently be anticipated from the report of the past. Strange as it may seem, it is the credencier and not the cook who prepares breakfast, and who may be seen at early dawn following the footmen into the breakfast-room, to see that the appointments and arrangements of the table are complete, and that nothing has been forgotten necessary either as aliment or ornament. The housekeeper ranks next; she has the charge of the house-linen, and of a large proportion of the stores. The valets follow—my lord's valet, whose duties and functions are, I suppose, the same all over the world—and my lady's valet, to whom Polish etiquette assigns the exercise of various personal attentions. His hand alone offers my lady her letters, takes from her those to be dispatched, dusts the bijouterie of her boudoir, keeps her writing-table supplied, and arranges her books, removing those to which she appears indifferent, and replacing them with others either more popular, of later date, or more beautifully bound.

The waiting-maids, and the footmen, of whom there are a perfect mob, fill the next station. The head cook and head coachman rank after these, then the head groom and his staff—the chambermaids, who have the unique duty to perform of ironing every morning all the under-clothing worn by my lord and my lady and all their children and guests on the previous day—the laundress and her assistants—the cook's assistants—the little maids who wait on the other maids, run errands, and gather flowers for the various rooms—the postman—the watchman—the water-carrier, and the man who sweeps the corridors, brings wood from the cellar, and heats the stoves. Over all these, ranking next to the physician, are the cashier and the book-keeper, taking precedence of even the *maitre d'hotel*. Many who will read these pages may perhaps conjecture, that in this enumeration I have drawn on my imagination, that I am guilty of the error

of "causing to appear," as established facts, circumstances which have no existence except in my own mind. To such, (if there are any such,) I admit that the roll is not perfect, but its defects are not the result of my inventive faculties, but of my bad memory. I had forgotten the gardener and his staff—the baker and his helpers—the woman and her assistants who mind the poultry—the people who have the charge of the dairy—the men who clean knives and polish boots—and the throng, whom I am at a loss how I should designate, of the servants of the servants.

As I have already stated, we were met at the hall-door by the chaplain, who politely remained with us until our portmanteaux had been taken from the carriage and placed in the hands of two footmen, who passed them on to two others, who gave them to the valets appointed to wait on us. These men, with a bow which reminded me of the deferential French servants, passed on before us, leading us to our respective apartments. Some hours after I was in the grand saloon, making one of a brilliant company assembled to witness the next day's solemn event. A glance at the furniture of the gorgeous room, and the dresses of those who occupied it, satisfied me of the low condition of the industrial and commercial state of Poland. Vienna, Berlin, Paris had each contributed to create the rare and tasteful splendor which surrounded me—Cracow nothing.

In the deep recess of a window, almost concealed by a snowy alabaster vase from which blushing flowers diffused sweetest odors, sat the bride, a pale, handsome girl, with hope sparkling in her intensely blue eye, and the most perfect calm resting on her fair open brow. Several young friends were standing or sitting near her, but her betrothed was at a distance, leaning over the back of her mother's chair. In the course of the evening music was introduced, and the exquisitely beautiful national melodies of Niemcewicz, the "Tommy Moore" of Poland, shared the admiration of the guests with the ballads of Casimir Brodzinski, the warrior-poet, who, in early life, mistaking his vocation, believed that the trumpet-peal and the clash of cymbals were the only sounds to which his heart could respond; but, living to discover his mistake, he had the noble courage to acknowledge

it, and giving up the sword for the pen, the trumpet-blast for the warble of the flute, he has left an undying reputation in his sweet "village songs," and the admirable tragedy of "Barbara Radziwill."

Tableaux vivants succeeded music, and some of the dazzling creations of Vladislaf Oseroff were represented to perfection; but the picture of the evening, strange to say, was taken from Rileyeff's historical poem, *Naleyveko, the Hetman of the Ukraine*. In this piece the gifted author prophesied his own tragical death in the speech which he puts into the mouth of the rebel hero, when admonished of the danger of his enterprise by a priest to whom he confessed his intention of raising the standard of revolt, and leading the people against their Polish oppressors:

"Midst the dread battle's bloody tide, there let me find a grave,
If but my country's chains are rent, and freedom glads the slave.
In the yawning trench, in the deadly breach, let Naleyveko fall.
Let a felon's death on the scaffold high proclaim aloud to all
That a patriot's bosom knows no fear, no duty but to die,
When his bleeding country's cause is lost, and crushed for liberty."

A few years after the publication of this piece, Rileyeff was executed for heading a conspiracy against the Emperor of Russia, while many a young brow which I had seen that evening flush with enthusiasm at the mute delineation of the thrilling incidents of the story of *The Hetman of the Ukraine*, before the sun had run another course, was laid in the

"sacred grave
Of the last few who, vainly brave,
Die for the land they can not save."

There was no dancing, and we separated early. I do not know whether many of the guests slept well that night; I only know that I did not; that I was conscious of hearing all through light steps along the corridors, whispering voices, doors opening and closing stealthily, and the tinkling sounds of plate and glass borne from the stores of the credencier and housekeeper to the dining-rooms. At length the dawn appeared, and presently after it was clear day. The soft rosy morning light is very brief in Poland. The grand broad disk no

sooner appears above the horizon than light in its fullness and strength is around us. With the night departed all necessity for hushed words and heedful movements. The tread of men was heard in the halls; the voices of gentlemen came up like rich music from the lawn, while light, quick footsteps and soft, joyous tones were echoing from every dressing-room, and passing continuously through the corridors.

I shall never forget my feeling of amazement while traversing the passages and halls, on that eventful morning, which led from my dressing-room to the saloon in which the sumptuous breakfast had been prepared. When I opened my door I stepped into a bower. Along the whole length of all the noble corridors, galleries, staircases, and halls, there were placed, at frequent intervals, vases of costly porcelain, urns of pure marble, baskets of delicate alabaster, all of them filled with orange blossoms, roses, and other flowers of rare beauty and perfume. Over the doors and windows garlands hung gracefully amidst the drapery, the pillars were wreathed, and even the statues were made to harmonize with the fanciful luxury of the occasion, by the delicate taste which had strewn rosebuds at their feet, or placed pale blossoms amongst their marble wreaths. Imagine the whole house, from the cellars to the attics, thus embellished, as if the earth had been ransacked to render its floral splendor perfect; and imagine it then peopled with nymphs in the brightest and most fanciful of national costumes, and having their hair, ornamented with flowers, falling in massive braids on their shoulders. These were the servants, flitting from room to room, assisting the ladies in their toilettes, or merely gratifying their own curiosity, being always allowed considerable liberties on the occasion of a marriage, when almost the only rule which they may not transgress with impunity is that which prescribes the national costume, and from this no one dares to deviate except the housekeeper and ladies' maids, who are privileged to appear in the grosser splendors of silks and velvets, being usually the wives and daughters of the poorer class of the noblesse.

At about eleven o'clock the carriages were brought up, one after another, in dashing style to the door, rich white ribbon streaming from the horses' heads.

Every one knows what the pleasant confusion of such a moment is in Britain, and in Poland it is in nothing different. The bride and bridegroom had been, as is usual, at an early mass in the private chapel, at which but a few of the near relatives had been present; had made confession of their sins, and received the communion; they were now to plight to each other their troth in the parish chapel, in the presence of their assembled friends and acquaintances. We drove off in high spirits, our path was strewn with flowers to the door of the church, and besides this, young girls with baskets on their arms were stationed along the road, flinging handfuls of roses under the horses' feet, as the bride's carriage rolled onward.

On arriving at the church, I was amazed to see, that instead of the bridegroom, two young unmarried men advanced to the bride's carriage, and assisting her to alight, led her to the altar, where the bridegroom and bridesmaids stood awaiting her. As soon as the parties were properly placed, the service commenced, and the noble harmonies which had filled the church died away. The ceremony was simple, differing in nothing from the usual form used in all Roman Catholic countries, except that, instead of a plain gold circlet being placed on the bride's finger, as a symbol of eternity, and of the intention of both parties to keep forever the solemn covenant into which they have entered before God, and of which it is the pledge, there was an exchange of rings. The priest paused in the service when he came to the words, "With this ring," etc., and then one of the bridesmaids came timidly and gracefully forward, and placed two rings on the open book which he held in his hand. He took them up, one after another, in his right hand, offering up solemn prayers, and pronouncing a blessing over them. He then gave the small one, which had engraved on it the bridegroom's name, *Mauritius Mochnacki*, and the date of the year, to the bridegroom; and the large one, having the name *Jahasia Zalvzianski*, to the bride. For one moment, while he pronounced a few words in a solemn tone, they retained them, and then *Jahasia*, lifting her eyes to the bridegroom's, as if to gather strength and firmness for the last solemn act, they exchanged them—the small one, having his name, shone on her finger—while the larger ring encircled his.

Immediately on entering the château the bride's veil and wreath were removed by a married lady and replaced by a cap ornamented with orange blossoms, entirely concealing her beautiful tresses. Meantime, the bridesmaids had been flitting around her, laughing, whispering, blushing. Presently she took the wreath which one of them had disengaged from her veil, and flinging it amongst them, it fell on the shoulders of a beautiful girl, who was at once pronounced the "bride of the next wedding." Just then several beautiful children of about ten years, having on their arms small silver-filagree baskets

filled with tiny bouquets of choice exotics, entered the saloon, and, going round through the guests, presented one to each, with a gold pin to fasten it, having a head in the form of a hexagon, each of the sides of which was delicately engraved.

On one side were the initials of the bride; on the second, those of the bridegroom; on the third, the day of the week; the fourth, the day of the month; fifth, the date of the year; sixth, the name of the district in which the ceremony had been performed, of which they are ever after to be preserved as mementoes.

From the British Quarterly.

FACTS ABOUT RAILWAYS. *

A SHORT time since one of our judges intimated that a certain witness, who had been detected in the act of studying *Bradshaw* for twenty minutes at a time, was disqualified for giving evidence, and a fit subject for a commission *de lunatico inquirendo*. We are so unfortunate as to differ from the learned gentleman. We are even ready to agree with a facetious friend who asserts that, in the category of accomplishments set forth in the prospectuses of our schools, a place might be advantageously assigned to "the use of the globes and *Bradshaw*." At any rate, if not strictly an elegant art, and if not quite so exacting a mental discipline as algebra, it would be a great acquisition of useful knowledge to render less inscrutable the quarter of a million of dates, blanks, and hieroglyphics that stud the pages of that volume, and thus to enable Paterfamilias more readily to ascertain the quickest and cheapest routes between,

we will say, Norwich and Shrewsbury, Penzance and Dundee, or Yapton and Bell Busk.

It seems but the other day since our colossal railway system was in its infancy. In strictness, it may be said to have had a long childhood, and then almost over-leaping youth, to have risen rapidly to maturity. The Liverpool and Manchester line was not opened till 1830; but as early as 1813 Sir Richard Phillips had watched a horse-railway near Croydon, the trace of which may still be detected by the Brighton Railway traveler on the hillside to the south of the town.

"I found delight," said Sir Richard, "in witnessing, at Wandsworth, the economy of horse-labor on the iron railway. Yet a heavy sigh escaped me, as I thought of the inconceivable millions of money which had been spent about Malta; four or five of which might have been the means of extending double lines of iron railway from London to Edinburgh, Glasgow, Holyhead, Milford, Falmouth, Yarmouth, Dover, and Portsmouth. A reward of a single thousand would have supplied coaches and other vehicles, of various degrees of speed, with the best tackle for readily turning out; and we might ere this have witnessed our mail-coaches running at the rate of ten miles an hour, drawn by a single horse, or impelled fifteen miles an hour by Blenkinsop's steam-engine. Such

* Returns for the Year ending thirty-first December, 1859. Presented to both Houses of Parliament by command of her Majesty. 1861.

Half-yearly Reports of London and North-Western, Great Western, Great Northern, and Midland Railways. Submitted to Proprietors. 1861.

Bradshaw's General Railway and Steam Navigation Guide. December, 1861.

would have been a legitimate motive for overstepping the income of a nation; and the completion of so great and useful a work would have afforded rational ground for public triumph in general jubilee."

In 1814 Stephenson's "Puffing Billy," as it was called, began to run on the Killingworth Railway; the humble precursor of a mighty race who, with ribs of iron, and bowels of brass and fire, and breath of steam, were destined to revolutionize the commercial and social relations of many a land. But when the skill of engineers had at length overcome the scientific difficulties in the establishment of railways, a new host of enemies had to be encountered. So intense was the prejudice against their introduction, that town and country joined against the invasion. Landlords appealed to their tenants, and servants and laborers armed themselves with pitchforks and guns to repel the invading surveyors. Mr. George Stephenson was threatened with the perils of a horse-pond. Prophets predicted that the bubble of railway-traveling would soon burst. Adverse petitions were prepared for presentation to Parliament; public subscriptions were opened to give effect to the opposition. Newspaper editors and pamphleteers ridiculed the delusiveness of the project. Householders were assured that their homes would be hourly in danger of being burned to the ground. The Duke of Cleveland opposed the Stockton and Darlington line because it would pass near one of his fox-covers. Farmers declared that neither would hens lay, nor cows graze, and that game would fall dead to the ground if they attempted to fly over the poisoned breath exhaled by the engines. Poets indignantly demanded—

"Is there no nook of English ground secure
From rash assault?"

Politicians declared that the railway system was "a monopoly the most secure, the most lasting, the most injurious that can be conceived to the public good;" and that directors were "induced by no motive to action but their own selfishness, swayed by every gust of prejudice and passion, and too often as profoundly ignorant of even their own real interest, as they are exclusively devoted to its advancement." Medical men asserted that the gloom and damp of tunnels, and the deafening peal, the clanking chains, and the

dismal glare of the locomotives would be disastrous alike to body and mind. An eminent parliamentary lawyer affirmed that it would be an impossibility to start a locomotive in a gale of wind, "either by poking the fire, or keeping up the pressure of steam till the boiler is ready to burst." A well-known engineer deprecated "the ridiculous expectations, or rather professions, of the enthusiastic speculator, that we shall see engines traveling at the rate of twelve, sixteen, eighteen, or twenty miles an hour. Nothing could do more harm toward their general adoption and improvement than the promulgation of such nonsense." And *The Quarterly Review* exclaimed: "What can be more palpably absurd and ridiculous than the prospect held out of locomotives traveling twice as fast as stage-coaches! We should as soon expect the people of Woolwich to suffer themselves to be fired off upon one of Congreve's ricochet rockets as trust ourselves to the mercy of such a machine going at such a rate."

A few short years, and all was changed. Opposition was silenced, perseverance was rewarded, and the highest hopes of the most sanguine friends of railways were more than realized; and though a network of lines has now spread over the land, new ones are constantly being projected; and the influences they exercise, the capital they absorb, the authority they exert, and the army they employ, are ever increasing. Six years ago, £286,000,000 had been devoted to railway construction; and each succeeding year has added some £10,000,000 to that amount. No less than £200,000,000 have been expended by some twelve companies; their lines radiate in all directions over the land, and their managers exercise the powers of a gigantic monopoly over trade, commerce, and social life. So vast an agency may well deserve the attention of all thoughtful men; and the recent publication of the half-yearly reports of the different railway companies, and the more recent issue of the report of the Board of Trade, furnish us with some interesting data to which we may now advert.

In illustration of the colossal nature of these undertakings, we may refer to the London and North-Western Railway. At one time it consisted of only the London and Birmingham, Grand Junction,

and Manchester and Liverpool lines; but now, with its tributaries, it extends from London to Carlisle, and from Peterborough and Leeds in the east, to Holyhead in the west. Its Board rules over more than 1000 miles of railway, and marshals an army of nearly 20,000 servants. On its construction more than £36,000,000 have been expended. Some of its items of revenue for the half-year ending June thirtieth, 1861, were as follows:

Passengers,	£825,405
Parcels,	71,670
Horses, carriages, and dogs,	24,286
Mails,	66,708
Merchandise and minerals,	1,196,396
Live stock,	57,645

besides dividends received from various lines with which the North-Western has working and other agreements. With other items, and some deductions, there is a total of gross receipts for the half-year of £2,179,494, or nearly £84,000 a week, or £12,000 a day, or £500 every hour, both day and night. The law expenses of this company amount to something like £1000 a week. Its return of working stock is as follows:

Locomotive engines, (passenger and goods),	926
Tenders,	917
Coaching:	
First-class, mails, and composite,	779
Second-class,	655
Third-class,	476
Traveling Post-Offices and Post-Office tenders,	48
Horse-boxes,	338
Carriage-trucks,	272
Guards' break, and parcel-vans,	335
Parcel-carts, etc.,	84
Merchandise—	
Wagons,	14,803
Cattle-wagons,	1417
Sheep-vans,	295
Coke-wagons,	1491
Carts and carries,	166
Sheets,	11,314
Horses,	416

The new state carriage cost £3000; and in order to be prepared for the increased traffic of the International Exhibition next year, the company has ordered £100,000 worth of new engines and carriages.

Of course it could not be reasonably expected that, with the extension of the line over less populous and wealthy districts, the original value of shares and dividends could be maintained. The traf-

fic on a cross-country road can not be equal to that of a turnpike, and the shares of the London and North-Western have fallen as the area of the railway increased, from £240 per £100 share, to 92 or 93, and the dividend has receded from 10 per cent to 3½. The present depression is, however, partially the result of special causes.

Turning from the London and North-Western line to the railways of the United Kingdom generally, we find that down to the close of 1860 there had been raised for railway construction no less than £348,130,127. Of this amount

£190,791,067 was in ordinary shares,
67,873,840 in preference shares,
7,576,874 in debenture stock,
81,888,546 in loans.

It is, however, easier to write these figures than to realize their vast meaning. The total is nearly half the amount of the National Debt. It is nearly five times the amount of the annual rent-roll of all the real property in Great Britain.

Other statistics of railway construction are on the same colossal scale. From the Parliamentary Returns recently issued, it appears that the length of double line open in Great Britain at the close of 1860 was 6690 miles; of single line, 3743; total, 10,433. This gives altogether some 17,000 miles of railway; and to this must be added one third more for sidings, bringing up the total to more than 22,000 miles of line actually in operation. All this has been the work of thirty years, and makes an average of 733 miles a year. But before these rails could be laid an enormous amount of work must be completed. Six years ago Mr. Robert Stephenson stated, that there were then nearly 70 miles of railway tunnels, 25,000 bridges, besides numerous viaducts, one of which, at London, extended for nearly eleven miles. The earthworks alone average 70,000 cubic yards a mile, which Mr. Stephenson estimated would amount to 550,000,000 cubic yards; and which, reared in the form of a pyramid, would dwarf St. Paul's cathedral into the merest pigmy, since it would be half a mile in diameter, and a mile and a half in height—a mountain of earth which would scarcely find room for its base in Saint James's Park, between the Horse Guards and Buckingham Palace. And since this computation was made, the amount of railway constructed has been increased more than a third.

We have seen that there are some 22,000 miles of single line in existence, or 44,000 miles of single rail. These rails would require no less than 2,765,500 tons of iron; would rest on 60,000,000 iron chairs, weighing some 900,000 tons; and would consume more than 3,660,000 tons of iron for the permanent way. Nor is this all. There is a constant waste of iron, by wear and tear, oxidation, and loss in remanufacture, which must be supplied. It has been ascertained that in passing over sixty miles an engine abrades from the rails 2·2 pounds, each empty carriage or wagon four ounces and a half, and each ton of load an ounce and a half; that ordinary rails will be worn out by the transit of some 360,000 trains; and that they would be serviceable, for instance, on the London and North-Western line for twenty years. The total wear from all causes may be estimated at about half a pound a yard annually; it requires about 24,000 tons to be every year replaced, and 240,000 every year to be rolled again. Other parts of the "permanent" way are, of course, equally perishable. The rails are supported by some 30,000,000 timber sleepers, which must be renewed at the rate of more than 2,400,000 a year; to provide which 360,000 trees must be felled, each yielding six sleepers, and occupying 6000 acres of land on which to grow.

But when the line is completed, the rolling stock has to be supplied; and the 10,433 miles of railway opened at the close of 1860, had no fewer than 5801 locomotives, or more than one for every two miles of line. We need scarcely remark that these are expensive structures; the first engine, costing £550, of five or six tons' weight, and running on four wheels, has been gradually superseded by locomotives of splendid power, some of which cost £3000 each, can draw thirty passenger-carriages, weighing five tons and a half each, at thirty miles an hour, or five hundred tons of goods at twenty miles an hour. Thus, the larger engines on the Great Western, of which the "Lord of the Isles" may be regarded as the type, can take a passenger train of a hundred and twenty tons at an average speed of sixty miles an hour; its evaporation is equal to 1000 horse-power, and its weight is thirty-five tons. The "Liverpool," belonging to the North-Western, gives an evaporation, when at full work, equal to 1140 horse-power.

Before starting, such an engine is supplied with a ton of coals and from 1100 to 1500 gallons of water for the journey. Every engine consists of no fewer than 5416 parts, and must "be put together as carefully as a watch," since the failure of a screw, or the bending of a rod, may bring destruction, not only upon the beautiful and costly mechanism, but on the property and lives of the passengers.

The momentum of a train at a high velocity is immense. To accomplish a speed of seventy miles an hour, a space has to be traversed of about 105 feet per second; that is to say, thirty-five yards must be passed between the tickings of the clock. If two trains crossed one another, each at this rate, and one of them be seventy yards long, it would flash by the other in a single second. Now, as the flight of a cannon-ball, with a range of 6700 feet, occupies a quarter of a minute, which is at the rate of five miles a minute, or 300 miles an hour, it follows that a railway train moving at fifty miles an hour has one sixth the velocity of a cannon-ball. But the ball weighs, perhaps, only thirty-two pounds, while the engine and train weigh probably 100 tons; so that the momentum of the train would equal that of an iron ball, weighing twenty tons, fired from a piece of artillery! If an engine could walk through the fourteen-inch wall of the Camden engine-house, without having a dozen yards on which to get up its speed; if in an ordinary accident happening to a luggage-train near Loughborough, the wagons mounted one upon another, till the uppermost was forty feet above the rails; what is the momentum of an express train, as it rushes at full speed, through a roadside station, it is almost impossible to realize; and what would be its destructive power, if it were to dash unrestrained upon some interposing body, it is fearful to imagine.

The ordinary cost of a narrow-gauge engine, with a cylinder of sixteen inches diameter, is rather more than £2000; and of an eighteen-inch, £2500. If we take the average to be £2200 each, then the outlay on 5801 engines is more than £12,700,000; while if they were formed into a train, it would reach from London to Brighton, a distance of fifty-one miles. Every minute of time throughout the year four or five tons of fuel are flashing some twenty or five-and-twenty tons of

water into steam, and are thus supplying the motive energy of these legions of iron steeds. Mr. Robert Stephenson remarks that the water thus turned into steam would furnish an adequate supply each day to the entire population of Liverpool, and the fuel employed is almost equal to the amount of coal exported four years ago from Great Britain to foreign countries, and more than half the whole consumption of the metropolis. Some economy has, however, lately been introduced by the general burning of coal instead of coke—the locomotives being, by courtesy, supposed to be furnished with smoke-consuming furnaces.

Besides engines, there are also 15,076 passenger-carriages, and 180,574 wagons for goods traffic. A first-class carriage costs some £380; a second-class, £260; other passenger-carriages, about £100; horse-boxes, about £150. If we average passenger and goods' vehicles at £100 each, their cost amounts to nearly £20,000,000. If a train were made of the passenger-carriages on our various railroads, it would extend from London to Huntingdon or Oxford; if of goods-wagons, it would reach from London beyond Perth; while a train made of engines, carriages, and goods-trucks, would occupy the whole down-line from Brighton to Aberdeen, more than 600 miles. Upward of 10,000 trains run every day; which is an average of more than seven starting every minute of the four-and-twenty hours. Altogether nearly 4,000,000 trains ran in the course of last year. Compared with the year previous, the passengers were more numerous by nearly 14,000,000, the minerals by 8,600,000 tons, the distance traveled by trains by nearly 9,000,000 miles, and 431 miles of additional railway were opened. The number of passengers was as follows:

20,625,851 first-class,
49,041,814 second-class,
93,768,013 third class and parliamentary;
163,435,678 total.

Besides these, nearly 50,000 holders of season and periodical tickets made very numerous journeys; a large proportion, doubtless, traveling twice almost every day in the week. These totals will show that an average of some six journeys in the year have been made by every individual in the kingdom. The trains, passengers,

and goods traveled more than 100,000,000 miles, which is further than 4000 times round the world; and to accomplish which more than three miles of railway must be covered by trains during every second of time throughout the year. More than 260,000 excursions were made by horses, and 350,000 by dogs; and for the latter some £20,000 were received. Twelve millions of cattle, sheep, and pigs made railway journeys, and 90,000,000 tons of merchandise and minerals were conveyed; of this amount, the minerals were double the quantity of general merchandise, and they were carried at about a quarter of the cost. The total receipts were:

£3,170,935 for first-class passengers,
3,944,713 for second-class "
4,162,487 for third-class and parliamentary,
272,807 for holders of season and periodical tickets,
£11,550,942
1,008,892 for excess luggage, parcels, carriages, horses, dogs, etc.,
525,922 for mails,
£13,085,756 for passengers.

From this statement it will be seen that though third-class passengers ride in carriages ingeniously contrived to be uncomfortable, and in trains studiously arranged to start at inconvenient hours, and to travel slowly, they are the most important of the patrons of railways, whether we regard their numbers or their payment. Thus Parliament has compelled the companies to adopt a measure by which their own interests are advanced, and some accommodation—if such a term may be employed—is provided for the poorer classes of the community.

The total traffic receipts from all sources for last year were £28,000,000, sterling, being an increase of £2,000,000 above the preceding year.

From this enormous revenue serious items of expenditure have to be deducted before we arrive at the balance available as profit for shareholders. The amount of working expenses varies on different lines. The Midland Company expends only 41 per cent of their receipts; the Lancashire and Yorkshire, 42 per cent; the West-Midland, 46 per cent; and the Great Northern, 55 to 56 per cent. The average working expenditure on all the lines amounted last year to £13,187,368, or 47 per cent of the receipts, omitting only three small lines of little importance.

Of this expenditure—

£2,437,362 was for permanent way,
 3,801,282 for locomotive power,
 1,118,784 for renewals of carriages and
 wagons,
 3,699,708 for traffic charges,
 517,365 for rates and taxes,
 863,174 for government duty,
 181,170 for compensation for accidents
 and losses,
 1,068,521 miscellaneous.

£13,187,866

But while the railway companies have had intrusted to them enormous powers, and while they render inestimable services, it must be remembered that they are invested with a correlative responsibility, and must be regulated by corresponding checks and limitations. When a traveler, who is hurrying across the country, finds he has to wait five or six hours at a junction, because the train by which he expected to proceed has been designedly dispatched just before he arrived, it is small comfort to him to be informed by sympathizing subordinates, that the directors of the two companies have recently had some "unpleasantness," and that this is their method of expressing their displacency. When a hamper of provisions, or a barrel of oysters, comes from a friend fifty or a hundred miles off, after being a week on the journey, and is found to be in a state of moldiness or putridity, it is poor consolation to the indignant recipient to be assured by some energetic traffic manager, that he can not possibly guarantee any more expeditious delivery. When a signal distance goes out, and an express dashes into a cattle-train, which is shunting into a siding, and a number of fellow-creatures are hurried, without a moment's warning, into eternity, it seems rather a mockery than a satisfaction, to the bereaved in particular, and to travelers in general, to be told, that oil-lamps *will* sometimes go out in frosty nights. When one train is dispatched only five minutes ahead of another, and, being a little delayed by the slipperiness of the rails, is overtaken and run into by the second train within half a mile of the terminus, it is not enough to be informed that there were only a few "contused knees," and "cut faces," and other "injuries of a superficial character," as the result. When a signalman is detained at his work some sixteen hours a day for seven days a week, and the mo-

notony of duty is diversified only by periodically keeping him twenty-four hours consecutively at his post, and when, on an emergency, his presence of mind forsakes him, and some five-and-twenty passengers are killed, and three times as many are wounded, it is small comfort for the coroner's jury to find a verdict, however terrible, against the company. When the iron roads that connect Liverpool and Manchester are so over-loaded that the station-masters actually refuse to receive another package, however urgent the necessity for its dispatch, people with only plain common-sense to guide them will be apt to conclude that some amendment ought to be made.

Nor are these instances merely hypothetical; they are all actual. To say nothing of lesser annoyances constantly arising in the transit of passengers and goods by the mal-adjustment of branch and cross-country trains, the public are ever and anon alarmed with tidings of accidents of a distressing and disastrous nature. Of course we admit a distinction between those that arise from carelessness and those which are occasioned by unforeseen contingencies. But we learn that an effort is about to be made by the railway companies to avert from themselves the measure of responsibility by which they have hitherto been checked; that a "case" is to be presented to Parliament, and that it is to be proposed that the example of the United States should be followed, in which the value of any human life is estimated at 1250 dollars; and that, however guilty may be the folly of the company, juries are to be limited in the amount of the damages they award by some low pecuniary estimate of the life that has been needlessly sacrificed. We trust that Parliament will not forget that railways have their duties as well as their rights, and that the only check that the public exercises over railway administration is through the verdicts of juries.

Nor is there any immediate probability of the cessation of railway extension. A glance at *Bradshaw's* railway map will show the new lines that are being constructed. Fresh powers have since been obtained from Parliament; and while we write, the advertising columns of the papers are occupied with notices of 175 new railways bills which will be introduced during the next session. One of the most

novel of these is for a line exclusively intended to connect the northern coal-fields with London, running along an almost dead level from Darlington, and joining the Eastern Counties near March. But perhaps no railway extensions are more needed than those of the metropolis, and which are being pressed forward with unexampled rapidity in anticipation of the extraordinary traffic of the present year. To relieve the undue and increasing pressure of its streets, to draw the existing suburbs closer to the city, and to change the neighboring counties into the environs of London, will be to effect a great and useful change. The most remarkable of these lines will doubtless be that which is known as the Metropolitan Subterranean line. This scheme presented unusual difficulties of construction. It was not an easy task to delve beneath the thoroughfares and houses, and among a labyrinth of gas-mains, water-pipes, and sewers, to erect a spacious, well-lighted and ventilated subterranean way. Many conflicting vested interests had also to be adjusted; vestries, boards, and companies to be appeased; the Board of Works to be propitiated. But by the first of May next, it is expected that it will be completed, extending from the Great Western terminus at Paddington, having excellent working junctions with the North-Western at Euston, and the Great Northern at King's Cross, to the Victoria station—as it is to be called—near Holborn. Here the line is to have two branches, one intersecting Skinner street, and meeting the Chatham and Dover Railway, which is to cross the Thames at Blackfriars. The other branch is to run north of Smithfield into Finsbury Circus, whence doubtless various extensions will be made. Nearly half the line will be above ground; and the tunneling works are admirably constructed to bear the superincumbent pressure. The lines are laid for both broad and narrow-gauge, and engines have been built to consume their own steam and smoke, and leave the air of the tunnels uncontaminated and transparent. We are assured that a single trip will disarm the most fastidious of any prejudice they may cherish against subterranean railways in London; while the facilities they will afford for traveling in and through the metropolis will be of inestimable value. Passengers from the north will be able to book "through" to

Dover or Southampton; suburban residents may be set down at their office-doors; time, cost, and irritation will be avoided. Other lines will soon be completed, which will meander among the lonely hills and dales of the Principality, linking together its mineral districts with the port of Liverpool and the manufactories of Lancashire and Yorkshire, and supplying both with the agricultural produce of the intermediate regions.

The creation of the railway system has produced many a silent revolution in the trade and social life of the community. Towns have risen into existence or have stagnated and dwindled, as they heard or failed to hear the weird voice of the locomotive. The London and Birmingham line would have passed through Northampton; but so powerful an opposition was raised to the daring intrusion on the sylvan solitudes of that boot and shoe-making town, that the projectors were compelled to distort the line so as to pass by way of Blisworth, at an additional and unnecessary cost of £500,000, and to penetrate the Kilsby ridge by a tunnel 2400 yards in length, 160 feet below the surface, the mere brick-work of which required 36,000,000 bricks—enough to make a foot-path a yard wide from London to Aberdeen. The people at Northampton repented their decision when too late. Instead of being the chief intermediate station between London and Birmingham, they have had to solace themselves with a branch and some subordinate extensions; and the great engineering establishment of the southern division of the North-Western has been built at Wolverton, instead of Northampton. Other towns showed as little foresight. Eton and Oxford would not allow the Great Western bill to pass without the insertion of special clauses to prohibit the formation of any station at Slough, or any branch to Oxford; and when the directors subsequently ventured merely to stop their trains to take up and set down passengers, proceedings were commenced against them in Chancery by the authorities at those seats of learning, and they were interdicted from even making a pause. Both these towns have since gladly availed themselves of branch lines, though of course they have to endure the inconveniences of their subordination. The same spirit was manifested elsewhere. When it was contemplated to

carry a line across Kent and through the county-town of Maidstone, a public meeting unanimously resented the proposition, and the railway had to be made at a distance. Subsequently the townspeople grew clamorous for a branch; and when that was completed, they complained that the route to the metropolis was circuitous. On the other hand, some towns have been the creation of railways. Crewe, with a population of some 10,000 souls, and Wolverton, have been built by the North-Western; and Swindon, with its 2000 or 3000 artisans, has been originated by the Great Western. More than 100,000 men are computed to be in the employ of the various railway companies, representing a population of 500,000 souls.

Many other changes have also been occasioned by the extension of railways and the competition between companies. Some towns, for instance, being left without railway accommodation, the tide of trade flowed into other channels; while the opening of new lines has restored them to more than their former importance. Thus, Salisbury was for several years one of the most inaccessible of towns, for it could be reached only by a branch from the South-Western, at Bishopstoke, and was connected with the south, north, and west only by second-rate coaches; but the opening of the direct London and Exeter line, from Basingstoke, through Salisbury and Sherborne, and of branches from the Great Western at Bath and Chippenham, have conferred upon it special advantages both for passenger traffic and trade, and the town has felt a fresh impulse of prosperity. As an illustration of the effects of competition, it may be mentioned that the third-class passenger may now travel for a penny a mile from London to Exeter by the eleven o'clock morning train, which is one of the fastest trains on the line. On the other hand, the Midland Railway, having little competition, often charges almost as much for second-class fare as North-Western and other railways require for first-class, and nearly all its trains stop at nearly all the stations. Thus, the quickest train between towns so important as Derby and Lincoln, a distance of forty-five miles, occupies two hours and twenty minutes. Another illustration of the changes in the accessibility of towns is supplied by Market Harborough. For some years it lay out of the route of any railway, and for several more it could be

reached only by the Rugby and Stamford branch; but lately another branch has been opened to Northampton, and the Midland Company has also completed a direct line from Leicester through Harborough to Hitchin. By these means the 633 miles of the Midland railway are brought within thirty-two miles of the metropolis, and that company has now to pay a toll to the Great Northern only from Hitchin to London, instead of, as formerly, from Rugby to London.

The changes, however beneficent and mighty which railways have produced, have for the most part been gradual and silent. They have not come with observation. That a merchant may take tea in London, and without any special effort, inconvenience, or cost, sup in Liverpool; and that another may reside at Brighton, and occupy little more time to reach his office in the city than his clerk takes to walk from Camberwell; these are doubtless great achievements of science and art. But incomparably greater than any merely isolated triumphs over space or time is the swift and constant intercourse of mind with mind and nation with nation, and the facile interchange of the productions of the loom and the soil, the water and the mine, the province and the clime, by which man is comforted and enriched. The journeys performed throughout the kingdom have increased at the rate of nearly 10,000,000 a year; the number has more than doubled in ten years; and whereas in 1851 the various railways could bring to, and take away from the metropolis only 40,000 persons a day, they can now bring 140,000!

Nor is it one of the least remarkable results of these new means of locomotion, that, instead of destroying, they have enhanced the value of some that were formerly in use. Even the inestimable advantages of our postal system are mainly attributable to the facilities afforded by railways. It is easy to put on six or eight additional vans to the Friday night mail of the North-Western; but if we were still dependent on coaches, Mr. R. Stephenson assures us, that no fewer than fourteen or fifteen would have been needed six years ago to carry on the postal service between London and Birmingham alone. The country may now be traversed in every direction in a few hours, so that its extremities are as accessible to the metropolis as its suburbs were two hun-

dred years ago. We enjoy the compactness of a city with the space and resources of an empire. Nineveh was a city of three days' journey—Great Britain can be nearly spanned in one. For questions of distance the country is almost as available as if it were only one of the Channel Islands. One circumvallation includes all our cities. "A hundred opposite ports are blended into one Piræus, and to every point of the compass diverge the oft-traversed long walls that unite them with our engirded Acropolis."

Thus the benefits of railways are extending far and wide, and we trust will extend; drawing together the bands of empire and the family of man. The schemes that were suggested a few years since in derision are now being executed. A submarine railway between England and France is seriously contemplated. Europe is uniting its great cities and ports by links of iron. India is enjoying facilities by which herself and the world will be enriched. We already hear of a

"deviation" to Ephesus; we may before long hear of a station at Antioch, or of a Jerusalem junction. The physician will soon be ordering his patient a change of air in the ancient garden of Eden, or a fishing-trip to the Euphrates. An acquaintance may give point to his after-dinner conversation by reciting an adventure he had the other day as he was on an excursion about the thirtieth degree of longitude. The valetudinarian may live, like the swallow, in perpetual summer. We all increasingly sympathize with the saying of Burton concerning the traveler: "He took great content, exceeding delight, in that his voyage. And who doth not, who shall attempt the like? For peregrination charms our senses with such unspeakable and sweet variety, that some count him unhappy who never traveled, a kind of prisoner; and pity his case, that from his cradle to his old age he beholds the same—still, still, still the same, the same!"

From the British Quarterly.

DISCOVERIES—NEW OR OLD.†

THE telegraph affords an excellent illustration of our preceding observation, that when the time and occasion have come, a discovery arises frequently from several quarters at the same time, each one being independent of the others, and by no means necessarily, or in many cases even probably, implying plagiarism. It appears that MM. Gauss and Weber actually communicated signals having the significance of letters, at Göttingen, as early as 1833; but the year 1837 "is the date of the realized electric telegraph. We find three distinct claimants, of whose independent merits there is no reason whatever to doubt, though how much of

the merit of all must be considered due to MM. Gauss and Weber, who first made the experiment, though they did not offer it for general adoption in a convenient form, is a matter we need not here decide. The three independent inventors (I name them alphabetically) are Mr. Morse, of the United States, M. Steinheil, of Munich, and Mr. Wheatstone, of London.* Professor Forbes appears to give the preference to Mr. Wheatstone's invention, and thinks that no other inventor has shown such perseverance and skill in overcoming difficulties, although Mr. Morse's is naturally preferred in America.

Whilst men waited for the telegraph,

* *Le Vieux Neuf: Histoire ancienne des Inventions et Découvertes modernes.* Par EDOUARD FOURNIER.
† Concluded from page 388, last volume.

* Professor Forbes's *Inaugural Dissertation* p. 286.

there were many devices for direct communication proposed, more or less amusing. *Sympathetic snails*, of which we have heard somewhat of late years, appear to have been as old as Paracelsus; perhaps not altogether satisfactory in their results, or certain in their indications; for they soon were neglected for more complicated proceedings. Two friends who wished for direct correspondence when parted, were advised to cut from the arm of each a piece of skin of equal size; these were to be exchanged, and engrafted each on to the other's arm. When the wounds were healed, the apparatus to save postage was complete. If one wished to speak to the other, he had but to trace on the borrowed skin, with the point of a needle, the letters of the sentence in order; and these would at once be recognized by a corresponding sensation on his own skin now on the arm of his friend. On which Mr. Fournier remarks that the idea is ingenious, and the proceeding simple; there is but one difficulty—which is, to believe in it.

Then succeeded the idea that two magnets might be so similarly prepared that, when apart, whatever direction one was placed in, the other would spontaneously assume; and so the basis of direct communication might be formed. Strada, who relates this, regrets only that he fears no magnet can be found possessed of such virtue; and exclaims:

"Oh! utinam hæc scribendi prodeat usu,
Cautior et citior properent epistolæ."

Some writers of eminence, amongst whom is enumerated even Kepler, appear to have placed some faith in this plan. But although they knew in that age something of electricity and something of magnetism, the time had not yet come for their combination.

The electric nature of lightning, and the efficacy of lightning-conductors, appear also to have been known for long ages:

"Long before the kites of Romas and of Franklin, the priests of Etruria knew how to see the thunderbolt in the clouds, and to bring it to the ground. Numa was one of the initiated in this marvelous science; and the prodigies that he performed thereby caused the people to believe in his commerce with the gods. Tullus Hostilius wished to repeat his miracles; but being inexpert, he was killed, in consequence of not knowing how to manage and direct the lightning

that he had brought down . . . the electric current wandered from the iron point and the badly-arranged conductors, and Tullus was slain."⁹

Whether the passage in Livy† will strictly bear this interpretation may fairly be questioned; but there can be no doubt that the knowledge of this matter is of very ancient date. The passage just cited continues thus:

"Amongst the Celtæ, ancestors of the Etruscans, these practices, employed to bring down the lightning, were *always* known. If we may believe the old alchemists, not only did they know the method of thus preserving their dwellings, but by forcing these divine sparks to fall into their lakes and fountains, they formed blocks of gold!"

Holfengen says that the pieces of gold found in their lakes were nothing more than concrete lightning; the consideration of which statement may tend, perhaps, to throw some discredit upon the rest of their knowledge of the subject. Another quotation is more definite and curious:

"During all the Middle Ages, the tradition of this knowledge, common to the Jews and the Etruscans, and perpetuated amongst the Romans, was preserved in a corner of Italy. From time immemorial, on the summit of the highest bastion of the castle of Durino, on the border of the Adriatic, a long rod of iron was fixed. It served, during the stormy days of summer, to announce the approach of a tempest. A soldier was always near when such an occurrence seemed to threaten. From time to time he pointed the iron head of his long javelin to this rod. Whenever a spark passed between these metals, he sounded the gong, which was near, to advertise the fishermen of the approach of the storm; and at this well-known signal they all hastened to the land."

To turn to another department of science—there are two supposed discoveries of the present century which belong especially to medicine, but have become so popularized as to be completely public property: we refer to vaccination and the administration of anesthetics, especially chloroform. An inquiry into their history leads us to some curious revelations. We have said they belong to this century, for although it was four years before the expiration of the last that Jenner commenced his investigations, we may consider vaccination as belonging essen-

⁹ *Le Vieux-Neuf*, vol. i. p. 182. † *Lib. i. cap. 31.*

tially to the nineteenth. What says M. Fournier?

The traditions of the East often contain more wisdom than we have in our books. Of this, vaccination is a proof: how many ages of contagion and mortality have we had to endure, before finding the counter-poison to this terrible virus—how many futile and useless attempts? The wished-for antidote, however, was in the hands of the Hindoos and Persians from time immemorial. Dhanwantari, the Hindoo Esculapius, spoke of it in his sacred book, the *Sateya Grantham*, and from that time it was not only a social, but a religious obligation to resort to the divine remedy. M. Fournier quotes the following passage as from the *Bibliothèque Britannique*, tom. xxx. p. 134:

"The Hindoos dip a thread in the pustule of a cow, and keep this thread, which enables them to give the eruption to any child presented to them; passing it into a needle, they insert it between the skin and the flesh of the upper part of the arm of the infant. This is done to both arms, and never fails to produce a mild eruption; and no one thus treated ever dies of the disease."

But it would be very hard that France should have no share in a discovery of such importance, and utterly hard would it be upon our author's theory, if an Englishman had not subsequently stolen the invention, this being the natural order of things. M. Fournier confesses that the English, "who already possessed Hindostan, might have learnt the secret there, and, according to their custom, passed it off as their own in Europe;"* and did he "not know the whole truth, he would be ready to swear that vaccination came to us this way, and no other." But not so; it was a Frenchman from whom the English borrowed or stole the idea, and a Frenchman, too, who had neither been in India, nor read the *Sateya Grantham*. His name was Rabaut, and he was a Protestant minister, near Lanel, in 1784, where the small-pox was raging violently and fatally. He observed the analogy between the mild *picote* of cows and the small-pox, and considered within himself whether inoculation with the matter of the former would not be as efficacious as that with the real pustule, and also less dangerous. Following still the recital of our author, it appears that M. Rabaut

formed an acquaintance with two English gentlemen who went to winter at Montpelier—Mr. Ireland, a Bristol merchant, and Dr. Pugh, of London—and to them he communicated this idea of his. Dr. Pugh was so struck with the notion, that he promised to mention it to his friend Jenner. He did so, and the idea germinated and brought forth vaccination, of which "Jenner assumed all the glory, and the name of the real inventor was left to oblivion."

This differs much from our own histories of Jenner's discovery, and the authority for it all appears to be extremely slight. In fact, the story rests almost entirely upon a letter presumed to have been written in 1811, perhaps five and twenty years after these events, by Mr. Ireland to M. Rabaut, acknowledging the conversations between himself, Dr. Pugh, and M. Rabaut—a letter, too, which does not seem to have been printed or published until 1824, some time after the death of M. Rabaut. We conjecture that such evidence as this would fail to convince M. Fournier, were the suspected plagiarism to be reversed.

Treating of anesthetics, M. Fournier, in a very few lines, settles the much-vexed question of priority of discovery in favor of his countryman, M. Soubeiran, but candidly confesses that the secret and practice of administering drinks and vapors to produce insensibility during operation had been known for perhaps decades of centuries. That universal genius, Papin, in 1681, wrote a treatise upon "operations without pain," which was lost, and has only recently been re-discovered. In the Middle Ages, mandragora was given extensively for anesthetic purposes. "The bark of mandragora, infused in wine, is given to patients whose limbs may have to be amputated, in order that they may not feel the pain."* M. Raspail states this was by no means a discovery of the Middle Ages, but dated from the ancients. He refers us back to Dioscorides, Matthioli, and Pliny.

Dr. Simpson acknowledges that from a very early period "different medicinal agents seem to have been suggested, and employed, too, for the purpose of producing a state of anesthesia during surgical operations. These agents were sometimes used in the form of odors or vapors, or by

* *Le Vieux-Neuf*, vol. i. p. 273.

* See *Le Vieux-Neuf*, vol. i. p. 91, for references.

inhalation, and sometimes they were administered by the stomach.* Of these the principal were the mandragora and the Indian hemp, which latter is by repute known to us under various preparations and names—as bang, hachisch, etc. "M. Jullien lately pointed out to the French Academy an old Chinese work, proving that 1500 years ago a preparation of hemp, or ma-yo, was employed medicinally in China to annul the pain attendant upon cauterization and surgical operations."† From this work M. Fournier gives a quotation, prefaced by the statement that the individual referred to was a physician named Hao-Tho, who lived in the third century of our era, and who always resorted to this expedient when performing any grave operation.

"He gave to the patient a preparation, called *ma-yo*, who after a few instants became as insensible as if drunk or dead. Then Hao-Tho practiced his incisions, or amputations, put in the sutures, and applied the dressings. After a certain number of days, the patient found himself cured, without having suffered the least pain during the operation."‡

But even at this remote period it might still have been said of this practice, Behold! it has been in the old time before us. Homer describes very closely the effect of hemp, under the name of Nepenthe, (*without affliction*;) upon Ulysses and his companions. The occasion was on the arrival of Telemachus at Sparta, when, to assuage his sorrow,

"Bright Helen mixed a mirth-inspiring bowl;
Tempered with drugs of sovereign use, t' assuage

The boiling bosom of tumultuous rage;
To clear the cloudy front of wrinkled Care,
And dry the tearful sluices of Despair;
Charmed with that virtuous draft, th' exalted mind

All sense of woe delivers to the wind.
Though on the blazing pile his parent lay,
Or a loved brother groaned his life away,
Or darling son, oppressed by ruffian force,
Fell breathless at his feet, a mangled corse;
From morn to eve, impassive and serene,
The man entranced would view the deathful scene."§

The secret of these drugs Helen is said to have learned from the wife of Thone, the King of Egypt, which Thon, or Tho-

nis, or Thoon, is supposed to have been the inventor of physic in Egypt. Concerning their nature there has been much dispute, some inclining altogether to an allegorical interpretation of the word Nepenthe; but it is very generally believed now that the drugs in question were chiefly the Indian hemp, or *Cannabis Indica*, the anesthetic and inebriating effects of which have been long known in Egypt and the East. It appears from Herodotus that the effect of the inhalation of the vapor of hemp was well known to, and used by, the Scythians and Massagetans for purposes of excitement and intoxication. But our actual modern method of inducing anesthesia appears to have been used as early as the twelfth century by Hugo of Lucena, who used a kind of sponge dipped in opium, mandragora, etc., "the vapors raised from which, when inhaled, were capable of setting patients into an anesthetic sleep during surgical operations."* The idea appears never to have been lost for any long period. Again and again do we find references to the practice in the older writers, and it even was popularly known and recognized. Middleton, in his tragedy of *Women, beware Women*, published in 1657, pointedly and directly alludes, in the following lines, to the practice of anesthesia in ancient surgery:

"I'll imitate the pities of old surgeons
To this lost limb—who, ere they show their art,
Cast one asleep, then cut the diseased part."

"Indeed the whole past history of anesthetics is interesting as a remarkable illustration of the acknowledged fact that science has sometimes for a long season altogether lost sight of great practical thoughts, from being unprovided with proper means and instruments for carrying out these thoughts into practical execution; and hence it ever and anon occurs that a supposed modern discovery is only the re-discovery of a principle already sufficiently known to other ages, or other remote nations of men."†

The use of gas for the purposes of illumination is another of the almost interminable catalogue of ideas that have been known to the world in a crude state for indefinite periods, and the systematic

* Art. "Chloroform," *Encyclopædia Britannica*, vol. vi. p. 632.

† *Ibid.* loc. cit.

‡ *Le Vieux-Neuf*, vol. i. p. 95.

§ *Odyssey*, Book IV. Pope's translation.

* Dr. Simpson, *op. cit.* † Dr. Simpson, *op. cit.*

utilization of which has been reserved for the present century. As is frequently the case in matters of invention, we find mention of the Chinese amongst those who were the earliest acquainted with its properties; not as a matter of industry in the present instance, but as a natural production. On the general relations of this people to discovery, M. Fournier remarks:

"As regards science and industry, these paradoxical people are every thing and nothing—every thing as to the germ of the idea; nothing as to its practical elaboration. Their mummy-like civilization has often preserved what has been lost elsewhere—but how? In a state of petrification. Every thing is preserved, not by living experience, but by *routine*, that rust of progress, as Chaptal has so well said: Poor people, who for centuries have not made a single step in advance, of their own accord! And how should they advance, when they commence by suppressing the feet?"*

An argument more epigrammatic than cogent. But in the matter of gas, nature has supplemented their energies. For an unknown period they have had what are called fire-pits; into which they have but to bore and insert a tube—though sometimes to the immense depth of fifteen hundred feet—and from them they obtain an impure inflammable gas, which burns sufficiently well for purposes of lighting, and certain industrial occupations requiring this substitute for fires. With it they evaporate salt-brine, and also light their streets and houses; the lowest of the poor use it for warmth in the open air. From all this, however, the Chinese have derived no further advantages; they have neither sought to purify the gas they have, nor to make it artificially.

Burning springs were also known long ago in Europe, but their existence was not suffered to remain an isolated fact. Men reasoned upon it, investigated its source, and attempted, with ultimate success, to imitate its nature, and improve upon its results. The writers upon Gas-light in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*,† claim for the Rev. John Clayton the discovery of coal-gas. His experiments appear to have been performed certainly before 1691—since they are detected in a letter written to the Hon. Robert Boyle, who died in that year—although not published until 1739. He states that having

introduced a quantity of coal into a retort, and placed it over an open fire, "at first there came over only phlegm, afterward a black oil, and then likewise a spirit arose, which I could no ways condense; but it forced my lute and broke my glasses. Once when it had forced my lute, coming close thereto in order to try to repair it, I observed that the spirit which issued caught fire at the flame of the candle, and continued burning with violence as it issued out in a stream, which I blew out and lighted again several times. I then had a mind to try if I could save any of this spirit, in order to which I took a turbinated receiver, and putting a candle to the pipe of the receiver whilst the spirit rose, I observed that it caught flame, and continued burning at the end of the pipe, though you could not discern what fed the flame." He then relates how he filled many bladders with this gas, which he calls the *spirit*, and how he could not condense it, but used to amuse his friends by pricking holes in the bladders, and lighting the jets of air which came from them.

Here then is the discovery of gas, complete and perfect as to all essentials. Yet it appears to have slumbered for a century, when Mr. Murdoch revived the idea, and systematically investigated the subject; and it was not until an early part of the present century that any progress in a practical direction was made. Let us do M. Fournier the justice to state, that while he acknowledges Mr. Clayton's discovery, he does not in *this instance* charge him with having stolen it. Of course a Frenchman had been on the same track nearly a century before—M. Jardin having obtained an inflammable gas by the destructive distillation of "oil, alcohol, bitumen, and other matters," in 1618—but Mr. Clayton *may have* made his discovery, "for the second time," without knowing any thing about his predecessor. Connected with lightning and plagiarism, we find that the renowned argand lamp was originally stolen by a M. Quinquet from M. Argand of Geneva, and was long called by his name. We mention it because it is again pleasant to find, that if we English do steal all upon which we can lay our hands, there are at least others who do likewise.*

* *Le Vieux-Neuf*, vol. i. p. 114.

† Dr. Anderson and Professor Tomlinson.

* It may be added that if priority of use constitutes invention, neither M. Argand nor M. Quinquet invented the lamp called by the name of the former.

M. Fournier strongly approves of representative government, but equally strongly objects to its being considered a modern idea. He traces it back as far as the Pythagoreans, but we have not space for his certainly learned history. Trial by jury he considers a necessary corollary to this, and allows for once that England had the priority. He shows how, in the fourteenth century, Etienne Marcel would have introduced it into France, but was too hasty—the time was not ripe.

"To conclude by a truth, so true that it is *banale*—every thing requires its own day and hour. Etienne Marcel went too fast; like all impatient reformers, like all improvisers of revolutions, he must fall. The best proof that the greater part of those things which we wished to impose upon France were only five centuries too soon, is found in the fact, that at the present time some are not yet ripe, as, for instance, progressive taxation. Nevertheless, imposts are amongst those things that ripen the quickest. Governments, especially despotic governments, have in this matter an unparalleled aptness of invention and promptitude of execution. Witness the Romans; they have left us little to discover in this department. We have only to study their system to learn, with its thousand modes of pressure, the *art de faire suer le contribuable par tous les pores*."

But the opposition of the people is strong and heartfelt, so that practice is not always able to keep pace with theory:

"The principle of the *budget* was positively recognized during the middle ages, but it is only in our own day that it has become a reality. Colbert conceived in its entirety, with its thousand complications, the financial system that now governs us; but to whom do we owe its practical application?—to Napoleon."^{*}

If in some of our political institutions we have preceded France, it seems that we have again borrowed, or, as M. Fournier has it, *stolen* from them our ideas on *political economy*. Adam Smith (he says) demonstrated the effects of division of labor; so had Aristotle and Xenophon before him; and to modernize and translate ancient ideas is legitimate borrowing, (*emprunt légitime*;) but "is it so to take from the moderns without acknowledgment; to take advantage of a great reputation and a strong voice to drown that of the veritable author; and to cause

these borrowed ideas to pass as his own? Is this loyal and lawful? I trow not; yet it is this that Adam Smith has done."^{*} In short, Adam Smith is supposed to have seen and conversed with M. Turgot, who published a book in 1766, "upon the formation and distribution of riches;" but not content with this conversation, he waited until the book appeared, which he digested at leisure, and then published the ideas as his own in 1775. But as there are certain propositions and conclusions in this work of our countryman, not found in Turgot's book, these are all supposed to be taken from a work by another Frenchman, Bosnier de l'Orme, upon *Political Government—plagiat ou vol tacite*. For all this, there is a most portentous lack of proof, and we may safely trust the reputation of Adam Smith to bear up under the accusation.

The most interesting feature of M. Fournier's book is that which illustrates the constant tendency of the human mind to run in definite tracks, and to work round to given points by cycles of opinion and invention: to-day is but the plagiarism of former times; and "human invention, limited with regard to little things as well as great, seems to reproduce without cessation a movement similar to that of the cylinder of popular organs, or hurdygurdies, which the last revolution brings back always to its first refrain."[†] In nothing is this more remarkable than in dress and fashion; a fact which gave occasion to the celebrated *mot* of the modiste of Marie Antoinette: "There is nothing new but that which is forgotten."[‡] How correct the idea is, requires scarcely an illustration; we need only refer to the constant pro-and-con discussions on the crinoline of the present day, and compare them with the letters and essays on hoops in the days of Addison and Steele; both these being nothing more than repetitions or reproductions of the *vertugales* of the sixteenth century.

In connection with dress, it may be also noticed that there are one or two inventions which seem to be lost to us of the present century. In 1743, in the *Chronique du Règne de Louis XV.*, there is mention made of an individual who had presented to the Queen a robe of cloth of gold, woven without seam, by a method

The principle of its construction appears in the lamp described by Cassiodorus, about A.D. 562; and the Romans had certainly used much the same kind of light before him.

^{*} *Le Vieux-Neuf*, vol. i. p. 378.

^{*} *Le Vieux-Neuf*, p. 387. [†] *Ibid.* vol. ii. p. 195.

[‡] Il n'y a de nouveau que ce qui est oublié.

invented for the occasion. The "garment without seam" we also know to have been in occasional use above seventeen centuries before this time; but, so far as we know, the secret has not come down to our times. Certain spear and shot-proof garments are said also to have been known of old, which are unknown now. The *piléma* of the Greeks is said to have been made of material so solidly felted together, that the point of the sharpest dart would not penetrate it—a manufacture which moderns have tried often (according to M. Fournier) to imitate, but without much success. In 1780, however, a M. Doffemont appears to have accomplished something of the same kind, consisting of silks so united as to resist pistol or musket-balls. The balls only struck the outer layers, and then fell back. The cuirasses made of this material were said to be only one half the weight of those of iron that were equally effective; the secret is not now known.

We will briefly notice, without any attempt at order, a few other modern inventions borrowed from the ancients. Of iron ships, concerning which we English are said by M. Fournier to pride ourselves so much, they are merely a plagiarism from the seventeenth century, and of course from a Frenchman. In 1644, M. Mersenne had mentioned to Descartes some such project. Curiously enough, no one had heard of it before. The purification of sea-water by distillation is not by any means a modern discovery. Aristotle* hinted at it, not distinctly; and St. Basil said that in his day they rendered sea-water fit to drink by boiling it, and collecting the vapor in sponges.

M. Fournier attributes the invention of what we call Congreve rockets to the Spaniards; the account is to be found in the *Manual of Artillery*, composed by Louis Collado in 1586. Sir William Congreve himself is said, by the same authority, to have learnt the secret of their composition by examining the extinct tubes of the projectiles directed by the Mahrattas against our troops.

"Is it not singular that the Europeans should find in the hands of these people one of the most terrible applications of gunpowder—this force which they (the Europeans) conceive themselves to have invented, and to have taught to the Easterns? It is a new proof that this Indian soil is not so effete as one might think. In-

telligence has not lost all its vigor; it may still create, as it created aforetime; and from the genius of its sages may yet spring ideas like to those which are the germs of so many great discoveries, the glory of our philosophers—phrenology, for example, the first hint of which is found in a book of India; vaccination, which was only too long a secret of the Brahmins; and mutual instruction, (*enseignement mutuel*), which has for so many ages popularized the reading of the sacred books, under the eyes of the Bells and the Lancasters of Hindostan."^{*}

Breech-loading guns, now so much in question, were known in the sixteenth century, and are mentioned by P. Daniel, who does not, however, give the name of the inventor. They were forgotten, and reinvented in 1777, by the Chevalier D'Arcey; but only to be again either forgotten or neglected. In that prolific sixteenth century also was invented what is now known as the "infernal machine." It was contrived as a method for private vengeance by one Chantpié; it missed fire in some unexplained way, and its inventor was broken on the wheel. About the same time, air-guns were first contrived also.

Not the least strange amongst the phenomena connected with new inventions is this, that they may be introduced, and their utility recognized, and yet they vanish after a time from causes not easily discoverable, to be re-discovered and made permanent in after-times. The omnibus and the metropolitan postage system in France both passed through these stages. So early as 1662, Paris had its system of omnibuses, invented, as it is said, by the great Pascal; yet twenty years afterward there was not one, even after its popularity had been fully established. The "*petite poste*," similar to our London "twopenny post," was introduced into Paris in 1653, and the proposal for its working was more perfect in some respects than those of more modern date, inasmuch as it provided for the conveyance of small parcels at a very cheap rate, as may be seen by the following odd announcement from a sort of rhyming newspaper of August sixteenth, 1653:

"On va bientôt mettre en pratique,
Pour la commodité publique,
Un certain établissement,
(Mais c'est pour Paris seulement.)
Des boîtes nombreuses et drues,
Aux grandes et petites rues,
Ou par soi-même ou ses laquais,

* Problemat. xii. cap. 18.

* *Le Vieux Neuf*, vol. i. p. 287.

On pourra porter des paquets,
 Avis, billets, missives, lettres,
 Que des gens commis pour cela,
 Iront chercher et prendre là ;
 Pour d'une diligence habile,
 Les porter par toute la ville.
 Et si l'on veut s'avoir combien,
 Coutera le port d'un lettre,
 Chose qu'il ne faut pas omettre,
 Afin que nul n'y soit trompé
 Ce ne sera qu'un sou tapé."

The plan was carried into execution, but there was no trick too ridiculous to be played upon it, no objectionable matter that was not put into the boxes under the semblance of parcels. Moreover, those who sent letters by them too frequently found that, instead of arriving at their destination, they were eaten up by mice, that boys, and perhaps children of larger growth, had put in by way of malice. And so ended the *petite poste*, for that period at least.

We shall conclude our illustrations of old novelties, or new antiquities, by a reference to the antiquity of the modern system of table-turning and spirit-rapping, which arts of imposture or delusion seem to have been as successfully practiced many centuries ago as now. We have before casually alluded to an account given by Marcellinus. It refers to a conspiracy against Valens; in which divination by table-turning played an important part. But the conjurors were caught, and made to confess that they had constructed their table to give any indications that might be desired. They also had their letters of the alphabet

placed round some kind of metal basin or vessel, the letters of which were rapped out by a ring artfully suspended to a thread. We have not space for the details, which may be found in this author's *History of the Roman Emperors*, b. xxix. ch. iii. In Thibet, also, table-turning and moving, and the discovery of theft by such means, have been in use from time immemorial, as may be seen by reference to M. Fournier's second volume, p. 350, or to the *Thibetan Encyclopædia*, in one hundred and eight volumes, of which the first volume contains one thousand and eighty-eight pages! Spirit-rapping is of as ancient date, and with phenomena and tricks very similar to those produced and practiced in the present day. It would appear, therefore, that we are as much indebted to antiquity for our follies as for our more serious inventions, of which position numberless illustrations might be given.

M. Fournier's work contains a great mass of learning, and many valuable contributions to a history of science and art; it would be more reliable were he more cosmopolitan in idea, and more charitable in judgment. His proofs almost force us to acknowledge that our century is not remarkable for absolute novelty of invention; but to it alone belongs the credit of having made art keep pace with science, of having utilized all knowledge, and of having sought up the dry bones of abstract theory to make them practically subservient to the moral and intellectual as well as physical well-being of our race.

From the London Eclectic.

THE SAD SIDE OF THE HUMORIST'S LIFE.*

WE have often said there are few things to us more mysterious, we sometimes think we may even say few things more solemn, than laughter. The popu-

lar impression of it, we believe, is, that it is something that has sin for a father, and folly for a mother, and the doctrine is supported by venerable authority, which says: "I said of laughter that it is mad." That last sentence is perhaps what we even desire to maintain. That

* *The Works of Charles Lamb. In Four Volumes. Moxon.*
Memorials of Thomas Hood.

laughter has its spring in a certain kind of insanity we do not doubt. But it flows out for healing the heart's wounds; and thus, while the highest laughter certainly springs from roots of sadness and sorrow, one might almost say that, as the heart must ache, its pains turn into experiences; and as they are uttered to the outer world, they become grotesquely mirthful, cheering the sufferer first in himself, and then in his audience.

Thus Lord Shaftesbury's well-known conclusion, that laughter is born of surprise, if true, as no doubt it is, is still only half the truth; it does not look far down into the roots of our nature. There is a wonderful affinity between the things of sorrow and the things of laughter, and mad merriment is sometimes, and often at no great distance, from the saddest fellowship with human tears.

It is Thomas Hood, one of the kings of laughter, who has so truly said:

"All things are touched with melancholy,
Born of the secret soul's mistrust,
To feel her fair, ethereal wings
Weighed down with vile, degraded dust,
E'en the bright extremes of joy
Bring on conclusions of disgust.
Like the sweet blossoms of the May,
Whose fragrance ends in must.
Oh! give her then her tribute just,
Her sighs and tears and musings holy.
There is no music in the life
That sounds with idiot laughter solely:
There's not a string attuned to mirth
But has its chord in melancholy."

There is no character in our English literature exactly like Charles Lamb—we have no humorist of so subtle and pensive and refined an order. There are few characters, who have enhanced the sweetness and the lustre of our literature we love as we love Charles Lamb. And to us that character has a sanctity which perhaps it may be difficult for all our readers to forgive us for feeling. We narrow-minded sectaries limit our sympathies within so contracted a space, that many who have unfortunately lived in a distant fold can not enlist our more sacred and religious love. Yet Charles Lamb has ours. His griefs make him most venerable to us. His frailties—we press our fingers on our lips when they are mentioned to us. We will not hear them spoken of but with awe and with fear. His laughter is very solemn to us, it has a melancholy cadence;

it is even like an ancient masque set to a solemn music.

Heroism is a more common virtue than we believe it to be. Perhaps the greatest reason of our disbelief is, that we have been, and are capable, most of us, of being heroes ourselves at a pinch. We are all heroes when we overcome that which threatens to overcome us; we are all heroes when we are able to chain some darling desire, or to say to some powerful passion, Be thou still—I disown thee. Charles Lamb, the poor East-India clerk, with his thin, shivering, timid-looking frame and features—he was a hero: he gave himself no heroic airs—he affected nothing, and he spoke in no heroic tones; but he had that soul which could sustain itself in good convictions in spite of circumstances. This it is to be a hero. Those of you who have read that big, but somewhat unprofitable book—the *Life of Moore*—may remember his sneers at Lamb. They met two or three times, but there could be but little affinity with each other. How could there be? If there was a footman among poets, Thomas Moore was the man. He was not a poet laureate, but what we may rather call a kind of poet lord-mayor; he had an amazing love for the mansion-house, and the lace, and the gold chain, and especially the turtle-soup. We don't think a man in our age, with any genius, could at all match him for the large capacity of appetite he had for these pleasant things. That literary exquisite, who could never dine comfortably unless he dined at least with a lord, mentions that once upon an occasion he condescended to what he called "a singular company"—in fact, Rogers, Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Charles Lamb! Certainly, we should also say, and not with a sneer, a singular company. Charles Lamb was, he says, "a clever fellow certainly; and his sister, the poor woman who went mad with him in the diligence on his way to Paris," etc. These are the words in which this insufferable puppy alludes to one of the most touching stories of human sorrow and of human serenity possible to be told. We will try to tell this story to our readers. We have no sentimental Thomas Moores among them, or we would not profane the story by reciting it to them. It is a story of insanity. How is it that insanity has such a fascination for us? Hereafter,

when our health shall be fully restored, we shall learn for the first time what it is to be insane. How is it that, as we approach the insane, a higher veneration of a more tender pity seems to flow over us than when we approach any other kind of human sorrow? And perhaps there is nothing that tends more to right a mind hovering on the dizziness of some great darkness than some call out of the mind upon its watchfulness and sympathy. Lamb experienced both these states, he knew the dreadfulness of insanity, and he knew that strong reaction from the painful sense of our own being which comes from the claim presented to us by another.

Lamb was a Londoner. He loved London with a passion as Wordsworth loved the lakes and as Tom Moore loved a lord. He writes to Wordsworth:

"Separate from the pleasures of your company, I don't now care if I never see a mountain in my life. I have passed all my days in London, until I have formed as many and intense local attachments as any of you mountaineers can have done with dead nature. The lighted shops of the Strand and Fleet street, the innumerable trades, tradesmen, and customers, coaches, wagons, play-houses; all the bustle and wickedness round about Covent Garden; the watchmen, drunken scenes, rattles; life awake, if you awake, at all the hours of the night; the impossibility of being dull in Fleet street, the crowds, the very dirt and mud, the sun shining upon houses and pavements, the print-shops, the old book-stalls, parsons cheapening books, coffee-houses, steams of soups from kitchens, the pantomimes—London itself a pantomime and a masquerade—all these things work themselves into my mind, and feed me without a power of satiating me. The wonder of these sights impels me into night-walks about her crowded streets, and I often shed tears in the motley Strand from fullness of joy at so much life. All these emotions must be strange; so are your rural emotions to me. But consider, what must I have been doing all my life, not to have lent great portions of my heart with usury to such scenes?"

Lamb confessed to a weakness to "a town-life and a hot supper." He says again:

"I must confess that I am not romance-bit about *Nature*. The earth, the sea, and sky, (when all is said,) is but a house to dwell in. If the inmates be courteous, and good liquors flow like the conduits at an old coronation, if they can talk sensibly, and feel properly, I have no need to stand staring upon the gilded looking-glass, (that strained my friend's purse strings

in the purchase,) nor his five-shilling print over the mantle-piece of old Nabbs the carrier, (which only betrays his false taste.) Just as important to me (in a sense) is all the furniture of my world; eye-pampering, but satisfies no heart. Streets, streets, streets, markets, theaters, churches, Covent Gardens, shops sparkling with pretty faces of industrious milliners, neat seamstresses, ladies cheapening, gentlemen behind counters lying, authors in the streets with spectacles, (you may know them by their gait,) lamps lit at night, pastry-cook and silver-smith shops, beautiful Quakers of Pentonville, noise of coaches, drowsy cry of mechanic watchmen at night, with bucks reeling home drunk; if you happen to wake at midnight, cries of fire and stop thief; inns of court, with their learned air, and halls, and butteries, just like Cambridge colleges; old book-stalls, 'Jeremy Taylors,' 'Burtons on Melancholy,' and 'Religio Medicis,' on every stall. These are thy pleasures, O London, with the many sins! O city abounding in —! for these may Keswick and her giant brood go hang?"

"God made the country, and man made the town," and for this very reason it is that man will like the town the best. It must be a simple and an innocent, if a high nature, that can endure a life in the country; it is a test of mental health to grow there. Luxury, no doubt, finds itself most at home in London, in the gay town; so also does the nature fearful of itself. Prone to humanity, Lamb lived in London before London had stepped out to the suburbs on every side. London is, no doubt, the very metropolis of cheap pleasures—it spoils us for other living; but what are all these compared to its painful interests, its many-voiced, its many-featured humanity—its loud-sounding and most tragic woes—its lighter shades of pleasant comedy—its glaring streets—its darker lanes—its illuminated bridges—its dear, magnificent, gloriously nasty river—its rural retreats on every side? Don't talk to us of mountains; there is one thing in our streets you shall look for in vain in country towns or rural scenes—the dear, quaint, beautiful, old book-stall.

Christ's School was, we dare to say, a very different-looking building eighty years since. While the great city still roared around, there were two lads in that school destined to paths in life how different, yet to be linked together by friendship till dissolved by death in 1834; one of them has, in grand words, immortalized by a graphic touch the other. "Come back into memory, like

as thou wert in the dayspring of thy fancies, with hope like a fiery column before thee, the dark pillar not yet turned—Samuel Taylor Coleridge, logician—metaphysician—bard! How have I seen the casual passers through the cloisters stand still entranced with admiration (while he weighed the disproportion between the speech and the garb of the young *Mirandula*) to hear thee unfold, in thy deep and sweet intonations, the mysteries of Jamblichus, or Plotinus—for even in those days thou waxedst not pale at such philosophic drafts—or reciting Homer in his Greek, or Pindar, while the walls of the old Gray Friars reëchoed to the accents of *the inspired charity-boy!* So spake the one school-fellow of the other. He who so spake was, at that period, a gentle, amiable boy; he had been born in Crown Office Row, in the inner Temple; he had thus moved from cloister to cloister; his weak and nervous frame rendered him unfit for the athletic exercises of his comrades, and so, by master and by scholars, he was an indulged lad; he had an infirmity of speech too, but his gentleness was such that one of his school-fellows testifies of him he never heard his name mentioned without the addition of Charles, although he was the only boy of his name in the school. “While others were all fire and play, he stole along with all the self-concentration of a young monk;” “his countenance was so mild—his complexion clear brown, with an expression which might lead you to think he was of Jewish descent; his eyes were not of the same color: one was hazel, the other had specks of gray in the iris; his step was slow and peculiar, adding to the staid appearance of the figure.” Without doubt, what some would call a milksop of a boy—without energy or fitness for the great work of life. We shall see. This lad, the school-fellow and the friend and eulogist of Coleridge, the young monk, the lonely stutterer, was Charles Lamb. When Lamb left Christ’s Hospital, he very shortly obtained some trifling appointment, first in the South-Sea House, and afterward in the East-India House. When Lamb died, his sister survived him. Judge Talfourd wrote his life and edited his remains; but when Mary Lamb died, the same admiring and admirable editor published another volume, and then all about Lamb was fully known, and then for the first time was

understood the foundation of that reverent eulogy which William Wordsworth placed upon the coffin of his friend “Lamb, the frolic and the gentle:”

“To a good man of most dear memory
This stone is sacred. Here he lies apart
From the great city where he first drew
breath,
Was reared and taught, and humbly earned
his bread,
To the strict labors of the merchant’s desk
By duty chained. Not seldom did those
tasks
Tease, and the thought of time so spent
depress
His spirit; but the recompense was high—
Firm Independence, Bounty’s rightful sire;
Affections warm as sunshine, free as air!
And when the precious hour of leisure came,
Knowledge and wisdom, gained from converse
sweet
With books, or while he ranged the crowded
streets
With a keen eye, and overflowing heart;
So genius triumphed over seeming wrong,
And poured out truth in works by thoughtful
love
Inspired—works potent over smiles and tears.
And as round mountain-tops the lightning
plays,
Thus innocently sported, breaking forth
As from a cloud of some grave sympathy,
Humor and wild instinctive wit, and all
The vivid flashes of his spoken words.
From the most gentle creature nursed in
fields
Had been derived the name he bore—a
name,
Wherever Christian altars have been raised,
Hallowed to meekness and to innocence;
And if in him meekness at times gave way,
Provoked out of herself by troubles strange,
Many and strange, that hung about his life;
Still, at the center of his being, lodged
A soul by resignation sacrificed:
And if too often, self-reproached, he felt
That innocence belongs not to our kind,
A power that never ceased to abide in him,
Charity, ’mid the multitude of sins
That she can cover, left not his exposed
To an unforgiving judgment from just heaven.
Oh! he was good, if e’er a good man lived!”

We lay our hand upon those two volumes, and they seem to us cheerfully, painfully affecting. So we say we have all our published and unpublished life; there are our works which the world sees, and criticises, and rudely comments upon; but beneath all that, in all of us there is a better life. Poor Lamb! his essays and his poems are very droll and quaint, weird, quiet, wonderful things in their way—things that some of us do

for our parts distinctly prefer to Macaulay's Essays, and Childe Harolds, and Giaours, and things of that sort; and the writer, a quaint, queer, black dwarf sort of a man, somehow suggesting a deformity altogether in providential plans, a sort of thing for sentimental Tom Moores to shoot their peas at, a kind of book-stall-haunting scarecrow, with that wild, frightened, timid look of his; a man lonely, reserved, just keeping himself in his plain way in quiet London apartments with his sister—sometimes too, we fear to say, a little the worse for —

Well, we must be ungenerous; Lamb was really no teetotaler. And then he dies, and his sister dies, and then it is found that this poor great soul has been the center of tragedies which make Shakespeare's light in comparison, that all life long the curtains of a lonely woe hung round him, that all life long he was listening to the voice of love informing his sense of duty, and that all life long he was shadowed by evils which sometimes compelled him to infirmities—a poor, meek spirit, fainting often beneath a load too hard almost to bear.

"Islington," writes Lamb to Coleridge, "possibly you would not like, to me 'tis classical ground." And we know something that will make all grounds classical, do we not? There was a fair-haired maid, one Anna, of whom we hear very little; but there are two or three sweet sonnets addressed rather to a memory than to her. The young man was walking about Islington fields, in 1795 and 1796, and looking forward to promotion in the India House, and to the pleasant sweetness of coming times. At this time he lodged with his father and mother and sister, in Little Queen street, Holborn; there had been insanity in the family—Lamb himself had not escaped. But in 1796, the whole current of his life was changed; his sister, in a fit of insanity, killed their mother. The father was a poor, bed-ridden man, the mother had been an infirm invalid; and the way in which Charles now rose to the greatness of the trial, was as sublime as is the record of his feelings. A jury instantly returned a verdict of insanity; he wrote to Coleridge: "My poor, dear, dearest sister, the unhappy and unconscious instrument of the Almighty's judgments on our house, is restored to her senses." His had been the hand which had snatched the knife from his

sister's grasp. "I hope," he says, "for Mary I can answer, but I hope that through life I shall never have less recollection, nor a fainter impression of what has happened, than I have now. It is not a light thing, nor meant by the Almighty to be received lightly; I must be serious, circumspect, and deeply religious through life; and by such means, may both of us escape madness in future, if it so please the Almighty." "He wrested," says Judge Talfourd, his leisure hours now from Coleridge and poetry to amuse the dotage of his father; and he watched over his own returning sense of enjoyment, when it came after a long interval, with a sort of holy, jealous apprehension lest he should forget too soon the terrible visitation of heaven. We must not have our readers think hard things of Mary Lamb, poor thing! do we not know that it is in madness, in insanity, that souls of gentlest mold rush forth with most fierce and cruel heat? do not mock us when we say that Mary Lamb was as gentle as her name. How Wordsworth and his sister loved her, and Bernard Barton and his sister, and Talfourd—they all loved the meek, gentle, unconscious victim of so dreadful a deed; you will call it hallucination; but the poor creature always believed that a short time after the tragedy her mother came to her in her dreams, and forgave her and blessed her. "She never shrank," says Talfourd, "from alluding to her mother when any topic connected with her own youth made such a reference in other respects natural." She shared her brother's genius, and her *Tales from Shakespeare*, and *Mrs. Leicester's School*, and her *Poems for Children*, have made her name the favorite in a select, if not a large circle of readers. After the tragedy, poor Charles began to study for the family; their means were very limited, but he determined that his sister should not go to Bethlem, but to an hospital or private asylum. "If," said he, "my father, an old servant-maid, and I, can't live, and live comfortably, on £130 or £120 a year, we ought to burn by slow fires; and I almost would, that Mary might not go to Bethlem." And he consecrated himself as by a sacramental vow, to become henceforth through life the protector of his sister. There was another brother, John Lamb; he was well-to-do—he had taken his ease in the world, he was not fit himself to struggle with difficulties, nor was he accus-

ed to throw himself in their way, he said: "Charles, you must take care of yourself, you must not abridge yourself of a single pleasure you have been used to," etc. With his rich brother, Charles stands in very strong and beautiful contrast. His letters to Coleridge in those days are very painful. "With me," he says, "the former things have passed away, and I have something more to do than to feel."

"I have never," he says, "been otherwise than collected and calm; I preserved a tranquillity which bystanders may have construed into indifference. Is it folly or sin to say that *it was a religious principle that most supported me?* I felt that I had something else to do than to regret. On that first evening my aunt was lying insensible, to all appearances like one dying; my father, with his poor forehead plastered over, from a wound he had received from a daughter, dearly loved by him, and who loved him no less dearly; my mother, a dead and murdered corpse in the next room; yet I was wonderfully supported. I closed not my eyes in sleep that night, but lay without terrors and without despair."

In the same letter he says again:

"Within a day or two after the fatal one, we dressed for dinner a tongue, which we had salted for some time in the house. As I sat down, a feeling like remorse struck me; this tongue poor Mary got for me, and can I partake of it now when she is far away? A thought occurred and relieved me; if I give in to this way of feeling there is not a chair, a room, an object in our rooms that will not awaken the keenest griefs; I must rise above such weaknesses. I hope this was not want of true feeling."

On another occasion, where it seemed that some who had come to visit were too unmindful of the presence of death, he says: "In an agony of emotion, I found my way mechanically to the adjoining room, and fell on my knees by the side of her coffin, asking forgiveness of heaven and sometimes of her for forgetting her so soon."

By and by his father died. Until this took place, the release of his sister was impossible. Even then her other brother opposed her discharge, and there was some terror lest the parish authorities might institute proceedings, placing her life at the disposal of the crown. But Charles came to her deliverance; he satisfied all parties who had power to oppose her release by his solemn engagement that he would take her under his care for life. He faithfully kept his word; she left the asylum, and took up her abode

for life with her brother. His income then was little more than one hundred pounds a year—he was about twenty-two years of age; so they set forth together on their journey, his companion thus endeared to him by the strange calamity. Moreover, love has not been thought an easy thing to overcome; he had been, with all the tenderness of his nature, passionately attached to a young lady residing among the "pleasant Islington fields." Our readers will not call him a dreaming poet—will they?—when we tell them that he renounced all those hopes. There were woods not far from Islington then, it seems, and the foolish fellow frequented these "shades that mocked his step with many a wandering glade," and wrote sonnets to the past, and so on. We think, reader, you will not judge him very harshly; perhaps you will even think with us, that there was nobility and martyrdom in this. In those days he tried to appropriate to himself the language of John Woolman: "Small treasure to a resigned mind is sufficient. How happy is it to be content with a little; to live in humility, and feel that in us which breathes out this language, Abba, Father." And again he says: "I am recovering—God be praised for it—a healthiness of mind, something like calmness; but I want more religion—I am jealous of human helps and leaning-places. I rejoice in your good fortunes. May God at the last settle you! You have had many and painful trials; humanly speaking, they are going to end; *but we should rather pray that discipline may attend us through the whole of our lives.* A careless and a dissolute spirit has advanced upon me with large strides; pray God that my present afflictions may be sanctified to me!" He says again: "It is a great object with me to live near town, where we shall be much more private, and to quit a house and neighborhood where poor Mary's disorder, so frequently recurring, has made us a sort of marked people; we can be nowhere private, except in the midst of London." He speaks of a visit paid to Oxford, particularly gratifying to him, but he says: "It was to a family where I could not take Mary with me, and I am afraid there is something of dishonesty in any pleasures I take without her." Coleridge had been desirous to receive her into his house, but Lamb replied: "I consider her as perpe-

tually on the brink of madness. I think you would almost make her dance within an inch of the precipice; she must be with duller fancies and cooler intellects. I know a young man of this description, who has suited her these twenty years, and may do so still, if we are one day restored to each other." We have quoted these passages from Lamb's letters, because they illustrate the sweet tenderness of that gentle nature: and so, from twenty to sixty, they went forth together.

We have already said that Mary Lamb shared the literary leisure of her brother: in the composition of *Mrs. Leicester's School*, that charming thing, and the *Stories from Shakespeare*, some hours were passed. But there was another side to their lovely devotedness, and the giant sorrow was constantly impending over them through life; often she had to leave her brother—she learned to know the premonitory symptoms of an attack. When the holidays came round, the relief and the charm of the year, they set forth together, but if they ventured to do so, Miss Lamb carefully packed herself a strait waistcoat in their trunk; it was their constant companion. As the symptoms made themselves known by restlessness, low fever, inability to sleep, she gently prepared her brother for the terrible duty he had to perform; and thus, unless he could stave off the terrible separation till Sunday, obliged him to ask leave of absence from the office as if for a day's pleasure, some quaint and witty dissimulation hiding the bleeding heart. "There was no tinge of insanity discernible in her manner to the most observant eye; not even in the distressful periods when premonitory symptoms apprized her of its approach;" and when the fearful time came upon her, she poured forth all the memories of events and persons of her younger years; then, too, in her rambling and broken words she would give brilliant descriptions of by-gone days, fancying herself with the richly brocaded dames of the times of Queen Anne and George I. Talford speaks of these as jeweled words and speeches, like those running through the works of the old masters of comedy. These were the states in which she was separated from her brother. On one occasion, Mr. Charles Lloyd, a well-known name and well-loved friend, met them slowly pacing together a little footpath

in Hoxton fields, built over now: they were both weeping bitterly. When he joined them he found they were taking their solemn way to the accustomed asylum. Is not such grief as venerable as it is awful? and do you not love already and revere Charles Lamb?

Thus, however slight hitherto may have been the reader's acquaintance with Lamb, we must have interested him in the writings as well as the character of one of the mightiest masters of humor. Perhaps the reader will ask us, What is humor? Humor, then, is the grief of life—as satire is the wrath of life. Humor is, therefore, the literature of tears, as satire is the literature of a fiery scorn. He to whom has been given a tender nature, a large sympathy with the grief of others, and a quick wit to seize and place in juxtaposition ideas, will be a humorist. Such natures interpret universal agonies by their own; the anguish they feel, but can not relieve, produces in them a divine hysteria, a misery over the anguish of the world. This is really the pleasure of the pun—this is the pleasure of the practical joke and of the rich humors in such passages as these, in which our writer laments the abolition of the custom of observing saints' days in public offices:

"Not that, in my anxious detail of the many commodities incidental to the life of a public office, I would be thought blind to certain flaws, which a cunning carper might be able to pick in this Joseph's vest. And here I must have leave, in the fullness of my soul, to regret the abolition, and doing away with altogether, of those consolatory interstices, and sprinklings of freedom through the four seasons—the *red-letter days*, now become, to all intents and purposes, *dead-letter days*. There was Paul, and Stephen, and Barnabas—

Andrew and John, men famous in old times

—we were used to keep all their days holy, as long back as I was at school at Christ's. I remember their effigies, by the same token, in the old Basket Prayer-Book. There hung Peter in his uneasy posture—holy Bartlemy in the troublesome act of flaying after the famous Marsyas by Spagnoletti.—I honored them all, and could almost have wept the defalcation of *Is cariot*—so much did we love to keep holy memories sacred: only methought I a little grudged at the coalition of the better Jude with Simon—clubbing (as it were) their sanctities together, to make up one poor gaudy-day between them—as an economy unworthy of the dispensation."

We have always felt that the most

painful feature in the humor of Lamb is its intense secretiveness; surprise, and therefore secretiveness is the element, the very aroma of all humor, of all wit—what we have just called the unexpected juxtaposition of ideas; but the secretiveness of Lamb was, even for a humorist, in whom we expect it, extraordinary. We have no doubt that, originally, he had a nature singularly brooding, and perhaps even to be called reserved, but by the possession of his sorrows he became himself conscious of a territory of internal emotion. All his essays read like that quiet humor which a man enjoys to himself, whether any one enjoys with him or not; few writings strike us as having such inwardness—hence what subtle weird touches abound in those pages. Who has not felt that subtle sentiment he expresses in his papers on the Quakers' Meeting, when he says:

"There are wounds which an imperfect solitude can not heal. By imperfect I mean that which a man enjoyeth by himself. Can there be no sympathy without the gabble of words? away with this inhuman, shy, single, shade-and-cavern-hunting solitariness. Give me, Master Zimmermann, a sympathetic solitude. To pace alone in the cloisters, or side-aisles of some cathedral, time-stricken:

'Or under hanging mountains,
Or by the fall of fountains;'

is but a vulgar luxury, compared with that which those enjoy who come together for the purpose of more complete, abstracted solitude. This is the loneliness 'to be felt.' The Abbey Church of Westminster hath nothing so solemn, so spirit-soothing, as the naked walls and benches of a Quaker's meeting. Here are no tombs, no inscription,

'sands, ignoble things,
Dropped from the ruined sides of kings'—

but here is something, which throws antiquity herself into the foreground—Silence—eldest of things—language of old Night—primitive discourser—to which the insolent decays of moldering grandeur have but arrived by a violent, and, as we may say, unnatural progression."

We think there is no paper more touching, than that by our beloved penman, called *Dream Children*. We think it reminds us that the gentle Anna, the fair-haired maid with whom he wandered through the fields and woods about Islington, often came to his memory. He tells us in the *Essays of Elia* how, as children love to listen to stories about

their elders, when they were children, how *his* little ones came one night thronging about him to hear about their great grandmother Field, and the great house in Norfolk: oh! it is pitiful the way he went on with those children—how he told them stories about their pretty dead mother—how for seven long years, in hope sometimes, yet persisting ever, he courted the fair Alice; then he suddenly turns to little Alice, and saw the soul of the first Alice looking out of her eyes with such reality of representation—

"That I became in doubt which of them stood there before me, or whose that bright hair was; and while I stood gazing, both the children gradually grew fainter to my view, receding and still receding, till nothing at last but two mournful features were seen in the uttermost distance, which, without speech, strangely impressed upon me the effects of speech: 'We are not of Alice, nor of thee, nor are we children at all. The children of Alice call Bartrum, father. We are nothing, less than nothing, and dreams. We are only what might have been, and must wait upon the tedious shores of Lethe, millions of ages before we have existence and a name,'—and immediately awaking, I found myself quietly seated in my bachelor's arm-chair, where I had fallen asleep with the faithful Bridget unchanged by my side."

This is the very trick of humor; and we have another illustration in the essay on the Behavior of Married People to each other in Company:

"But what I complain of is, that they carry this preference so undisguisedly, they perk it up in the faces of us single people so shamelessly, you can not be in their company a moment without being made to feel, by some indirect hint or open avowal, that *you* are not the object of this preference. Now there are some things which give no offense, while implied or taken for granted merely; but expressed, there is much offense in them. If a man were to accost the first homely-featured or plain-dressed young woman of his acquaintance, and tell her bluntly, that she was not handsome or rich enough for him, and he could not marry her, he would deserve to be kicked for his ill-manners; yet no less is implied in the fact, that, having access and opportunity of putting the question to her, he has never yet thought fit to do it. The young woman understands this as clearly as if it were put into words; but no reasonable young woman would think of making this the ground of a quarrel. Just as little right have a married couple to tell me by speeches, and looks that are scarce less plain than speeches, that I am not the happy man—the lady's choice. It is enough that I know I

am not; I do not want this perpetual reminding."

"Nothing is to me more distasteful than that entire complacency and satisfaction which beam in the countenances of a new-married couple—in that of the lady particularly; it tells you, that her lot is disposed of in this world: that you can have no hopes of her. It is true, I have none; nor wishes either, perhaps; but this is one of those truths which ought, as I said before, to be taken for granted, not expressed."

"But what I have spoken of hitherto is nothing to the airs which these creatures give themselves when they come, as they generally do, to have children. When I consider how little of a rarity children are—that every street and blind alley swarms with them—that the poorest people commonly have them in most abundance—that there are few marriages that are not blest with at least one of these bargains—how often they turn out ill, and defeat the fond hopes of their parents, taking to vicious courses, which end in poverty, disgrace, the gallows, etc., I can not for my life tell what cause for pride there can possibly be in having them. If they were young phoenixes, indeed, that were born but once in a year, there might be a pretext, but when they are so common——"

"Like as the arrows in the hand of the giant even so are the young children," so says the excellent office in our Prayer-book appointed for the churching of women. 'Happy is the man that hath his quiver full of them.' So say I; but then don't let him discharge his quiver upon us that are weaponless; let them be arrows, but not to gall and stick us."

This is the consolation for that grief of life; thus, while it sits before the blazing coal and makes faces in fire forms of old days, old sweethearts or wives, dead and buried—disappointments—rising—falling, built and vanishing in the firelight—while the candle burns to the socket, the reality of re presentment comes, and first one hot tear, then another, then another, for those drops are too thick to come in a shower—they trickle like water from a well dug in the sand, then fancy unites itself with humor, and both flow in upon the tear and unite in one drop; and pictures cheerful, and perhaps almost farcical, of what might have been start to the eye, and the heart relieves itself by its dreams, dreams like all dreams—grotesque, because born of aberration. Despair was the canvas on which they were limned, and grief painted them, and emotion gave colors to them, and ignorance laughed at them, and said, Ah! ah! the merry humorist, what a happy, light-hearted creature he is! while he was "sitting alone and keeping silence, be-

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cause he had borne it on him," his hands pressed upon eyes, and the tears bursting through them, and a groan bursting from his heart and the exclamation: "O God! why hast thou made all men in vain." Such is the humorist.

Thus we have maintained that the humorist is born and taught—he is the representative of the grief of life. It is the fruit of excitement, the nerves roused to intensity on fire. Who does not know how excitement produces its own reaction? There are no letters in our language which so overflow with the keenest and richest fun as those of Lamb: it is not merely that we have here a light sportful grace, like those of Madame Sévigné; often from some queer and droll association the more serious underlying purpose is most visible. He was never wanting in what at any time compelled hilarious laughter. He wrote to Moxon: "We sleep three in a bed here; my bed-fellows are cough and cramp." He was a remorseless punster; indeed he could scarcely open his lips without dropping out some queer incongruity; he sometimes almost seemed to labor after those most laughable by their very absurdity. His ideas startled by their remoteness—it did sometimes seem that his humors took strange flights. It will be readily noticed, that in his humor of character he descends into the nicest detail; like Dickens, he interests his readers in a large variety of varied people, and their idiosyncrasies are sketched with a fine, subtle, discriminating hand; but from these he starts at a bound to some of the most perplexing casuistical questions—yet they are rather suggested than discussed. The judgment of Lamb was remarkable for its healthy, synthetic unity, while his humor was full of the finest and nicest personal analysis; he was a shrewd observer, if observation that can be called which receives its knowledge rather by painful sympathy than by any close or pointed scrutiny. How much of this appears in that singular piece:

THE CHILD-ANGEL: A DREAM.

"I chanced upon the prettiest, oddest, fantastical thing of a dream the other night, that you shall hear of. I had been reading *Love's of the Angels*, and went to bed with my head full of speculations, suggested by that extraordinary legend. It had given birth to innumerable conjectures; and I remember the last waking thought which I gave expression to on my pil-

low was a sort of wonder 'what could come of it.'

"I was suddenly transported, how or whither I could scarcely make out—but to some celestial region. It was not the real heavens neither—not the downright Bible heaven—but a kind of fairy-land heaven, about which a poor human fancy may have leave to sport and air itself, I will hope, without presumption.

"Methought—what wild things dreams are—I was present—at what would you imagine?—at an angel's gossiping.

"Whence it came, or how it came, or who bid it come, or whether it came purely of its own head, neither you nor I know; but there lay, sure enough, wrapt in its little cloudy swaddling-bands—a Child-Angel.

"Sun-threads—filmy beams—ran through the celestial napery of what seemed its princely cradle. All the winged orders hovered round, watching when the new-born should open its yet closed eyes; which, when it did, first one, and then the other—with a solicitude and apprehension, yet not such as, stained with fear, dim the expanding eyelids of mortal infants, but as if to explore its path in those its unhereditary palaces—what an inextinguishable titter that time spared not celestial visages! Nor wanted there to my seeming—oh! the inexplicable simpleness of dreams!—bowls of that cheering nectar,

—which mortals *caudle* call below.

Nor were wanting faces of female ministrants—stricken in years, as it might seem—so dexterous were those heavenly attendants to counterfeit kindly similitudes of earth, to greet, with terrestrial child-rites the young *present*, which earth had made to heaven.

"Then were celestial harpings heard, not in full symphony as those by which the spheres are tutored; but, as loudest instruments on earth speak oftentimes, muffled; so to accommodate their sound the better to the weak ears of the imperfect-born. And, with the noise of those subdued soundings, the Angelet sprang forth, fluttering its rudiments of pinions—but forthwith flagged and was recovered into the arms of those full-winged angels. And a wonder it was to see how, as years went round in heaven—a year in dreams is as a day—continually its white shoulders put forth buds of wings, but wanting the perfect angelic nutriment, anon was shorn of its aspiring, and fell fluttering—still caught by angel hands—forever to put forth shoots, and to fall fluttering, because its birth was not of the unmixed vigor of heaven.

"And a name was given to the Babe Angel, and it was to be called *Ge-Urania*, because its production was of earth and heaven.

"And it could not taste of death, by reason of its adoption into immortal palaces; but it was to know weakness, and reliance, and the shadow of human imbecility; and it went with a lame gait; but in its goings it exceeded all

mortal children in grace and swiftness. Then pity first sprang up in angelic bosoms; and yearnings (like the human) touched them at the sight of the immortal lame one.

"And with pain did then first those Intuitive Essences, with pain and strife, to their natures (not grief) put back their bright intelligences, and reduce their ethereal minds, schooling them to degrees and slower processes, so to adapt their lessons to the gradual illumination (as must needs be) of the half-earth-born; and what intuitive notices they could not repel (by reason that their nature is to know all things at once) the half-heavenly novice, by the better part of its nature aspired to receive into its understanding; so that Humility and Aspiration went on even-paced in the instruction of the glorious Amphibium.

"But by reason that Mature Humanity is too gross to breathe the air of that super-subtle region, its portion was, and is, to be a child forever.

"And because the human part of it might not press into the heart and inwards of the palace of its adoption, those full-natured angels tended it by turns in the purlieus of the palace, where were shady groves and rivulets, like this green earth from which it came; so Love, with Voluntary Humility, waited upon the entertainment of the new-adopted.

"And myriads of years rolled round, (in dreams Time is nothing,) and still it kept, and is to keep, perpetual childhood, and is the Tutelar Genius of Childhood upon earth, and still goes lame and lovely.

"By the banks of the river Pison is seen, lone sitting by the grave of the terrestrial Adah, whom the angel Nadir loved, a Child; but not the same which I saw in heaven. A mournful hue overcasts its lineaments; nevertheless, a correspondency is between the child by the grave, and that celestial orphan, whom I saw above; and the dimness of the grief upon the heavenly, is a shadow or emblem of that which stains the beauty of the terrestrial. And this correspondency is not to be understood but by dreams.

"And in the archives of heaven I had grace to read, how that once the angel Nadir, being exiled from his place for mortal passion, upspringing on the wings of parental love, (such power had parental love for a moment to suspend the else irrevocable law,) appeared for a brief instant in his station, and depositing a wondrous Birth, straightway disappeared, and the palaces knew him no more. And this charge was the self-same Babe, who goeth lame and lovely—but Adah sleepeth by the river Pison."

Thomas Hood and Charles Lamb were friends. In the peculiarity of their genius, there was much that was atwain. Both were humorists; both were most incorrigible and preëminent punsters. We have always felt that Hood did injustice to the higher forms of his genius by

his incessant punning. Now, there can be no doubt this spirit of fun-seeking does produce a most unhealthy state of mind. We confess, while we do enjoy a piece of mere drollery in verse as much as most, it is to us quite mournful to see genius expending itself on incessant work like this. We can enjoy an Ingoldsby Legend. A volume of them, and a volume of them by a clergyman, is too much. Some men have some distressing personal deformity of eye or lip. If they choose to turn this for a moment into a matter of personal joke, we may admire the heroism; but if they prefer to make it the topic for a continued table-talk, it becomes disgusting, and gives, to our mind, an unpleasant impression of moral sensibility. Some of the "Miscellanies" of Mr. Thackeray are in this way, we will maintain it, miserable trash, very unworthy of the high artist-power of the author of *Vanity Fair*. The professed punster—we do not mean the cheerful and sunny heart, compelled frequently to see a drollery, and to say it, and to charm a company by it, but we say the professed punster—is like the editor of *Punch*, he is compelled to look especially after the funny side of things; and while these gentlemen sneer at those who are perpetually taking the serious side of life, we think they will also admit that it can not be morally invigorating to be perpetually assuming the funny side of life. Such is not the character of the true humorist. Such men can not claim Shakspeare as of their side and school. There are many infinite varieties of distance between the drollery of a clown at the country fair and the *Voyages of Captain Lemuel Gulliver*. Yet even poor clown at the country fair, who shall say to what extent the pinchings of poverty and the sense of moral degradation, in a nature originally cast in a mold of gentleness and thought, have produced all those spasmodic contortions of body and of speech? We have seen those poor things and have always felt that these, too, were some of the writhings of a soul in pain. We care little what our friends will think or say: the comicalities of Thomas Hood are of little worth in our mind compared with the *Bridge of Sighs*, or the *Haunted House*. But now it becomes quite noticeable that, in his soul, the frolicsomeness of which for the most part was only seen, there was within the soul the tragic ele-

ment. The soul of the true humorist comes out in the *Dream of Eugene Aram*, and in a multitude of other things and lines which convey the sense of awe and mystery. No true humorist ever spoke long without showing to you how he was smitten with the sense of the solemnity of life and its infinite environments. Thomas Hood seems to revel in a sea of funny and comical suggestion; but this will certainly not be the principal impression produced by his writings. The bright things in *Hood's Own* go fizzing about like squibs and crackers on a Fifth of November night. It may seem a singular thing to say, but Hood had not the intense humanness, the pitying interest of Lamb. What roused him was injustice, and wrong, and sorrow. To Lamb, every body was interesting, and he made every being he saw, or attempted to describe, most human and interesting. He had in this particular the faculty of Dickens and Shakspeare. The humor of Hood lay nearer to the abstract. He saw the pitiful conditions of things, and of persons, but he did not see "every man in his own humors;" and while he was assuredly a humorist, and not a satirist, his genius drew nearer to the satiric form. This is well illustrated in the two polemical "Disputations" of Lamb in reply to Southey, and Hood in reply to Rae Wilson. Both are remarkable. Hood's Ode is well known. Some passages are among the happiest of our author's efforts; but they are so very well known, that it would only be a waste of our limited space to quote what all our readers have in their memory. Lamb, in his reply to Southey, stands on higher ground, and expresses himself with his more refined and subtler sense. Southey had, in a semi-jocular vein, hinted in the *Quarterly* that Lamb, in the *Essays of Elia*, had manifested only "a want of sounder religious feeling to be as delightful as it was original." It was a most unkind and unjust remark, especially unwarranted from such a man. Lamb felt it severely. He wrote to Bernard Barton:

"He might have spared an old friend such a construction of a few careless flights that meant no harm to religion. If all his unguarded expressions on the subject were to be collected—but I love Southey, and will not retort. I hate his Review, and his being a reviewer. The hint he has dropped will knock the sale of the book

on the head, which was almost at a stop before. Let it stop! There is corn in Egypt, while there's cash in Leadenhall! You and I are something besides being writers, thank God!"

But he did retort, in one of the most remarkable pieces of composition in our language, of course in prose—a piece of sly, dexterous English. It is, as in a mirror, the mind of Lamb. All his droll, half-hesitating, reserved humors, and his half-uttered religious doubts and tremblings. Suddenly, he impales poor Southey on the spear-head of some of his happiest hits. As when in allusion to many of Southey's Poems, he says: "You have all your life long been making a jest of the devil. You have been his jester, volunteer laureate, and self-elected court-poet to Beelzebub:"

"You have never ridiculed, I believe, what you thought to be religion, but you are always girding at what some pious, but perhaps mistaken folks think to be so. For this reason I am sorry to hear that you are engaged upon a life of George Fox. I know you will fall into the error of intermixing some comic stuff with your seriousness. The Quakers tremble at the subject in your hands. The Methodists are shy of you, on account of *their* founder. But, above all, our Popish brethren are most in your debt. The errors of that Church have proved a fruitful source to your scoffing vein. Their Legend has been a golden one to you. And here your friends, sir, have noticed a notable inconsistency. To the imposing rites, the solemn penances, devout austerities of that communion; the affecting though erring piety of their hermits; the silence and solitude of the Chartreux—their crossings, their holy waters, their Virgin and their saints—to these, they say, you have been indebted for the best feelings and the richest imagery of your epic poetry. You have drawn copious drafts upon Loretto. We thought at one time you were going post to Rome—but that in the facetious commentaries, which 'it is your custom to append so plentifully, and (some say) injudiciously, to your loftiest performances in this kind, you spurn the uplifted toe, which you but just now seemed to court, leave his Holiness in the lurch, and show him a fair pair of Protestant heels under your Romish vestment. When we think you already at the wicket, suddenly a violent cross-wind blows you transverse—

"Ten thousand leagues awry——

——Then might we see

Cows, hoods, and habits, with their wearers, tost
And fluttered into rags; then reliques, beads,
Indulgences, dispenses, pardons, bulls,
The sport of winds.'

You pick up pence by showing the hallowed bones, shrine, and crucifix; and you take money a second time by exposing the trick of

them afterward. You carry your verse to Castle Angelo for sale in a morning; and swifter than a peddler can transmute his pack, you are at Canterbury with your prose ware before night."

The following is in a more sad and solemn vein:

"I am at a loss what particular essay you had in view (if my poor ramblings amount to that appellation) when you were in such a hurry to thrust in your objection, like bad news, foremost. Perhaps the paper on 'Saying Graces' was the obnoxious feature. I have endeavored there to rescue a voluntary duty—good in place, but never, as I remember, literally commanded—from the charge of an undecent formality. Rightly taken, sir, that paper was not against graces, but want of grace—not against the ceremony, but the carelessness and slovenliness so often observed in the performance of it.

"Or was it that on the 'New Year,' in which I have described the feelings of the merely natural man, on a consideration of the amazing change, which is supposable to take place on our removal from this fleshly scene? If men would honestly confess their misgivings, (which few men will,) there are times when the strongest Christian of us, I believe, has reeled under questionings of such staggering obscurity. I do not accuse you of this weakness. There are some who tremblingly reach out shaking hands to the guidance of faith—others who stoutly venture into the dark, (their Human Confidence their leader, whom they mistake for Faith;) and, investing themselves beforehand with cherubic wings, as they fancy, find their new robes as familiar and fitting to their supposed growth and stature in godliness, as the coat they left off yesterday—some whose hope totters upon crutches—others who stalk into fatuity upon stilts.

"The contemplation of a Spiritual World—which, without the addition of a misgiving conscience, is enough to shake some natures to their foundation—is smoothly got over by others, who shall float over the black billows, in their little boat of No-Distrust, as unconcerned as over a summer sea. The difference is chiefly constitutional.

"One man shall love his friends and his friend's faces; and under the uncertainty of conversing with them again, and in the same manner and familiar circumstances of sight, speech, etc., as upon earth—in a moment of no irreverent weakness—for a dream-while—no more—would be almost content, for a reward of a life of virtue, (if he could ascribe such acceptance to his lame performances,) to take up his portion with those he loved, and was made to love, in this good world, which he knows—which was created so lovely, beyond his deservings. Another, embracing a more exalted vision—so that he might receive indefinite addittaments of power, knowledge, beauty, glory, etc.—is ready to forego the recognition of humbler individualities of earth, and the old familiar faces. The

shapings of our heavens are the modifications of our constitution; and Mr. Feeble Mind, or Mr. Great Heart, is born in every one of us."

We think we would point to that letter as containing some of Lamb's quaintest and queerest conceits. The letter is, however, full of the writer's amiable humor. He says:

"Sir, you were pleased (you know where) to invite me to a compliance with the wholesome forms and doctrines of the Church of England. I take your advice with as much kindness as it was meant. But I must think the invitation rather more kind than seasonable. I am a Dissenter. . . . Perhaps I have scruples to some of your forms and doctrines. But if I come, am I secure of civil treatment?—The last time I was in any of your places of worship was on Easter Sunday last. I had the satisfaction of listening to a very sensible sermon of an argumentative turn, delivered with great propriety by one of your bishops. The place was Westminster Abbey. As such religion as I have has always acted on me more by way of sentiment than argumentative process, I was not unwilling, after sermon ended, by no unbecoming transition, to pass over to some serious feelings, impossible to be disconnected from the sight of those old tombs, etc. But, by whose order I know not, I was debarred that privilege even for so short a space as a few minutes; and turned like a dog or some profane person, out into the common street; with feelings which I could not help, but not very congenial to the day or the discourse. I do not know that I shall ever venture myself again into one of your churches."

All Lamb's writings look old. It is scarcely possible to believe, if we did not know, that they are the product of our time. They sound like words of the age of old Fuller, or Sir Thomas Browne. His words and essays are like those of a man thinking aloud—words taken down by a reporter behind the bookshelves or the curtains. There is about him always a kind of fear lest you should find him out. He is always gentlemanly, polite, learned, and pleasant. But if you catch him talking about himself, it is in a kind of soliloquy. Such people are always a problem. We look forward to *their* journals with avidity. The diary of Talkative has its interest, but the diary of a speechless thinker would be far more so. "Man is dear to man;" and those writers are dearest to us to whom man has been most dear—dear, not as an idealization, or an abstraction, or a theory; men who can not either get out of their own souls, or tell us what they can do with them; men

who are a perpetual puzzle to themselves; men who, dazed at the mystery of their own being—at the mystery of being in itself—turn, by way of refreshment and rest, to other beings like themselves.

A man in a cage is always an interesting object. When we were a youngster, we saw regularly pass our door a rough fellow, who certainly never excited our attention or regard, but he committed some breach of the peace—was locked in the old cage in the Broadway, as was the wont in those times, when policemen and station-houses were not; and then we, and many others like ourselves, went and stood gaping at the poor fellow, safe in that mystery behind the bars. He, like all reserved natures, had suddenly become most interesting to us by his immurement. This is the interest of many lives. They charm away the spell of some of the more heavy and iron padlock secrets, and handcuff mysteries of the soul, by carrying about with them a bunch of private keys, with which they admit their friends into strange little secret crypts and wards, while yet the great hidden inner city of their soul, through which they are constantly walking, remains unexplored and unknown. And here again is the humorist's grief of life. As we have hinted, Hood strikes us by no means as so awful a being as Lamb. He had never been smitten, stricken, and afflicted as Lamb was, and he walked more among all sorts of men than Lamb did; and his works show less culture of the mystery within us. Of course, when sorrow strikes, what it evokes depends as much upon what is stricken as upon that which gives the blow. He had his griefs. They were like those we all have known, or may know—griefs like those which appear in his recently published letters. His excellent and ingenious son, for whom we will all wish a heart, and life, and fame as noble and stainless as his father's, says that, looking over some old papers of his father's, he found a few tiny curls of golden hair, as soft as the finest silk, wrapped in a yellow and time-worn paper, inscribed in his father's handwriting:

"Little eyes that scarce did see,
Little lips that never smiled;
Alas! my little dear dead child,
Death is thy father, and not me;
I but embraced thee soon as he."

Are they not very sweet and natural

lines, on the little first-born child? And these, and the like of these he knew well. Hood was a noble being, but he struck the popular nerve—we do not mean the human nerve—more immediately than Lamb. We have already said that his genius was nearer than Lamb's to the wrath of life, to passion, and to satire. His gentleness might be roused to indignation. We have no knowledge that Lamb's ever was. Hood's, when poverty was injured, as we know, leapt into flame and smote the wrong.

Hood had a nimble-footed verse, that could run, leap, trot, gallop, and also kick. He could do all things with that same verse of his. He might have been the Sam Butler of his age; and, indeed, his ode to Rae Wilson is not wanting in some certain Hadibrastic characteristics. We suppose one great feature in the writings of Hood is that, in a very memorable way he hit hard blows on some of the sins of society, especially on some of the religious sins. We know that we religious people—for we are religious—we know that we suppose ourselves to be very faultless—snow white. Our garments are all made of bishops' lawn—coats, gowns, breeches, bonnets, and all—and mud won't stick upon them. Still, some people say to the contrary. It has been thought that we occasionally need preaching to a little. It has been supposed that we have our peccadilloes. Then, as it is a well known and carefully ascertained fact, that preachers can not talk plainly to their own people—people could scarcely be expected to take sittings to be spoken with plainly—why, we must e'en permit the Hoods to preach for us; at any rate, to let us all know what the world outside thinks of some of our ways. We must confess that we can take little exception to most of Hood's sermons; but, then, we are said to be latitudinarian. We could have wished sometimes less bitterness. We can not say that we like Thomas Hood's "tract." Charles Lamb would have answered that troublesome old lady better, and have made her feel more. We have taken up our testimony against disagreeable Christians. There are some whose type of Christian life is disgusting to us. It simply turns the milk of young souls sour. These people do

"Think they're pious, when they're only bilious."

Thomas Hood was so unfortunate as to see religion principally from this side. It is no wonder that he made his wrath manifest upon the unfortunates who ventured to interfere with him. We have said that his life was checkered by some adversities, lightened also by much love and some sweet gleams of sunshine. Of this man, whom some religious Cantwells were persecuting on account of his merry and cheerful words, with their sneers and gibes, his son says:

"As a little child, my first prayer was learnt from my father's lips; my first introduction to the Bible, which he honored too much to make a task-book, was from spelling out the words of the first chapter of the Sermon on the Mount, as it lay on his study-table; my earliest lessons of the love and beauty hid in every created thing, were from the stores of his observant mind; my deepest and holiest teachings, too sacred for more than a mere allusion, were given often in the dead of the night, when I was sitting up sometimes alone, by my father's dying-bed."

This was the man to whom some disgusting thing in petticoats said, as such impertinents will say: "Mr. Hood, are you an infidel?" As he drew near to death, he manifested that presence of mind which is, we think, especially the property of those introvisionary and introspective and secluded spirits. Of course he was of a nervous nature. His son says:

"One night I was sitting up with him, my mother having gone to rest for a few hours, worn out with fatigue. He was seized about twelve o'clock with one of his alarming attacks of hemorrhage from the lungs. When it had momentarily ceased, he motioned for paper and pencil, and asked 'if I was too frightened to stay with him.' I was too used to it now, and on my replying, 'No,' he quietly and calmly wrote down his wishes and directions on a slip of paper, as deliberately as if it were an ordinary matter. He forbade me to disturb my mother. When the doctor came, he ordered ice to be applied. My father wrote to remind me of a pond close by where ice could be procured. Nor did he forget to add a hint for refreshments to be prepared for the surgeon, who was to wait some hours to watch the case. This was in the midst of a very sudden and dangerous attack, that was, at the time, almost supposed to be his last."

To this period also belong the well-known lines

FAREWELL, LIFE.

"Farewell, Life! my senses swim,
And the world is growing dim:

Thronging shadows cloud the light,
Like the advent of the night—
Colder, colder, colder still,
Upward steals a vapor chill;
Strong the earthy odor grows—
I smell the mold above the rose!

"Welcome, Life! the Spirit strives!
Strength returns and hope revives;
Cloudy fears and shapes forlorn
Fly like shadows at the morn.
O'er the earth there comes a bloom;
Sunny light for sullen gloom,
Warm perfume for vapor cold—
I smell the rose above the mold!"

And when the close came, he clasped his wife's hand, and said: "Remember Jane, I forgive all, *all*, as I hope to be forgiven." And the sweet and full and tender attachment to his wife, forbids us to conclude that he was thinking of more than some of his saintly persecutors; and then lying for some time peacefully and quietly, but breathing slowly and with difficulty, his wife bent over him, and heard him say: "O Lord! say, Arise, take up thy cross, and follow me." His last words were, "Dying, dying!" as if glad to realize the rest implied in them, and shortly after he sank into peaceful sleep, without a struggle or a sigh.

We honor and love Thomas Hood; but if the truth must be told, we seem to know Charles Lamb better. Somehow we think we should have got on better with him; if it is not an audacious thing to say—perhaps we might have found some things in common. Lamb loved old books. He was an old book-collector. We also have some old folios upon whose merits we might have become vain in talking with the old man. We think we should have discoursed together of the merits of Mather's "Mag-nalia," or "Sir Kenelm Digby on the Soul;" of the "Poems of the rare Duchess of Newcastle," of Davenant and Stirling, of Wither and Quarles, of James Howell and John Goodman. Lamb was a haunter of book-stalls. Alas! there are no cheap old books now. The value of the gold is known, and the book-worms find that they can only burrow into that fine old earth through a gold mine.

We enjoy his triumphs:

"'I have just come from town,' says he, 'where I have been to get my bit of quarterly pension, and have brought home from stalls in Barbican, the *Old Pilgrim's Progress*, with the

prints, *Vanity Fair*, etc., now scarce—four shillings. Cheap. And also one of whom I have often heard, and had dreams, but never saw in the flesh—that is, in the sheepskin—'The Whole Theological Works of

THOMAS AQUINAS!'

My arms ached with lugging it a mile to the stage; but the burden was a pleasure, such as old Anchises was to the shoulders of Æneas, or the lady to her lover in the old romance, who, having to carry her to the top of a high mountain, the price of obtaining her, clambered with her to the top, and fell dead with fatigue.

'O the glorious old schoolmen!'

So this singular couple went through life together, we have no doubt, provoking, by their quaint, queer, old-world ways, many such contemptuous remarks and witty asides from heartless jokers like the man Moore; but, indeed, it is very much so with us all. How prompt we are to turn each other's eccentricities into a mockery. My friend has discovered some little parlor or fireside viciousness in us, and he says to his wife: "What a goose that Wilson makes of himself." Pity that he doesn't see. Meantime that's the very thing I have been remarking to my wife about my friend; and meantime if both of us knew what these things are the relics of, we should touch each other's faults more tenderly. Ah! poor things that we are. We are all sore with many bruises and wounds. The marvel is, that our own tenderness does not make us tender to all others.

Lamb and his sister changed their residence several times in forty years; but as long as he was able well to do so, he clung to the city. Late in life he removed to Enfield, but from its fields he declared he could be "abundantly satisfied by the patches of long waving grass, and the stunted trees, that blacken in the old churchyard nooks which you may yet find bordering on Thames Street." He visited the lakes, and he says: "I have satisfied myself there is such a thing as that which tourists call *the romantic*, which I very much suspected before, they make such a spluttering about them. Still after all, although Skiddaw is a fine creature, I could not live on Skiddaw. If I had not a prospect of seeing Fleet Street I should mope and pine away, I know." Lamb of course, we know, was mistaken

in all this, if he were mistaken, and it were not the humor of the beautiful creature, but he was the very genius of local attachments. He writes to Wordsworth:

"The room where I was born—the furniture which has been before my eyes all my life—a book-case which has followed me about like a faithful dog (only exceeding him in knowledge)—wherever I have moved, old chairs, old tables,—streets, squares, where I have sunned myself—my old school—these are my mistresses. Haven't I enough without your mountains? I do not envy you. I should pity you did not I know that the mind will make friends with any thing. Your sun, and moon, and skies, and hills, and lakes, affect me no more or scarcely come to me in more venerable characters, than as a gilded room, with tapestry and tapers, where I might live with handsome visible objects. I consider the clouds above me but as a roof beautifully painted, but unable to satisfy the mind. So fading upon me from disuse have been the beauties of nature, as they have been confinedly called; so, ever fresh, and green, and warm, are all the inventions of men and assemblies of men in this great city."

What shall we say to this? Some perhaps may treat with contempt the strange fascination of the man. Yes, but believe him not too utterly. It was all true; but there was a deeper truth. The intense humanity of the man was such, that he could not trust himself alone amidst those too infinite and awful solitudes. It was the wise instinct of the soul within tracing its way back to sanity, safety, and health; it was because from the hills there looked out no human countenances on the gentle and affectionate creature; it was because the sense of a silence too awful smote upon him—it was too dreadful a world. When we look upon his face, a startled and a fearful expression seems to cover it; the eyes are sad; and the mouth, even in the picture, reveals the nervous twitching of the lips. Lamb could have well understood those of us who, frightened at our own sensations, are even every day and in the sunlight, terrified as we were when in childhood we cowered beneath the bed-clothes and shrank from the presence we felt to be in the room. There are no essays we know of that seem so to trail after them, as we read, the subtle presence of an undefined and shapeless dread. Have we not all known what it is to fly to company from the dread of our own presence? Lamb sought in the humors of the city a

refuge from his terrified being and disappointed affections. That paper of his on "New-Year's Eve," it gives to us all these impressions, and more. The bells, most solemn of all bells—new year's bells—have wafted his spirit back again to his old being. He reviews his life. He would not have any of those untoward accidents and events of life reversed. Better, he thinks, to have pined away seven of his goldenest years, when he was thrall'd to the fair hair and fairer eyes of Alice, than to have lost that love. "Better that our family should have missed that legacy which old Dorrell cheated us out of, than be worth two thousand pounds and be without the idea of that specious old rogue." And then follow those strange questions on the being yet to be:

"Any alteration on this earth of mine, in diet or in lodging, puzzles and discomposes me. My household gods plant a terrible fixed foot, and are not rooted up without blood. They do not willingly seek Lavinian shores. A new state of things staggers me.

"Sun, and sky, and breeze, and solitary walks, and summer holidays, and the greenness of fields, and the delicious juices of meats and fishes, and society, and the cheerful glass, and candle-light, and fireside conversations, and innocent vanities, and jests, and *irony itself*—do these things go out of life?

"Can a ghost laugh, or shake its gaunt sides, when you are pleased with him?

"And you, my midnight darlings, my Folios! must I part with the intense delight of having you (huge armfuls) in my embrace? Must knowledge come to me, if it come at all, by some awkward experiment of intuition, and no longer by this familiar process of reading?

"Shall I enjoy friendship there, wanting the smiling indications which point me to them here—the recognizable face—the 'sweet assurance of a look'—?"

Such impressions as these bring also more vividly before our heart those fine and original lines:

"THE OLD FAMILIAR FACES.

"I have had playmates, I have had companions,
In my days of childhood, in my joyful school days;
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

"I have been laughing, I have been carousing,
Drinking late, sitting late, with my bosom cronies;
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

"I loved a love once, fairest among women!
Closed are her doors on me—I must not see
her,
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

"I have a friend—a kinder friend has no man;
Like an ingrate, I left my friend abruptly—
Left him to muse on the old familiar faces.

"Ghost-like, I paced round the haunts of my
childhood!
Earth seemed a desert I was bound to tra-
verse,
Seeking to find the old familiar faces.

"Friend of my bosom! thou more than a bro-
ther!
Why wert not thou born in my father's dwell-
ing?
So might we talk of the old familiar faces.

"How some they have died, and some they
have left me,
And some are taken from me; all are depart-
ed;
All, are gone, the old familiar faces."

So time went on—it was long before
"the old familiar faces" quite faded away
—in the Temple in Islington. Lamb was
the center of a pleasant London circle;
to him, and to his gentle Mary, most be-
loved, came Coleridge, and Wordsworth,
and Hazlitt, and Godwin, and Talfourd,
and Edward Irving, and royal evenings
they had together. The simple, unpre-
tending host, throwing abroad his puns
and his problems—Coleridge pouring
forth his golden monologue—Hazlitt dis-
cussing of art—and Godwin rousing a
universal defiance by his wild political
theories—Talfourd, a young man, then
sitting modestly by, and listening first,
surviving last of all to memorialize the
scene, and then himself fading away the
last. Many years had gone by since the
domestic tragedy. Mary Lamb was
loved and revered as much, perhaps
even more, than her brother. The story
was an indistinct legend, just such as we
see it had somehow floated to the ears of

the poetical lace manufacturer, Moore.
Lamb at last was liberated from the East-
India House on a pension, he then re-
sided at Enfield—among the fields with
the dear old folios, but he sighed for
London, and the hurry and the lights of
the great city. Even in those days the
coach was handy, and he often fled to old
streets, and the old pleasant book-stalls.
We must not linger. He died after only
one or two days' illness, of erysipelas.
His beloved companion, Mary, survived
him many years, still the center of the af-
fection of all the survivors of the old cir-
cle, especially of Talfourd. At last she
died, and went to take up with her bro-
ther, their last lodging in Edmonton
Churchyard.

And then was given to the world the
story, singularly reserved from public
knowledge for nearly fifty years. Then
was more truly understood the reverence
with which Wordsworth and Coleridge
had mentioned the honored name of the
author of *Elia*. Homage to the heart
that quietly took up and fulfilled its great
burden of duty, only lightened by love.
Then was understood more of the singu-
lar humor, the lonely disquiet of the man,
and here it was that for those forty years
he had walked though the world with
the dread of insanity upon his own nature,
and the spectacle of possible insanity dai-
ly by his side. And then that volume
of letters and characterizations, hitherto
withheld, was given to the world, and
the sad side of the humorist's life more
clearly known.

And we have written this paper because
we, for our parts, when we love a man,
strive to make our friends love him too.
We have said little of his frailties; other
and colder pens, of which there are plen-
ty, may do that. Enough for us to have
seen a great simple nature, meeting its
duties quietly, if tearfully performing
them.

From the British Quarterly.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.*

At the time of the appearance of *Aurora Leigh*, if we may trust our own memory, there were no two opinions expressed by the leading organs of our periodical literature. All admitted the power and pathos, and even depth of thought, displayed in many an individual passage. All condemned the structure of the story. Some of the events imagined were deemed grossly improbable, others painfully revolting, and the character of Romney, the chief person in the book, was, or might have been, very justly described as a quite impossible compound, inasmuch as he is at one moment represented to us as a hard-headed, practical philanthropist, and the next, as a fanatic, half-mad about some dream of equality. A man of cultivated mind and tastes arranging his marriage in St. James's Church, with the child of a trumper, that he might *symbolize* before all England the blending of the two classes of society, can only be described as a monomaniac. We entirely agree both with the favorable and unfavorable portions of this criticism. With the exception of Aurora Leigh herself, the characters do not strike us as lifelike, nor is the story well contrived or the events well selected. But the individual passages, admirable in every respect, that might be extracted from it are numerous; and we may say, in general, that wherever Aurora Leigh speaks of herself the poetry rises to the highest excellence.

The great general idea which pervades the poem, and which is from time to time most ably expressed, is that in your anxiety to minister to the material wants of your fellow-creatures, in your most rational desire that all should be well fed, well clothed, well housed, you must not overlook or disparage that mental culture without which, you will find, when you have thoroughly mastered your problem, that even the material

wants of society will never be satisfactorily supplied. Mrs. Browning has here struck a blow, and struck it ably, on one of the most flagrant errors of Socialism. There are men who would stop the cultivation of the refined classes till they had fed all the hungry. It is that cultivation which has induced this great desire to feed all the hungry; put a stop to it, and you check the philanthropic movement altogether. Again, the great thing is to get people to take care of themselves and of their own offspring, and this intelligent and prospective care of themselves will never be extracted out of ignorant people. And again, if the industry and intelligence of society could be successfully addressed to the one subject only of providing for all the primary requisitions of physical well-being, this would result in a most impoverished *human life*. Let the educated philanthropist think for a moment how he would like his own life, and the lives of all his associates, reduced to the level of mere physical enjoyment, and the industry that is to procure it. And therefore the poet is right in vindicating himself and his own poetic work, even though there are still about him open mouths clamoring for food, and cold limbs shivering for raiment. Aurora Leigh says:

"A starved man
Exceeds a fat beast; we'll not barter, sir,
The beautiful for barley. And even so,
I hold you will not compass your poor ends
Of barley-feeding and material ease,
Without a poet's individualism
To work your universal. It takes a soul
To move a body: it takes a high-souled man
To move the masses —"

And when Romney comes to himself, he, too, denounces his own error:

"I heard the cries
Too close: I could not hear the angels lift
A fold of rustling air, nor what they said
To help my pity. I beheld the world
As one great famishing, carnivorous mouth—
A huge, deserted, callow, black, bird Thing

**Aurora Leigh*. By ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING. London: Chapman & Hall.

With piteous open beak that hurt my heart,
Till down upon the filthy ground I dropt,
And tore the violets up to get the worms.
Worms, worms, was all my cry: an open
mouth,
A gross want, bread to fill it to the lips,
No more! That poor men narrowed their de-
mands
To such an end was virtue, I supposed —
I did not push the case
Up higher, and ponder how it answers, when
The rich take up the same cry for themselves
Professing equally—"an open mouth,"
A gross want, food to fill us, and no more!"

In one point of view, and that the most agreeable, *Aurora Leigh* may be considered as the imaginary autobiography of a young poetess, in which she reveals her aspirations, her despondencies; vindicates for herself and for her sex the right to stand apart, lyre in hand, an independent and earnest artist; and also touchingly intimates that such standing apart is a trying attitude to all hearts, and not least to the feminine. *Aurora* is the child of an Englishman who marries and settles in Italy. At an early age she is orphaned of both her parents, is brought to England, and put under the care of a maiden aunt. The aunt is thus described:

"She had lived, we'll say,
A harmless life, she called a virtuous life,
A quiet life, which was not life at all,
(But *that*, she had not lived enough to know.)
Between the vicar and the county squires,
The lord-lieutenant looking down sometimes
From the empyreal, and in the abyss
The apothecary looked on once a year,
To prove the soundness of their humility.
The poor-club exercised her Christian gifts
Of knitting stockings, stitching petticoats,
Because we are of one flesh, after all,
And need one flannel, (with a proper sense
Of difference in the quality.) She had lived
A sort of cage-bird life, born in a cage,
Accounting that to leap from perch to perch
Was act and joy enough for any bird.
Dear Heaven, how silly are the birds that live
In thickets, and eat berries!

"I, alas!
A wild bird, scarcely fledged, was brought to
her cage,
And she was there to meet me. Very kind.
Bring the clean water; give out the fresh seed."

The wild bird, if it was to develop itself in such a cage, was likely to lead a miserable life enough, and to vex beyond measure the methodical spirit of her guardian. But it happens, fortunately for *Aurora*, that she is able, from the rare universality of her talents, to succeed with

ease in all the tasks and feminine accomplishments prescribed for her, and also in secret hours to carry on her own peculiar culture of mind. She steals many an hour in the morning before the household is astir for unrestrained communion with nature, and she stealthily abstracts, from a neglected package of her late father's, many a book of a deeper cast of thought than those generally recommended to the accomplished young lady.

"But I could not hide
My quickening inner life from those at watch.
They saw a light at a window now and then
They had not set there. Who had set it there?
My father's sister started when she caught
My soul agaze in my eyes. She could not say
I had no business with a sort of soul,
But plainly she objected."

A pleasant incident introduces us to cousin Romney, and leads to a very spirited conversation between the two. *Aurora* has reached her twentieth birthday—she rises with the dawn.

"I was glad that day.
The June was in me with its multitudes
Of nightingales all singing in the dark.
I felt so young, so strong, so sure of God!
I bounded forth
At early morning—would not wait so long
As even to snatch my bonnet by the strings,
But, brushing a green trail across the lawn
With my gown in the dew, took will and way
Among the acacias of the strubberies
To fly my fancies in the open air
And keep my birthday, till my aunt awoke
To stop good dreams. Meanwhile I murmur-
ed on
As honeyed bees keep humming to themselves."

She thinks how worthiest poets have oftentimes not been crowned till death had made their brows insensible to the laurel-leaf—had been crowned only in the marble bust—and she determines, in sport, to crown herself by anticipation that day, while the young forehead could still feel the most pleasurable wreath. She plucks a branch of ivy, and having wreathed it in her hair, she turns and faces—her cousin Romney! He had come early to congratulate her on her birthday, and had followed her to this retreat. He finds her playing at this poet's coronation.

His own mind is full of grave, practical objects, and his heart at this moment is full also of one tender project. The incident immediately gives rise to an animated dialogue. Romney wants his cousin to be-

come his wife, and share in all his philanthropic labors. Aurora has her own life to live, has her own poet's aspirations, refuses to be absorbed in the existence of another. All our sympathies are with the young girl. Romney loves his cousin, and has noble objects of his own; but he lacks the generosity or justice to acknowledge that she also has her own separate nobility of soul, and an intellectual career of her own. He should have let her sing her song in peace—he would have found, in the end, the companion and fellow-laborer he sought for. Bent as he was on assimilating her mind in all points to his own, we see that they must inevitably part; the philanthropist to his charity-schools and public-baths, the poet to her meditations and the music of her verse. Romney is made to say—for the sake, we presume, of the indignant answer—that we want the *best* only in art, and that woman is intellectually too weak for the highest, whether in art or philosophy, or in any of the walks of genius. Therefore, when he proceeds to ask for help and fellowship, and the sustaining love of a wife, he receives this merited retort:

“What help?” I asked,
You’d scorn my help—as Nature’s self, you say,
Has scorned to put her music in my mouth,
Because a woman. Do you now turn round
And ask for what a woman can not give?

“Now,” I said, “my God,
Be witness ’twixt us two!” and with the word
Meseemed I floated into sudden light
Above his stature—“am I proved too weak
To stand alone, yet strong enough to bear
Such leaners on my shoulder? Poor to think,
Yet rich enough to sympathize with thought?”

“You forget too much
That every creature, female as the male,
Stands single in responsible act and thought,
As also in birth and death. Whoever says
To a loyal woman, Love and work with me,
Will get fair answer, if the work and love,
Being good themselves, are good for her—the best

She was born for. Women of a softer mind,
Surprised by men when scarcely awake to life,
Will sometimes only hear the first word, love,
And catch up with it any kind of work,
Indifferent, so that dear love go with it!
I do not blame such women, though, for love,
They pick much oakum. *Me* your work
Is not the best for. Ah! you force me, sir,
To be over-bold in speaking of myself—
I too have my vocations—work to do
That heaven and earth have set me.”

So the snit of Romney is inevitably re-

jected. The aunt dies; Aurora refusing the generous offers of her cousin, who would have still shared at least his fortune with her, goes forth alone and poor, resolved to pursue her poet's vocation. The poet succeeds better than the philanthropist, who contrives, by his irrational theories and schemes, to rouse the suspicions and animosity of the very class he is laboring to serve. We need not tell the absurd story of his intended marriage with Marian, nor how his country-house, which he has converted into some sort of *phalanstère*, is burnt down by the mob, and he himself loses his sight in the scene of uproar and outrage that ensues. Aurora writes her book in her solitude, and succeeds. She is, in a measure, famous. But the work done, the solitude remains, and then comes the sad reaction, which many have felt, but none so touchingly revealed.

“Is this all? All that's done? and all that's gained?

If this then be success, 'tis dismal
Than any failure.

O my God, my God!

O supreme Artist! who, as sole return
For all the cosmic wonder of thy work,
Demandest of us just a word—a name,
“My Father!”—thou hast knowledge, only thou.

How dreary 'tis for women to sit still
On winter nights, by solitary fires,
And hear the nations praising them far off,
Too far! ay, praising our quick sense of love,
Our very heart of passionate womanhood,
Which could not beat so in the verse without
Being present also in the unknissed lips,
And eyes undried because there's none to ask
The reason they grow moist.

“To sit alone
And think, for comfort, how, that very night,
Affianced lovers, leaning face to face,
With sweet half-listenings for each other's
breath,

Are reading haply from some page of ours—
“To have our books
Appraised by love, associated with love,
While we sit loveless! Is it hard, you think?
At least, 'tis mournful. Fame, indeed, 'twas
said,

Means simply love. It was a man said that.
And then there's love and love; the love of
all,

(To risk in turn a woman's paradox,
Is but a small thing to the love of one.
You bid a hungry child be satisfied
With a heritage of many cornfields; nay,
He says he's hungry—he would rather have
That little barley-cake you keep from him
While reckoning up his harvests.”

The story ends, as our readers are aware, in the union of Romney and Aurora, who, however they may have misunderstood, really loved each other. Each acknowledges his error, or rather each has learned the truth that the other only had seen before. Romney admits that his hasty scheme of mechanical organization had failed—he has learned that the better social life he was so anxious to inaugurate, “must develop from within.” And Aurora, dissatisfied with her own success, has been brought to confess that “Art is much, but love is more.” There is great beauty and tenderness in the last conversation between them; but it is too long, and they talk at *cross purposes*, which is always wearisome to the reader, unless it is skillfully and briefly managed. Aurora not only supposes, during the greater part of the conversation, that Romney is married to Lady Waldemar, but she talks to him by the hour together without discovering that he is blind!

We must not forget to mention that the authoress of *Aurora Leigh* has the merit of some originality in the *form* of her poem. She has converted the modern novel into a sort of domestic epic. In this she has already had imitators. The *Lucille* of Owen Meredith is also a novel in verse. We had stories in verse of most kinds—stories of knights and of peasants. Crabbe has given us the annals of the poor. But cotemporary life as displayed in the fashionable novel, with its lords and ladies, and sprightly dialogue, its plot and its intrigue, had not previously been carried into verse. Whether the invention is to be applauded or not, we may venture to say that *Aurora Leigh* will be the first of a very numerous class.

Though not successful, as we think, in the plot of her story or the invention of her incidents, it will be admitted that she has imitated very skillfully in her blank verse the conversational tone of society—as witness the play of wit, or the sprightliness that passes for wit, amongst the fashionable ladies who are waiting the arrival of the bride in St. James's Church. And yet again we can not help noting that there are two long letters, one from Lady Waldemar to Aurora, and one from Aurora in answer to it, which we venture to say are not like any thing which two English ladies, under the same circumstances, would have written. We can not, however, afford space by lengthened

quotations to justify the impression they made on us. At all events, we quite approve of her design to represent the very age in which she is living, its manners and its thoughts. She says very justly:

“I do distrust the poet who discerns
No character or glory in his times;
But trundles back his soul five hundred years,
Past moat and drawbridge, into castle-courts.”

As we have already intimated, Mrs. Browning is capable occasionally of a wild metaphorical style—a mere jungle of rank imagery, that would excite our wonder if we did not know that the genius of even the greatest poets will sometimes stumble on such faults. The same ardent temperament that elevates a writer to the sublime will sometimes betray him into nonsense androdomontade. We have no wish to pick out instances of this fault; if we were challenged, we could make no very scanty collection. Let the following passage suffice to show what can be done in this hazy metaphorical style. It holds a conspicuous place, being the opening sentence of the Fifth Book:

“Aurora Leigh, be humble. Shall I hope
To speak my poems in mysterious tune
With man and nature—with the lava-nymph
That trickles from successive galaxies,
Still drop by drop adown the finger of God,
In still new worlds?”

Robert Montgomery never perpetrated any thing worse than this. But instead of selecting individual passages that are censurable in point of taste, it may be more instructive to notice a peculiarity in the very tissue of the thought itself, which sometimes mars an otherwise excellent passage. It is this: A writer very familiar with certain poetic conceptions, or mere imaginations, will introduce these side by side with actual details taken from real life; so that a description shall be made up partly of what is most true to nature, and partly of what is most false and fictitious. We can only explain ourselves by an instance. Here is one in the first page of *Aurora Leigh*. It will be observed that the first part of our quotation is a mere figment of the imagination, borrowed, it seems, from Wordsworth, and *treated as a fact*; the second part is a beautiful touch of truthful description. They are unwisely blended together:

"I, writing thus, am still what men call young.
 I have not so far left the coasts of life
 To travel inward, *that I can not hear*
That murmur of the outer Infinite
Which unweaned babies smile at in their sleep,
When wondered at for smiling ; not so far,
 But still I catch my mother at her post
 Beside the nursery-door, with finger up :
 'Hush, hush ; here's too much noise !' while her
 sweet eyes
 Leap forward, taking part against her word
 In the child's riot."

Nothing can be more real and touching than the last part of this quotation ; it is taken from the very life. Why is it found in juxtaposition with the silly fiction, that babies are especially familiar with the In-

finite ? The writer remembered the mother's form at the nursery-door ; she certainly did not remember having very clear conceptions of the Infinite at that time. We say to all young poets, when you undertake to describe or tell the truth about any thing, adhere to nature. Do not pretend to see what you never saw, or to think what you never *could* have thought. If you want to say how old you are, do not intimate your youth by telling us that you can still hear that murmur of the outer Infinite which sets babies smiling ! Do not make up your descriptions half of truths of nature and half of figments of the poets.

From Fraser's Magazine.

CONCERNING THE SORROWS OF CHILDHOOD.

ONCE upon a time, Mr. Smith, who is seven feet in height, went out for a walk with Mr. Brown, whose stature is three feet and a half. It was in a distant age, in which people were different from what they are now ; and in which events occurred such as do not usually occur in these days. Smith and Brown, having traversed various paths, and having passed several griffins, serpents, and mail-clad knights, came at length to a certain river. It was needful that they should cross it ; and the idea was suggested that they should cross it by wading. They proceeded, accordingly, to wade across ; and both arrived safely at the farther side. The water was exactly four feet deep ; not an inch more or less. On reaching the other bank of the river, Mr. Brown said : "This is awful work ; it is no joke crossing a river like *that*. I was nearly drowned. "Nonsense," replied Mr. Smith, "why make a fuss about crossing a shallow stream like this ? Why, the water is only four feet deep ; *that* is nothing at all !" "Nothing to you, perhaps," was the response of Mr. Brown, "but a serious matter for me. You observe," he went on, "that water four feet

deep is just six inches over my head. The river may be shallow to you, but it is deep to me." Mr. Smith, like many other individuals of great physical bulk and strength, had an intellect not much adapted for comprehending subtle and difficult thoughts. He took up the ground that things are what they are in themselves, and was incapable of grasping the idea that greatness and littleness, depth and shallowness, are relative things. An altercation ensued, which resulted in threats on the part of Smith that he would throw Brown into the river ; and a coolness was occasioned between the friends which subsisted for several days.

The acute mind of the reader of this page, will perceive that Mr. Smith was in error ; and that the principle asserted by Mr. Brown was a sound and true one. It is unquestionable that a thing which is little to one man may be great to another man. And it is just as really and certainly great in this latter case as any thing ever can be. And yet, many people do a thing exactly analogous to what was done by Smith. They insist that the water which is shallow to them shall be held to be absolutely shallow ; and that if

smaller men declare that it is deep to themselves, these smaller men shall be regarded as weak, fanciful, and mistaken. Many people, as they look back upon the sorrows of their own childhood, or as they look round upon the sorrows of existing childhood, think that these sorrows are or were very light and insignificant, and their causes very small. These people do this, because to them, as they are now *big people*, (to use the expressive phrase of childhood,) these sorrows would be light if they should befall. But though these sorrows may seem light to us now, and their causes small, it is only as water four feet in depth was shallow to the tall Mr. Smith. The same water was very deep to the man whose stature was three feet and a half; and the peril was as great to him as could have been caused by eight feet depth of water to the man seven feet high. The little cause of trouble was great to the little child. The little heart was as full of grief, and fear, and bewilderment, as it could hold. Yes, I stand up against the common belief that childhood is our happiest time. And whenever I hear grown-up people say that it is so, I think of Mr. Smith, and the water four feet deep. I have always, in my heart, rebelled against that common delusion. I recall it, as if it were yesterday, a day which I have left behind me more than twenty years. I see a large hall, the hall of a certain educational institution, which helped to make the present writer what he is. It is the day of the distribution of the prizes. The hall is crowded with little boys, and with the relations and friends of the little boys. And the chief magistrate of that ancient town, in all the pomp of civic majesty, has distributed the prizes. It is neither here nor there what honors were borne off by me; though I remember well that *that* day was the proudest that ever had come in my short life. But I see the face and hear the voice of the kind-hearted old dignitary, who has now been for many years in his grave. And I recall especially one sentence he said, as he made a few eloquent remarks at the close of the day's proceedings. "Ah! boys," said he, "I can tell you this is the happiest time of all your life!" "Little you know about the matter," was my inward reply. I knew that our worries, fears, and sorrows, were just as great as those of any one else. The sorrows of child-

hood and boyhood are not sorrows of that complicated and perplexing nature which sit heavy on the heart in after years; but in relation to the little hearts that have to bear them, they are very overwhelming for the time. As has been said, great and little are quite relative terms. A weight which is not absolutely heavy, is heavy to a weak person. We think an industrious flea draws a vast weight if it draw the eighth part of an ounce. And I believe that the sorrows of childhood task the endurance of childhood as severely as those of manhood do the endurance of the man. Yes, we look back now, and we smile at them, and at the anguish they occasioned, because they would be no great matter to us now. Yet in all this we err just as Mr. Smith the tall man erred, in that discussion with the little man, Mr. Brown. Those early sorrows were great things then. Very bitter grief may be in a very little heart. "The sports of childhood," we know from Goldsmith, "satisfy the child." The sorrows of childhood overwhelm the poor little thing. I think a sympathetic reader would hardly read, without a tear as well as a smile, an incident in the early life of Patrick Fraser Tytler, recorded in his biography. When five years old, he got hold of the gun of an elder brother, and broke the spring of its lock. What anguish the little boy must have endured! what a crushing sense of having caused an irremediable evil, before he sat down and printed in great letters the following epistle to his brother, the owner of the gun: "O Jamie! think no more of guns, for the mainspring of that is broken, and *my heart is broken!*" Doubtless the poor little fellow fancied that for all the remainder of his life he never could feel as he had felt before he touched the unlucky weapon. And looking back over many years, most of us can remember a child crushed and overwhelmed by some trouble which it thought could never be got over; and we can feel for our early self as though sympathizing with another being.

What I wish in this essay is, that we should look away along the path we have come in life; and that we should see that though many cares and troubles may now press upon us, still we may well be content. I speak to ordinary people, whose lot has been an ordinary lot. I know there are exceptional cases; but I firmly

believe that as for most of us, we never have seen better days than these. No doubt, in the retrospect of early youth, we seem to see a time when the summer was brighter, the flowers sweeter, the snowy days of winter more cheerful, than we ever find them now. But, in sober sense, we know that it is all an illusion. It is only as the man traveling over the burning desert sees sparkling water and shady trees where he knows there is nothing but arid sand.

I dare say you know that one of the acutest of living men has maintained that it is foolish to grieve over past suffering. He says, truly enough in one sense, that the suffering which is past is as truly non-existent as the suffering which has never been at all; that, in fact, past suffering is now nothing, and is entitled to no more consideration than that to which nothing is entitled. No doubt, when bodily pain has ceased, it is all over: we do not feel it any more. And you have probably observed that the impression left by bodily pain passes very quickly away. The sleepless night, or the night of torment from toothache, which seemed such a distressing reality while it was dragging over, looks a very shadowy thing the next forenoon. But it may be doubted whether you will ever so far succeed in overcoming the fancies and weaknesses of humanity, as to get people to cease to feel that past sufferings and sorrows are a great part of their present life. The remembrance of our past life is a great part of our present life. And, indeed, the greater part of human suffering consists in its anticipation and in its recollection. It is so by the inevitable law of our being. It is because we are rational creatures that it is so. We can not help looking forward to that which is coming, and looking back on that which is past; nor can we suppress, as we do so, an emotion corresponding to the perception. There is not the least use in telling a little boy who knows that he is to have a tooth pulled out to-morrow, that it is absurd in him to make himself unhappy to-night through the anticipation of it. You may show with irrefragable force of reason, that the pain will last only for the two or three seconds during which the tooth is being wrenched from its place; and that it will be time enough to vex himself about the pain when he has actually to feel it. But the little fellow will pass

but an unhappy night in the dismal prospect; and by the time the cold iron lays hold of the tooth, he will have endured by anticipation a vast deal more suffering than the suffering of the actual operation. It is so with bigger people, looking forward to greater trials. And it serves no end whatever to prove that all this ought not to be. The question as to the emotions turned off in the workings of the human mind, is one of fact. It is not how the machine ought to work, but how the machine does work. And as with the anticipation of suffering so with its retrospect. The great grief which is past, even though its consequences no longer directly press upon us, casts its shadow over after-years. There are, indeed, some hardships and trials upon which it is possible that we may look back with satisfaction. The contrast with them enhances the enjoyment of better days. But these trials, it seems to me, must be such as come through the direct intervention of Providence; and they must be clear of the elements of human cruelty or injustice. I do not believe that a man who was a weakly and timid boy can ever look back with pleasure upon the ill-usage of the brutal bully of his school-days; or upon the injustice of his teacher in cheating him out of some well-earned prize. There are kinds of great suffering which can never be thought of without present suffering, so long as human nature continues what it is. And I believe that past sorrows are a great reality in our present life, and exert a great influence over our present life, whether for good or ill. As you may see in the trembling knees of some poor horse, in its drooping head, and spiritless paces, that it was over-wrought when young; so if the human soul were a thing that could be seen, you might discern the scars where the iron entered into it long ago; you might trace not merely the enduring remembrance, but the enduring results, of the incapacity and dishonesty of teachers, the heartlessness of companions, and the idiotic folly and cruelty of parents. No, it will not do to tell us that past sufferings have ceased to exist, while their remembrance continues so vivid, and their results so great. You are not done with the bitter frosts of last winter, though it be summer now, if your blighted evergreens remain as their result and memorial. And the man who was brought up

in an unhappy home in childhood, will never feel that *that* unhappy home has ceased to be a present reality, if he knows that its whole discipline fostered in him a spirit of distrust in his kind, which is not yet entirely got over; and made him set himself to the work of life with a heart somewhat soured, and prematurely old. The past is a great reality. We are here the living embodiment of all we have seen and felt through all our life; fashioned into our present form by millions of little touches; and by none with a more real result than the hours of sorrow we have known.

One great cause of the suffering of boyhood, is the bullying of bigger boys at school. I know nothing practically of the English system of *fagging* at public schools, but I am not prepared to join out and out in the cry against it. I see many evils inherent in the system; but I see that various advantages may result from it too. To organize a recognized subordination of lesser boys to bigger ones, must unquestionably tend to cut the ground from under the feet of the unrecognized, unauthorized, private bully. But I know that at large schools where there is no fagging, bullying on the part of youthful tyrants prevails to a great degree. Human nature is beyond doubt fallen. The systematic cruelty of a school-bully to a little boy is proof enough of *that*, and presents one of the very hatefulest phases of human character. It is worthy of notice that, as a general rule, the higher you ascend in the social scale among boys, the less of bullying there is to be found. Something of the chivalrous and the magnanimous comes out in the case of the sons of gentlemen; it is only among such that you will ever find a boy, not personally interested in the matter, standing up against the bully in the interest of right and justice. I have watched a big boy thrashing a little one, in the presence of half a dozen other big boys, not one of whom interfered on behalf of the oppressed little fellow. You may be sure I did not watch the transaction longer than was necessary to ascertain whether there was a grain of generosity in the hulking boors; and you may be sure, too, that *that* thrashing of the little boy was, to the big bully, one of the most unfortunate transactions in which he had engaged in his bestial and blackguard, though brief life. *I took care of that*, you

may rely on it. And I favored the bully's companions with my sentiments as to their conduct, with an energy of statement that made them sneak off, looking very like whipped spaniels. My friendly reader, let us never fail to stop a bully, when we can. And we very often can. Among the writer's possessions might be found, by the curious inspector, several black kid-gloves, no longer fit for use, though apparently not very much worn. Surveying these integuments minutely, you would find the thumb of the right hand rent away, beyond the possibility of mending. Whence the phenomenon? It comes of the writer's determined habit of stopping the bully. Walking along the street or the country road, I occasionally see a big blackguard fellow thrashing a boy much less than himself. I am well aware that some prudent individuals would pass by on the other side, possibly addressing an admonition to the big blackguard. But I approve Thomson's statement, that "prudence to baseness verges still;" and I follow a different course. Suddenly approaching the blackguard, by a rapid movement, generally quite unforeseen by him, I take him by the arm, and occasionally (let me confess) by the neck, and shake him till his teeth rattle. This being done with a new glove on the right hand, will generally unfit that glove for further use. For the bully must be taken with a gripe so firm and sudden, as shall serve to paralyze his nervous system for the time. And never once have I found the bully fail to prove a whimpering coward. The punishment is well deserved, of course; and it is a terribly severe one in ordinary cases. It is a serious thing, in the estimation both of the bully and his companions, that he should have so behaved as to have drawn on himself the notice of a passer-by, and especially of a parson. The bully is instantly cowed; and by a few words to any of his school associates who may be near, you can render him unenviably conspicuous among them for a week or two. I never permit bullying to pass unchecked; and so long as my strength and life remain I never will. I trust you never will. - If you could stand coolly by, and see the cruelty you could check, or the wrong you could right, and move no finger to do it, you are not the reader I want, nor the human being I choose to know. I hold the cautious and sagacious man who can look on at an act of bullying without

stopping it and punishing it, as a worse and more despicable animal than the bully himself.

Of course you must interfere with judgment; and you must follow up your interference with firmness. Don't intermeddle, like Don Quixote, in such a manner as to make things worse. It is only in the case of continued and systematic cruelty that it is worth while to work temporary aggravation, to the end of ultimate and entire relief. And sometimes that is unavoidable. You remember how, when Moses made his application to Pharaoh for release to the Hebrews, the first result was the aggravation of their burdens. The supply of straw was cut off, and the tale of bricks was to remain the same as before. It could not be helped. And though things came right at last, the immediate consequence was that the Hebrews turned in bitterness on their intending deliverer, and charged their aggravated sufferings upon him. Now, my friend, if you set yourself to the discomfiture of a bully, see you do it effectually. If needful, follow up your first shaking. Find out his master, find out his parents; let the fellow see distinctly that your interference is no passing fancy. Make him understand that you are thoroughly determined that his bullying shall cease. And carry out your determination unflinchingly.

I frequently see the boys of a certain large public school, which is attended by boys of the better class; and judging from their cheerful and happy aspect, I judge that bullying among boys of that condition is becoming rare. Still I doubt not there yet are poor little nervous fellows whose school life is embittered by it. I don't think any one could read the poet Cowper's account of how he was bullied at school, without feeling his blood a good deal stirred, if not entirely boiling. If I knew of such a case within a good many miles, I should stop it; though I never wore a glove again that was not split across the right palm.

But, doubtless, the greatest cause of the sorrows of childhood is the mismanagement and cruelty of parents. You will find many parents who make favorites of some of their children to the neglect of others; an error and a sin which is bitterly felt by the children who are held down, and which can never by possibility

result in good to any party concerned. And there are parents who deliberately lay themselves out to torment their children. There are two classes of parents who are the most inexorably cruel and malignant; it is hard to say which class excels, but it is certain that both classes exceed all ordinary mortals. One is the utterly blackguard; the parents about whom there is no good nor pretense of good. The other is the wrong-headedly conscientious and religious; probably, after all, there is greater rancor and malice about these last than about any other. These act upon a system of unnatural repression, and systematized weeding out of all enjoyment from life. These are the people whose very crowning act of hatred and malice toward any one, is to pray for him, or to threaten to pray for him. These are the people who, if their children complain of their bare and joyless life, say that such complaints indicate a wicked heart, or Satanic possession; and have recourse to farther persecution to bring about a happier frame of mind. Yes; the wrong-headed and wrong-hearted religionist is probably the very worst type of man or woman on whom the sun looks down. And oh! how sad to think of the fashion in which stupid, conceited, malicious blockheads set up their own worst passions as the fruits of the working of the Blessed Spirit; and caricature, to the lasting injury of many a young heart, the pure and kindly religion of the Blessed Redeemer! These are the folk who inflict systematic and ingenious torment on their children; and, unhappily, a very contemptible parent can inflict much suffering on a sensitive child. But of this there is more to be said hereafter; and before going on to it, let us think of another evil influence, which darkens and embitters the early years of many.

It is the cruelty, injustice, and incompetence of many schoolmasters. I know a young man of twenty-eight, who told me that when at school, in a certain large city in Peru, (let us say,) he never went into his class any day without feeling quite sick with nervous terror. The entire class of boys lived in that state of cowed submission to a vulgar, stupid, bullying, flogging barbarian. If it prevents the manners from becoming brutal, diligently to study the ingenuous arts, it appears certain that diligently to teach them sometimes leads to a directly con-

trary result. The bullying schoolmaster has now become an almost extinct animal; but it is not very long since the spirit of Mr. Squeers was to be found, in its worst manifestations, far beyond the precincts of Dotheboys Hall. You would find fellows who showed a grim delight in walking down a class with a cane in their hand, enjoying the evident fear they occasioned as they swung it about, occasionally coming down with a savage whack on some poor fellow who was doing nothing whatsoever. These brutal teachers would flog, and that till compelled to cease by pure exhaustion, not merely for moral offenses, which possibly deserve it, (though I do not believe any one was ever made better by flogging,) but for making a mistake in saying a lesson, which the poor boy had done his best to prepare, and which was driven out of his head by the fearful aspect of the truculent blackguard with his cane and his hoarse voice. And how indignant, in after-years, many a boy of the last generation must have been, to find that this tyrant of his childhood was in truth a humbug, a liar, a fool, and a sneak! Yet how that miserable piece of humanity was feared! How they watched his eye, and laughed at the old idiot's wretched jokes! I have several friends, who have told me such stories of their schooldays, that I used to wonder that they did not, after they became men, return to the schoolboy spot that they might heartily shake their preceptor of other years, or even kick him!

If there be a thing to be wondered at, it is that the human race is not much worse than it is. It has not a fair chance. I am not thinking now of an original defect in the material provided: I am thinking only of the kind of handling it gets. I am thinking of the amount of judgment which may be found in most parents and in most teachers; and of the degree of honesty which may be found in many. I suppose there is no doubt that the accursed system of the cheap Yorkshire schools was by no means caricatured by Mr. Dickens in *Nicholas Nickleby*. I believe that starvation and brutality were the rule at these institutions. And I do not think it says much for the manliness of Yorkshire men and of Yorkshire clergymen, that these foul dens of misery and wickedness were suffered to exist so long,

without a voice raised to let the world know of them. I venture to think that if Dr. Guthrie, of Edinburgh, had lived any where near Greta Bridge, Mr. Squeers and his compeers would have attained a notoriety that would have stopped their trade. I can not imagine how any one, with the spirit of a man in him, could sleep and wake within sight of one of these schools, without lifting a hand or a voice to stop what was going on there. But without supposing these extreme cases, I can remember what I have myself seen of the incompetence and injustice of teachers. I burn with indignation yet as I think of a malignant blockhead who once taught me for a few months. I have been at various schools, and I spent six years at one venerable university, (where my instructors were wise and worthy;) and I am now so old, that I may say, without any great exhibition of vanity, that I have always kept well up among my school and college companions; but that blockhead kept me steadily at the bottom of my class, and kept a frightful dunce at the top of it, by his peculiar system. I have observed (let me say) that masters and professors who are stupid themselves have a great preference for stupid fellows, and like to keep down clever ones. A professor who was himself a dunce at college, and who has been jobbed into his chair, being quite unfit for it, has a fellow-feeling for other dunces. He is at home with them, you see; and is not afraid that they see through him and despise him. The injustice of the malignant blockhead who was my early instructor, and who succeeded in making several months of my boyhood unhappy enough, was taken up and imitated by several lesser blockheads among the boys. I remember particularly one sneaking wretch, who was occasionally set to mark down on a slate the names of such boys as talked in school; such boys being punished by being turned to the bottom of their class. I remember how that sneaking wretch used always to mark my name down, though I kept perfectly silent: and how he put my name last on the list, that I might have to begin the lesson the very lowest in my form. The sneaking wretch was bigger than me, so I could not thrash him; and any representation I made to the malignant blockhead of a schoolmaster was entirely

disregarded. I can not think, but with considerable ferocity, that probably there are many schools to-day in Britain containing a master who has taken an unreasonable dislike to some poor boy, and who lays himself out to make that poor boy unhappy. And I know that such may be the case where a boy is neither bad nor stupid. And if the school be one attended by a good many boys of the lower grade, there are sure to be several sneaky boys among them who will devote themselves to tormenting the one whom the master hates and torments.

It can not be denied that there is a generous and magnanimous tone about the boys of a school attended exclusively by the children of the better classes, which is unknown among the children of uncultivated boors. I have observed that if you offer a prize to the cleverest and most industrious boy of a certain form in a school of the upper class, and propose to let the prize be decided by the votes of the boys themselves, you will almost invariably find it fairly given: that is, given to the boy who deserves it best. If you explain, in a frank, manly way, to the little fellows, that in asking each for whom he votes, you are asking each to say, upon his honor, whom he thinks the cleverest and most diligent boy in the form, nineteen boys out of twenty will answer honestly. But I have witnessed the signal failure of such an appeal to the honor of the bumpkins of a country school. I was once present at the examination of such a school, and remarked carefully how the boys acquitted themselves. After the examination was over, the master proposed, very absurdly, to let the boys of each class vote the prize for that particular class. The voting began. A class of about twenty was called up: I explained to the boys what they were to do. I told them they were not to vote for the boy they liked best; but were to tell me faithfully who had done best in the class lessons. I then asked the first boy in the line for whom he gave his vote. To my mortification, instead of voting for a little fellow who had done incomparably best at the examination, he gave his vote for a big, sullen-looking blockhead, who had done conspicuously ill. I asked the next boy, and received the same answer. So all round the class: all voted for the big sullen-looking blockhead. One or two did

not give their votes quite promptly; and I could discern a threatening glance east at them by the big sullen-looking blockhead, and an ominous clenching of the blockhead's right fist. I went round the class without remark; and the blockhead made sure of the prize. Of course this would not do. The blockhead could not be suffered to get the prize; and it was expedient that he should be made to remember the occasion on which he had sought to tamper with justice and right. Addressing the blockhead, amid the dead silence of the school, I said: "You shall not get the prize, because I can judge for myself that you don't deserve it. I can see that you are the stupidest boy in the class; and I have seen reason, during this voting, to believe that you are the worst. You have tried to bully these boys into voting for you. Their votes go for nothing; for their voting for you proves either that they are so stupid as to think you deserve the prize, or so dishonest as to say they think so when they don't think so." Then I inducted the blockhead into a seat where I could see him well, and proceeded to take the votes over again. I explained to the boys once more what they had to do; and explained that any boy would be telling a lie who voted the prize unfairly. I also told them that I knew who deserved the prize, and that they knew it too, and that they had better vote fairly. Then, instead of saying to each boy, For whom do you vote? I said to each: Tell me who did best in the class during these months past? Each boy in reply named the boy who really deserved the prize; and the little fellow got it. I need not record the means I adopted to prevent the sullen-looking blockhead from carrying out his purpose of thrashing the little fellow. It may suffice to say that the means were thoroughly effectual; and that the blockhead was very meek and tractable for about six weeks after that memorable day.

But, after all, the great cause of the sorrows of childhood is unquestionably the mismanagement of parents. You hear a great deal about parents who spoil their children by excessive kindness; but I venture to think that a greater number of children are spoiled by stupidity and cruelty on the part of their parents. You may find parents who, having started from a humble origin, have attained to wealth; and who, instead of being glad

to think that their children are better off than they themselves were, exhibit a diabolical jealousy of their children. You will find such wretched beings insisting that their children shall go through needless trials and mortifications, because they themselves went through the like. Why, I do not hesitate to say that one of the thoughts which would most powerfully lead a worthy man to value material prosperity, would be the thought that his boys would have a fairer and happier start in life than he had; and would be saved the many difficulties on which he still looks back with pain. You will find parents, especially parents of the pharisaical and wrongheaded religious class, who seem to hold it a sacred duty to make the little things unhappy; who systematically endeavor to render life as bare, ugly, and wretched a thing as possible; who never praise their children when they do right, but punish them with great severity when they do wrong; who seem to hate to see their children lively or cheerful in their presence; who thoroughly repel all sympathy or confidence on the part of their children, and then mention as a proof that their children are possessed by the devil, that their children always like to get away from them; who rejoice to cut off any little enjoyment; rigidly carrying out into practice the fundamental principle of their creed, which undoubtedly is, that "no-body should ever please himself, neither should any body ever please any body else, because in either case he is sure to displease God." No doubt Mr. Buckle, in his second volume, caricatured and misrepresented the religion of Scotland as a country; but he did not in the least degree caricature or misrepresent the religion of some people in Scotland. The great doctrine, underlying all other doctrines, in the creed of a few unfortunate beings, is that God is spitefully angry to see his creatures happy; and of course the practical lesson follows, that they are following the best example when they are spitefully angry to see their children happy.

Then a great trouble, always pressing heavily on many a little mind, is that it is overtaken with lessons. You still see here and there idiotic parents striving to make infant phenomena of their children, and recording with much pride how their children could read and write at an un-

naturally early age. Such parents are fools—not necessarily malicious fools, but fools beyond question. The great use to which the first six or seven years of life should be given, is the laying the foundation of a healthful constitution in body and mind, and the instilling of those first principles of duty and religion which do not need to be taught out of any books. Even if you do not permanently injure the young brain and mind by prematurely overtaking them—even if you do not permanently blight the bodily health, and break the mind's cheerful spring—you gain nothing. Your child at fourteen years old is not a bit further advanced in his education than a child who began his years after him; and the entire result of your stupid driving has been to overcloud some days which should have been among the happiest of his life. It is a woful sight to me to see the little forehead corrugated with mental effort, though the effort be to do no more than master the multiplication-table. It was a sad story I lately heard of a little boy repeating his Latin lesson over and over again in the delirium of the fever of which he died, and saying piteously, that indeed he could not do it better. I don't like to see a little face looking unnaturally anxious and earnest about a horrible task of spelling; and even when children pass that stage, and grow up into schoolboys who can read *Thucydides* and write Greek iambs, it is not wise in parents to stimulate a clever boy's anxiety to hold the first place in his class. That anxiety is strong enough already; it needs rather to be repressed. It is bad enough even at college to work on late into the night; but at school it ought not to be suffered for one moment. If a lad takes his place in his class every day in a state of nervous tremor, he may be in the way to get his gold medal, indeed; but he is in the way to shatter his constitution for life.

We all know, of course, that children are subjected to worse things than these. I think of little things, early set to hard work, to add a little to their parents' scanty store. Yet if it be only work, they bear it cheerfully. This afternoon, I was walking through a certain quiet street, when I saw a little child standing with a basket at a door. The little man looked at various passers-by; and I am happy to say that when he saw me, he asked me to ring the door-bell for him. For though he had been sent with that

basket, which was not a light one, he could not reach up to the bell. I asked him how old he was. "Five years past," said the child, quite cheerfully and independently. God help you, poor little man, I thought; the doom of toil has fallen early upon you! If you visit much among the poor, few things will touch you more than the unnatural sagacity and trustworthiness of children who are little more than babies. You will find these little things left in a bare room by themselves; the eldest six years old; while the poor mother is out at her work. And the eldest will reply to your questions in a way that will astonish you, till you get accustomed to such things. I think that almost as heart-rending a sight as you will readily see, is the misery of a little thing who has spilt in the street the milk she was sent to fetch, or broken a jug; and who is sitting in despair beside the spilt milk or the broken fragments. Good Samaritan, never pass by such a sight; bring out your two-pence; set things completely right; a small matter and a kind word will cheer and comfort an overwhelmed heart. That child has a truculent step-mother or (alas!) mother at home, who would punish that mishap as nothing should be punished but the gravest moral delinquency. And lower down the scale than this, it is awful to see want, cold, hunger, rags, in a little child. I have seen the wee thing, shuffling along the pavement in great men's shoes, holding up its sorry tatters with its hands; and casting on the passengers a look so eager yet so hopeless as went to one's heart. Let us thank God that there is one large city in the empire where you need never see such a sight; and where, if you do, you know how to relieve it effectually; and let us bless the name and the labors and the genius of Thomas Guthrie! It is a sad thing to see the toys of such little children as I can think of. What curious things they are able to seek amusement in! I have known a brass button at the end of a string a much-prized possession. I have seen a grave little boy standing by a broken chair in a bare garret, solemnly arranging and rearranging two pins upon the broken chair. A machine much employed by poor children in country places, is a slate tied to a bit of string. This being drawn along the road, constitutes a cart; and you may find it attended by the admiration of the entire young

population of three or four cottages, standing in the moorland miles from any neighbor.

You will not unfrequently find parents who, if they can not keep back their children from some little treat, will try to infuse a sting into it, so as to prevent the children from enjoying it. They will impress on their children that they must be very wicked to care so much about going out to some children's party; or they will insist that their children should return home at some preposterously early hour, so as to lose the best part of the fun, and so as to appear ridiculous in the eyes of their young companions. You will find this amiable tendency in people intrusted with the care of older children. I have heard of a man whose nephew lived with him, and lived a very cheerless life. When the season came round at which the lad hoped to be allowed to go and visit his parents, he ventured, after much hesitation, to hint this to his uncle. Of course the uncle felt that it was quite right the lad should go, but he grudged him the chance of the little enjoyment; and the happy thought struck him that he might let the lad go, and at the same time make the poor fellow uncomfortable in going. Accordingly he conveyed his permission to the lad to go by roaring out in a savage manner: "*Begone!*" This made the poor lad feel as if it were his duty to stay, and as if it were very wicked in him to wish to go; and though he ultimately went, he enjoyed his visit with only half a heart. There are parents and guardians who take great pains to make their children think themselves very bad; to make the little things grow up in the endurance of the pangs of a bad conscience. For conscience, in children, is a quite artificial thing; you may dictate to it what it is to say. And parents, often injudicious, sometimes malignant, not seldom apply hard names to their children, which sink down into the little heart and memory far more deeply than they think. If a child can not eat fat, you may instill into him that it is because he is so wicked; and he will believe you for a while. A favorite weapon in the hands of some parents, who have devoted themselves diligently to making their children miserable, is to frequently predict to the children the remorse which they (the children) will feel, after they (the parents) are

dead. In such cases, it would be difficult to specify the precise things which the children are to feel remorseful about. It must just be, generally, because they were so wicked, and because they did not sufficiently believe the infallibility and impeccability of their ancestors. I am reminded of the woman mentioned by Sam Weller, whose husband disappeared. The woman had been a fearful termagant; the husband, a very inoffensive man. After his disappearance, the woman issued an advertisement, assuring him that if he returned he would be fully forgiven; which, as Mr. Weller justly remarked, was very generous, seeing he had never done any thing at all.

Yes, the conscience of children is an artificial and a sensitive thing. The other day a friend of mine, who is one of the kindest of parents and the most amiable of men, told me what happened in his house on a certain *Fast-day*. A Scotch *Fast-day*, you may remember, is the institution which so completely puzzled Mr. Buckle. That historian fancied that to *fast* means in Scotland to abstain from food. Had Mr. Buckle known any thing whatever about Scotland, he would have known that a Scotch *fast-day* means a week-day on which people go to church; but on which (especially in the dwellings of the clergy) there is a better dinner than usual. I never knew man or woman in all my life who on a *fast-day* refrained from eating. And quite right too. The growth of common-sense has gradually abolished literal fasting. In a warm Oriental climate, abstinence from food may give the mind the preëminence over the body, and so leave the mind better fitted for religious duties. In our country, literal fasting would have just the contrary effect; it would give the body the mastery over the soul; it would make a man so physically uncomfortable, that he could not attend with profit to his religious duties at all. I am aware, Anglican reader, of the defects of my countrymen; but commend me to the average Scotchman for sound practical sense. But to return. These *fast-days* are by many people observed as rigorously as the Scotch Sunday. On the forenoon of such a day, my friend's little child, three years old, came to him in much distress. She said, as one who had a fearful sin to confess, "I have been playing with my toys this morning;" and then began to cry as if her lit-

tle heart would break. I know some stupid parents who would have strongly encouraged this needless sensitiveness; and who would thus have made their child unhappy at the time, and prepared the way for an indignant bursting of these artificial trammels when the child had grown up to maturity. But my friend was not of that stamp. He comforted the little thing, and told her that though it might be as well not to play with her toys on a *Fast-day*, what she had done was nothing to cry about. I think, my reader, that even if you were a Scotch minister, you would appear with considerable confidence before your Judge, if you had never done worse than failed to observe a Scotch *Fast-day* with the covenanting austerity.

But when one looks back and looks round, and tries to reckon up the sorrows of childhood arising from parental folly, one feels that the task is endless. There are parents who will not suffer their children to go to the little feasts which children occasionally have, either on that wicked principle that all enjoyment is sinful, or because the children have recently committed some small offense, which is to be thus punished. There are parents who take pleasure in informing strangers, in their children's presence, about their children's faults, to the extreme bitterness of the children's hearts. There are parents who will not allow their children to be taught dancing, regarding dancing as sinful. The result is, that the children are awkward, and unlike other children; and when they are suffered to spend an evening among a number of companions who have all learned dancing, they suffer a keen mortification which older people ought to be able to understand. Then you will find parents, possessing ample means, who will not dress their children like others, but send them out in very shabby garments. Few things cause a more painful sense of humiliation to a child. It is a sad sight to see a little fellow hiding round the corner when some one passes who is likely to recognize him; afraid to go through the decent streets, and creeping out of sight by back-ways. We have all seen that. We have all sympathized heartily with the reduced widow who has it not in her power to dress her boy better; and we have all felt lively indignation at the

parents who had the power to attire their children becomingly, but whose heartless parsimony made the little things go about under a constant sense of painful degradation.

An extremely wicked way of punishing children is by shutting them up in a dark place. Darkness is naturally fearful to human beings, and the stupid ghost stories of many nurses make it especially fearful to a child. It is a stupid and wicked thing to send a child with a message out into a dark night. I do not remember passing through a greater trial in my youth, than once walking three miles alone (it was not going a message) in the dark, along a road thickly shaded with trees. I was a little fellow; but I got over the distance in half an hour. Part of the way was along the wall of a churchyard, one of those ghastly, weedy, neglected, accursed-looking spots, where stupidity has done what it can to add circumstances of disgust and horror to the Christian's long sleep. No body ever supposed that this walk was a trial to a boy of twelve years old; so little are the thoughts of children understood. And children are reticent; I am telling now about that dismal walk for the very first time. And in the illnesses of childhood, children sometimes get very close and real views of death. I remember, when I was nine years old, how every evening when I lay down to sleep, I used for about a year to picture myself lying dead, till I felt as though the coffin were closing round me. I used to read at that period, with a curious feeling of fascination, Blair's poem, *The Grave*. But I never dreamed of telling any body about these thoughts. I believe that thoughtful children keep most of their thoughts to themselves; and in respect of the things of which they think most, are as profoundly alone as the Ancient Mariner in the Pacific. I have heard of a parent, an important member of a very strait sect of the Pharisees, whose child, when dying, begged to be buried not in a certain foul, old, hideous churchyard, but in a certain cheerful cemetery. This request the poor little creature made with all the energy of terror and despair. But the strait Pharisee refused the dying request; and pointed out with polemical bitterness to the child that he must be very wicked indeed to care at such a time where he was to be buried, or

what might be done with his body after death. How I should enjoy the spectacle of that unnatural, heartless, stupid wretch tarred and feathered! The dying child was caring for a thing about which Shakespeare cared; and it was not in mere human weakness, but "by faith," that "Joseph, when he was dying, gave commandment concerning his bones."

I believe that real depression of spirits, usually the sad heritage of after-years, is often felt in very early youth. It sometimes comes of the child's belief that he must be very bad, because he is so frequently told that he is so. It sometimes comes of the child's fears, early felt, as to what is to become of him. His parents, possibly, with the good sense and kind feeling which distinguish various parents, have taken pains to drive it into the child that if his father should die, he will certainly starve, and may very probably have to become a wandering beggar. And these sayings have sunk deep into the little heart. I remember how a friend told me that his constant wonder, when he was twelve or thirteen years old, was *this*: If life was such a burden already, and so miserable to look back upon, how could he ever bear it when he had grown older?

But now, my reader, I am going to stop. I have a great deal more marked down to say; but the subject is growing so thoroughly distressing to me as I go on, that I shall go on no farther. It would make me sour and wretched for the next week, if I were to state and illustrate the varied sorrows of childhood of which I intended yet to speak; and if I were to talk out my heart to you about the people who cause these, I fear my character for good nature would be gone with you forever. "This genial writer," as the newspapers call me, would show but little geniality: I am aware, indeed, that I have already been writing in a style which, to say the least, is snappish. So I shall say nothing of the first death that comes in the family in our childish days: its hurry, its confusion, its awe-struck mystery, its wonderfully vivid recalling of the words and looks of the dead. Nor of the terrible trial to a little child of being sent away from home to school: the heart-sickness, and the weary counting of the weeks and days before the time of returning home again. But

let me say to every reader who has it in his power directly or indirectly to do so: Oh! do what you can to make children happy: oh! seek to give that great enduring blessing of a happy youth! Whatever after-life may prove, let there be something bright to look back upon in the horizon of our early time! You may sour the human spirit forever by cruelty and injustice in youth. There is a past suffering which exalts and purifies; but *this* leaves only an evil result; it darkens all the world, and all our views of it. Let us try to make every little child happy. The most selfish parent might try to please a little child, if it were only to see the fresh expression of unblunted feeling, and a liveliness of pleasurable emotion which in after-years we shall never know. I do not believe a great English barrister is so happy when he has the Great Seal committed to him, as two little and rather ragged urchins whom I saw this very afternoon. I was walking along a country road, and overtook them. They were about five years old. I walked slower, and talked to them for a few minutes, and found that they were good boys, and went to school every day. Then I produced two coins of the copper coinage of Britain: one a large penny of ancient days, another a small penny of the present age. "There is a penny for each of you," I said with some solemnity: "one is large, you see, and the other small; but they are each worth exactly the same. Go and get something good." I wish you had seen them go off! It is a cheap and easy thing to make a little heart happy. May this hand never write another essay if it

ever willfully miss the chance of doing so! It is all quite right in after-years to be careworn and sad. We understand these matters ourselves. Let others bear the burden which we ourselves bear, and which is doubtless good for us. But the poor little things! I can enter into the feeling of a kind-hearted man who told me that he never could look at a number of little children but the tears came into his eyes. How much these young creatures have to bear yet! I think you can, as you look at them, in some degree understand and sympathize with the Redeemer, who, when he "saw a great multitude was moved with compassion toward them!" Ah! you smooth little face, (you may think,) I know what years will make of you, if they find you in this world. And you, light little heart, will know your weight of care!

And I remember, as I write these concluding lines, who they were that the Best and Kindest this world ever saw liked to have near Him; and what the reason was he gave why He felt most in his element when they were by his side. He wished to have little children round him, and would not have them chidden away; and this because there was something about them that reminded him of the place from which he came. He liked the little faces and the little voices—He to whom the wisest are in understanding as children. And oftentimes, I believe, these little ones still do his work. Oftentimes, I believe, when the worn Man is led to Him in childlike confidence, it is by the hand of a little child.

A. K. H. B.

From Colburn's New Monthly.

THE LIFE-BOAT OF MERCY.*

THERE could scarcely be a more appropriate name given to a Life-boat than that of the "Boat of Mercy," nor could the poetic abilities of the long-tried and well-known Mr. Nicholas Michell have been devoted to a better cause than pleading the claims of the Royal National Life-Boat Institution, by portraying one scene out of many that occur almost daily on our iron-bound coast, and which (while depicting most others) came as a Cornishman under his own particular observation. The moment, too, has been most opportune, just as all England was grieving at the records of the most numerous and lamentable disasters that have visited our seafaring population and ship-owners for many a long year. It is a sad, sad scene that of helpless shipwreck: death in its wildest, sternest form! What a beautiful picture is that painted by Nicholas Michell of the mighty ocean in its tranquillity, and then again of "night at sea."

"No garish beams, but all around
A crystal plain without a bound,
A wing us like eternity."

But how fearful is the change when that same ocean is presented to us in vivid and tumultuous verse, lashed by the furious storm, and bearing all before it to destruction:

"O'er foam-topped, mountain billows bounding,
The tempest loud his trumpet sounding,
Like a wild race-horse to the goal,
A passion that defies control,
The vessel shoreward sweeps;
The wrathful seas her sides are lashing,
The breakers rolling, maddening, flushing,
Then o'er the crags in thunder dashing,
But still that course she keeps."

Then come the tearful, heart-rending parting: "What all life's kisses to our last?" and the "mother's love more strong than

death!" But at that supreme moment, when all is given up as lost, and grim and ghastly death is treading the deck in anticipatory triumph, lo! the Boat of Mercy arrives:

"Tis done—despite the winds, the roll
Of that storm-maddened, fearful sea,
Bravery hath snatched each shivering soul,
O greedy death! from thee.
Not yet the wife shall press her pillow
Beneath the cold and dreary billow;
The mother and her bud of bloom
Go down embracing into gloom:
Earth yet its joys, its sweets will give,
O rapture! still to live—to live!

"They reach the shore where waves in thunder,
Are rolling, rolling—and the foam
Is mounting high, while caverns under
The beetling cliffs, the mermaid's home,
Rebellow to the frantic blast,
But safe that shore they tread at last.
See! beaming eyes to heaven they raise,
Pouring their souls in thanks and praise;
Then the rough seamen's hands they wring,
And some, o'erpowered by bursting feeling,
Their arms around them wildly fling,
While tears down many a cheek are
stealing,
They bless them for their noble deed,
True saviours sent in hour of need;
If God rewards high acts below,
Their souls shall every rapture know.

"But now spectators on the shore
Shout their applause; the heart-raised
cheer
Is heard above the ocean's roar;
'The Life boat!' thunders far and near.
That bark of slender, fragile form,
Battles triumphant with the storm,
Lives when the ship no more can ride,
But founders in her strength and pride;
The dove sent forth, rejoiced to bear
The branch of hope to pale despair;
The rainbow in the cloud of gloom,
Deliverer from the threatening tomb;
Her generous mission is to save,
The guardian angel of the wave."

Laying aside its merits as a poetic and at once a truthful and touching portraiture of scenes which all should treasure up and learn to sympathize with,

* *The Wreck of the Homeward-Bound; or, The Boat of Mercy.* By NICHOLAS MICHELL, Author of *Ruins of Many Lands, Pleasure, etc.* With an Illustration. London: William Tegg. 1862.

if they have not done so before, Mr. Nicholas Michell's poem is printed for the benefit of that most admirable and praiseworthy society, the National Life-Boat Institution, and is therefore doubly worthy of popularity. Too much publicity can not be given to an institution supported by voluntary contributions,

which has one hundred and twenty life-boats stationed on the coasts of Great Britain and Ireland, and yet wants many more, and which has saved thousands of lives since its commencement. We sincerely hope that Mr. Michell's heart-stirring and touching appeal will be the means of doing much good.

From Colburn's New Monthly.

ASCENTS OF THE VOLCANO ORIZABA.

THE LOFTIEST OF THE ANDES IN MEXICO.

THE workings of Nature in her profoundest laboratories are, it has been justly observed, concealed from us. It is true that science teaches us that the metallic bases of the earths, which constitute the solid crust of the globe, are combustible when exposed to the action of air or water, and their oxyds give birth to quartz or silex, to feldspar and clay, to lime, and to other rocky bases, and it is therefore presumed that these substances may exist in their metallic form in the center of the earth; but this is as yet conjectural; nor does such a theory precisely account for all the phenomena of volcanoes, or the production of certain simple combustible bodies, as sulphur, fluor, or phthore, and others; possibly, however, because their metallic bases have not yet been eliminated. But, granting all this, still the real fact itself, and the manner in which volcanic action is actually brought about, have not yet been unfolded to us, although now so readily conjectured at.

The results of volcanic action are, however, every where present. The mighty forces of subterranean agency are to be seen in the inclined strata and disturbed disposition of the sedimentary rock formations almost all over the earth's surface, and elsewhere in the heaving up of islands or mountains from the abyss, or the crumbling them to atoms, or the emission

of smoke, flames, cinders, and lava from their ignivomous mouths, or in the vents established by their own forces between the interior and the exterior.

In Mexico vast revolutions have been effected by volcanic agency; the cyclopean forges are, indeed, for the most part cold, but the subterranean forces are not every where extinct, and occasionally burst forth here or there, committing the most extensive ravages, or convulsing the earth with terrific spasms.

In the south a succession of volcanoes, passing from Oajaca through Chiapas, are connected with the burning mountains of Guatemala. Cempoaltepec, one of the loftiest points of the Cordilleras of Oajaca, is a volcanic cone; the frequent earthquakes on the plateaus of Oajaca always appear at the same time as those of Guatemala, so that a complete assemblage of volcanic agencies would appear to exist there.

The chief range of the Mexican volcanoes lies between the nineteenth and twentieth degrees of north latitude, and may be traced from the Atlantic to the South Sea, across the whole country. Near the gulf-shores, about sixty miles from Vera Cruz, the isolated mountain-range of Tustla, or San Martin, rears itself above the plain. It is evident that the whole range must have swollen up like a vast bladder, and subsequently

have been cleft by repeated eruptions and fallings in. The highest point is about three thousand feet above the sea; several craters are visible, and also a round, very deep lake of fresh water, on a little plateau on the south-west side, indicating a sunken hollow. The last recorded eruption of this volcano took place in 1789. It was preceded by an earthquake and subterranean thunder. A vast cloud of ashes was cast up to an incredible height, and carried off by the current of air that sets in from east to west. The ashes lay several inches deep in the streets and on the roofs of houses in towns situated twenty miles to the west, and even on the opposite side of the mountain, eight miles off, in the village of Perote, every thing was covered with ashes. Since then the volcano has been at rest, but sounds as of distant thunder have been heard in the depths. The natives then say, "The Tustla growls!" The dwellers in the Tustla itself, however, aver that the sounds come from the direction of the Peak of Orizava, and call it the thunder of Orizava. It is hence deduced that a subterranean communication exists between the two mountains, a circumstance rendered all the more probable, not only by several volcanic summits rising up on the line, but also by the fact that earthquakes are felt most distinctly in the same direction.

Orizava, the loftiest mountain of the eastern chain, exhibits at the first glance its volcanic origin; it forms a majestic cone, whilst on the magnificent snowy peak, somewhat to the east of the highest ridge, the vast crater is distinctly seen. An eruption that lasted almost without interruption for twenty years took place fifty years after the arrival of the Spaniards in Mexico, in 1569, but it does not appear to have been accompanied by a discharge of lava. The opinion which was entertained in the following centuries that the ascent of the mountain was impossible, is supposed by some to be derived from the long duration of this eruption.

In 1848 some North-American officers were said to have attained the summit, but Sartorius, in his excellent work on *Mexico and the Mexicans*, says that no one in the country believed it. Three years later, on the twenty-sixth of March, 1851, a party of eighteen young men undertook the ascent. They passed the

night at the point where vegetation ceases, and next day they reached the ice, where the perilous part of their enterprise began, by sunrise. After a short struggle, one half of the party, which comprised various nationalities, (two Frenchmen, one Englishman, one American, one Belgian, and thirteen Mexicans,) gave up the attempt and returned exhausted. Six of them succeeded in reaching a ridge of rocks, about half-way up to the snowy cone, on the north side, whence the ascent took place, and which can be perceived from the sea. Here they rested, enjoyed the prospect, and then returned.

One of the Frenchmen, however—Alexandre Doignon by name—reached the highest point, after a further fatiguing ascent of five hours and a half. He described the day as being perfectly clear, the air pure and transparent, and not the slightest cloud obscuring the lowlands. To the east the blue surface of the Atlantic and Vera Cruz were distinctly seen; the whole of the coast and the bright prairies; the towns of Orizava and Cordova, St. Juan, Huatusco and Jalapa, the indented mountain-chain, stretching north and south, and the table-lands, with their numerous villages and lakes, bounded by the snowy range of Popocatepetl, constituted an immense landscape that extended before the astonished gaze of the intrepid traveler like a gigantic drawing.

The crater he described as lying something to the south-east of the highest point, and as being some hundred feet lower down. He also found at its edge a flag-staff, six feet long, bearing the date 1848, and part of a North-American flag, affording proof that the honor of having made the first ascent is due to the Americans. Only two of Doignon's companions, Majorus, a Belgian, and Contreras, a Mexican, reached the edge of the crater, and they were completely exhausted; the rarity of the atmosphere rendered respiration exceedingly difficult, and blood flowing from their mouths, they were soon forced to return. Severe headache and extremely painful inflammation of the eyes, lasted long after the descent. The elevation of the peak was estimated upon this occasion by boiling-point thermometer, to be eighteen thousand one hundred and seventy-eight feet.

The inhabitants of the little town of St. Andres Chalchicomula, on the west side

of the volcano, having doubted the truth of Doignon's story, he was incited to venture on a second ascent a week subsequent to the first, or on the fourth of April, 1851. He was accompanied on this occasion by a number of Mexicans, who, however, gave up the undertaking the moment they reached the snow. This time the ascent was attended with great risk. Fresh snow had fallen and covered the former track, the chasms and fissures were concealed by it, and our adventurer sank in at almost every step, carrying with him a flagstaff, as also a large flag, which he had wound about his body like a scarf.

Having attained the pile of rocks that jut out of the snow in safety, he here unfortunately missed his way, and getting more to the eastward, or on the left side, than the first time, he found his progress impeded by an enormous chasm twenty-five feet wide and four hundred deep, and consisting within of terrace-like masses of ice. This chasm extended about half a league in a semi-circle. Some fragile bridges of ice affording the only means of passage, Doignon ventured over these, but even then he met with and had to cross several other dangerous fissures, in doing which he had to encounter the greatest dangers. When just nearing the summit, a steep wall of ice interposed itself between him and the accomplishment of his hopes. Calling forth all his remaining energies, exhausted, trembling, every moment in peril of being precipitated into the abyss, he at length surmounted this last obstacle, and was able then to rest for a time.

At first our adventurer was shrouded in a dense fog, which, however, soon fell below the snowy cone. To the north-east he perceived a succession of isolated rocks, several hundred feet high, rising like a ruined wall. The snow extended to the edge of the crater, within which, on the north side, were deep fissures reaching to the top. A rock at the edge of the crater, fifteen feet thick, is described as being quite hot, as was the soil round the same, and even the ground is said to have trembled slightly at this spot, but it was more probably the spectator. There was no snow, only sand and volcanic ashes. A powerful smell of sulphur is also described as proving the ceaseless activity of the fire within, and both the interior of the crater and the highest westerly point of the mountain (which we shall find Baron de Müller justly designating as the upper

walls of the crater) were covered with sulphur, the soil being also heated. Several rocks were also glazed on the surface, (vitreous lava, or obsidian,) but within they were whitish, like burnt lime. The crater itself had an oval shape, with two inlets to the south and east. (This is also corroborated by Baron Müller.) The diameter at the top was estimated by Doignon at about two thousand metres, and the circumference six thousand five hundred. (Müller's estimate coincides closely with this, being six thousand metres.)

This great crater presented a terrific abyss, with almost perpendicular sides, furrowed by black burnt fissures. "We look down," says the narrator, "into a fearful gulf, which on the east side may be about five hundred and fifty feet deep. In this gulf enormous black pyramidal rocks are seen, dividing into three openings, two smaller ones to the south, the larger one to the east. On the north side, about one hundred and fifty feet from the edge of the crater, a gigantic black cleft rocky pyramid rises to the height of more than four hundred feet. From the large opening to the east, volumes of steam, strongly impregnated with sulphur, constantly rise as from a flue. A low rumbling is heard in the depths, causing a feeling of anxiety in the lifeless wilderness." The sides of the crater to the west and south-west were less steep, and covered with snow.

Doignon had planted his flag on the loftiest pinnacle, but a brisk ice-wind made him fear that it had been overthrown. He therefore once more returned to the summit, and believed, for a time, that he should be forced to pass the night at the foot of the warm rocks; the wind falling, however, he commenced his descent at four o'clock in the afternoon. He had to clamber downward amidst wondrous perils, having been actually reduced in places to feel his way from the darkness in which he was enveloped. Happily at eight o'clock he joined his companions at the foot of the glaciers. His great exertions in the snow-fields were succeeded by a night of much pain, and by a recurrence of the inflammation of the eyes which was severer than the first time. In a few days he was recovered, and the gallant young man was honored with a splendid banquet, and even valuable presents were made him by the inhabitants of St. Andres Chalchicomula, who were cured of

their incredulity by seeing the banner waving above the peak.

This, it is to be observed, was in March and April, 1851. A still more recent ascent has been effected at a different season of the year, in the month of August, 1856, by Baron Müller, who had only arrived that month at Vera Cruz from an exploring journey in Canada and the United States.

The learned traveler issued forth from the small town of Orizava to effect the ascent on the morning of the thirtieth of August, accompanied by Mr. A., a Swedish gentleman, Malmström, and a graduate of the University of Berlin.

The party, provided with all that was necessary for their undertaking, took the direction of the volcano across narrow but rapid streams and barancas—the terrible chasms or ravines that intersect the uplands—and which they found difficult to cross even with the aid of the well-trained Mexican horses. They arrived the first day at the hacienda, or farm of Toquila, near San Juan Coscomatepes, where they passed the night, and laid in a further stock of provisions. Beyond this they reached the Indian village of Alpatlahua, where they obtained native guides, who led them by rocky pathways along the beds of torrents and over rocky crests, but still amidst a luxuriant vegetation.

The plain, says the Baron, was now far below us, the lightning flashed and the thunder rolled beneath our feet, for we had attained an elevation of two thousand six hundred and sixty metres. At this elevation vegetation had changed its aspect, creepers and climbers had disappeared, but the orchideæ still clung to the trees. After passing the night in a rancho, or shepherd's hut, they made an early start on the morning of the first of September, and soon reached the region of pines. They passed on their way numerous crosses raised to the memory of travelers who had fallen victims to banditti or to the climate. It is the custom with wayfarers to scatter flowers over the tombs of these unfortunate persons. By nine in the morning they arrived at the rancho of Grecale, three thousand three hundred metres above the level of the sea. The road kept increasing in difficulty, and was now intersected by horrible barancas.

"At ten and a half," says Baron Müller, we reached the end of the baranca of Trinchera, and the sources of the Rio de

la Soledad. Not far from thence was the rancho of Jamapa, the aim of that day's excursion: it consisted of a few wooden huts, the proprietor of which, a Mexican in rags, received us with the most polished dignity, placing every thing at our disposal—that is to say, a hut which served as a barn, and which he hospitably announced to us to be an holstery. We, however, refreshed ourselves at this station, washing down our meals with *lata-lan*, (a strong Spanish brandy,) and sleeping soundly. The next day, on our departure, we saw the colossal head of the volcano glittering with the reflected light of the sun in an azure blue sky. Soon vegetation ceased entirely, we were surrounded by nothing but rocks of gneiss, of trachyte, and of hornblende, with volcanic sand and cinders."

At eleven the travelers arrived at the base of the peak properly so called. The view to the westward is described as being magnificent; the Popocatepetl and the Malinche towered out of the lofty upland of Mexico, whose surface seemed to be dotted with lakes that glittered like so many precious stones. To the east the landscape was buried in fog and cloud. A sharp wind gave additional intensity to the cold, and the Indian guides were dispatched into a forest below to bring up wood to construct a hut and make a fire. They did this with great alacrity. A lofty rock of granite served as a gable; another of less dimensions filled up one of the sides; the opposite corner was supported by a stake made firm with stones, for the soil was too hard frozen to permit of a hole being made in it; the cross-beams were made fast with ropes, and the whole was covered with straw matting.

Although a little too airy, this rustic mansion protected the travelers from the excess of cold. But the rarefied atmosphere rendered their breathing frequent and irregular, and all were more or less feverish, and suffering from headache. The elevation they had attained already exceeded that of Mont Blanc. The thermometer indicated ten degrees below zero—a temperature which contrasted singularly with the twenty-nine degrees of heat experienced a short time previously in the *terra caliente*. The hut was surrounded at night-time by wolves attracted by the odor of good things.

Next morning the party made their last

preparations for the ascent of the peak. Laden with provisions and with astronomical and meteorological instruments, provided with thick green leaves of fern, and armed with Alpine staves and hooks, they started with a slow and steady step at seven in the morning. Their way lay at first over loose soil, with here and there a patch of snow, after which they had to climb over rocky boulders and huge detached stones, amid deep crevices and ravines. Arrived at this point, one of the guides declared that he would go no further, so they had to leave him behind, and to carry the instruments themselves.

After two hours of the most painful toil, they had attained an elevation of only three hundred and sixty yards above whence they had started, and had reached the line of perpetual snow. At this point the second guide gave in, and the travelers had to carry his share of the burden by turns. The ascent was so abrupt that they did not advance more than eight or ten feet in twenty-five paces, and after each such exertion they had to rest themselves awhile. The brilliant light reflected from the snow added to their discomfort by dazzling their eyes and affecting the sight. This snow was covered with a thin coating of ice, which often gave way beneath their feet.

"We were nearing the crater," Baron Müller relates, "when I heard Malmstö call out from behind. I turned round, and saw that he had sunk into the snow up to his armpits; and at the very moment one of my legs broke through the ice deep into the snow below. I, however, succeeded in getting to Malmstö, when he showed me the hole he had fallen into. I shall never forget the impression made upon me by the sight. I felt a cold perspiration pervade my whole body. We were, in fact, standing over a vast abyss, from which we were separated by only a thin coating of snow and ice. It was in vain that the eyes sought for indications of rock or soil, columns of ice and crystals filled the depths beyond, and the abyss, instead of being dark, was splendidly lit up by some subterranean or subnival source of light—probably the sun's rays that fell upon the snow. Fear paralyzed our every movement. After having raised ourselves up with the utmost caution, we spread out our arms, at all risks, over the snow, and then we let ourselves slide slowly down. After having thus descended some hun-

dred paces, we arrived at a spot that appeared to be firm. There we held a deliberation, for it was necessary to determine by which side it was best to turn the abyss in order to reach the crater." But suddenly a strong wind arose, and bore up thick clouds, which so enveloped them that they could not see one another at a distance of three paces. It was impossible to ascend any further in such a snow-storm, so that they were obliged to retrace their steps without guides or provisions, for in saving themselves from the abyss they had unfortunately let the provision-basket fall.

They arrived at four in the afternoon at the extemporized hut where they had spent the previous evening. This night was still more painful and distressing than the previous one. The determination of blood to the head injected their eyes till they were quite red, and an inflammation, attended with the most severe pain, manifested itself in the instance of Sonntag and Malmstö, and what was their horror, when daylight came, to find that they were perfectly blind! Their eyelids were glued by a kind of earthy humor, and even when that was removed, they could scarcely discern the light of day. As a culminating point of their misfortunes, the provisions were exhausted, while an Indian added to their discomfort by announcing that a numerous band of robbers were awaiting them in the woody zone below.

All these untoward circumstances combined, induced Baron Müller to attempt the passage to the west, toward San Andres Chalchicomula. As the Orizava approaches nearest to the high upland of Mexico on that side, the travelers would have two thousand metres less distance to go to reach the table-land. They had to lead the blind across a most difficult country covered with rolled stones and volcanic cinders, till, after an hour's toil, they reached the limits of vegetation, and soon afterward the shelter of a fine pine-forest.

The farther they got down the denser the forest became, but the silence of the dark and gloomy recesses was broken by innumerable parrots that find sustenance in the fir-cones. Now and then an opening presented itself which allowed the green pastures that flank the blue mountains of the Mexican table-land to be discerned. A cross raised over a mound

of fresh earth bore a record upon it of the death of between twenty and thirty individuals at that spot. It was a melancholy relic of the last pronunciamiento. Long after civil war has been brought to a conclusion in this unfortunate country, bands of partisans continue to infest the roads and commit robberies under the shelter of politics.

After having traversed a cultivated plain enlivened here and there by ranchos, our travelers reached the small town of San Andres Chalchicomula the same evening. Sundry washings, performed near an aqueduct, upon the eyes of the sufferers, had enabled them to see a little better.

From information which they obtained at this place, it appeared that the ascent of the mountain was much more practicable from the south, and Baron Müller was determined to try again forthwith. But, notwithstanding a few days' repose, M. Malmström and M. Sonntag were too ill to join him; two other persons, however—Mr. Campbell, an inspector of telegraphs, and M. de la Huerta—volunteered to accompany him.

The Citaltepetl, "the mountain of the star," as the Indians call the Orizaba, or, as some have it, Orizaba, was enveloped in dense clouds the morning of the eighth of September, 1856, Baron Müller relates, when he bade farewell to his friends, and left San Andres Chalchicomula amidst the good wishes of the inhabitants.

"Two courageous and experienced Indians, whose services had been obtained for me by the prefect, had been sent on beforehand in order to lay in provisions of wood and water, and deposit the same in a grotto that was situated on the south side of the mountain, just below the limits of perpetual snow, and where we were to spend the first night. My party was composed of Mr. Campbell, M. de la Huerta, and two attendants, all four on horseback; and we had, beside, a mule laden with provisions.

"Starting with spirit, we soon attained a table-land, the surface of which was diversified by a great number of volcanic hills of little elevation, and beyond which were fine forests of pine and fir; but our way was not more obstructed by fallen trees than it was by occasional deep ravines and the necessity there was for following the most impracticable and dangerous pathways.

"At about five in the evening, as we

were thus toiling along the side of a baranca, the horse that bore M. Huerta lost its footing, and fell. He was near me, and as he fell on a small, smooth rock, I expected to see him hurled into the depths of the abyss below; but the Mexican horses are extraordinarily sagacious, and the poor brute extricated itself and its rider from their perilous position with marvelous promptitude and address. Without even excepting the Arab horses, I know of no better steeds for traveling purposes than the Mexican. They are also well made, of good shape, intelligent, and exceedingly faithful and obedient."

It was late at night before our travelers reached the grotto. It was not dark, however, the firmament being lit up by a tropical moon.

"Our little party," says the Baron, "presented at that moment so picturesque a group, that it really ravished me. Although I had been disillusionized of romance by my numerous travels, the spectacle of that evening was well adapted to arouse the dreams of the most capricious fancy. A clear fire blazed away at the entrance of the grotto and lit up the interior, the projections of rock casting dark and strange shadows into the semi-obscurity. Drops of water fell like diamonds from the roof on the floor. The Indians, and other attendants with their Mexican costumes, were busy with the horses, that were left ready saddled, and we ourselves, with our traveling accouterments and glittering arms, rather resembled bandits than peaceful travelers.

"Without the grotto, the spectacle of nature had a majesty about it that produced a deep impression upon our minds. The moon shone mildly to the south-east, and its light penetrated through the dark pines; to the west, the gigantic volcano, almost veiled in fog, reflected the rays of the moon, and it appeared even more majestic than ever by that mysterious light."

The preparations for the ascent were commenced by the earliest dawn on the ensuing day, and, after an hour's toil, they reached the last limits of vegetation, and then the zone of perpetual snow. The horses were so thoroughly done up, that they had to be sent back to the grotto.

"The atmosphere," says Baron Müller, "was so rarefied that our poor steeds could scarcely inhale a sufficient quanti-

ty of oxygen, and their breathing was as deep and difficult, as if they had galloped a long stage. The men were also sensible of the same influence, but birds seem to be indifferent to it, for here, at an elevation of five thousand five hundred yards, I saw two falcons playing in the air full seven hundred yards above me."

The travelers arrived without any incidents at the fields of snow, out of which pieces of rock jutted here and there, and helped them much in their scramble upward. By noon they had attained a little platform covered with snow. This point, which presented a smooth surface of a few feet square, was the last where there was any possibility of reposing themselves before reaching the volcano, so they accordingly rested here a few moments to refresh themselves.

"Below us," says the Baron, "in a south-westerly direction, we could see a red-hot crater surrounded by serrated and perpendicular rocks. I estimated the height of its most elevated peak, called the Cerro del Mono, at four thousand three hundred metres. In the direction of the Valle de Lobos, where we passed the night, was the Sierra Negra, which was not covered with snow, although it must exceed four thousand eight hundred feet in elevation. Hence its name, the 'Black Mountain.'

"The ascent was recommenced after a quarter of an hour's rest, but the depths of the snow presented extraordinary obstacles to our progress. We went up to our knees at every step, and as the slope generally exceeded an angle of forty-five degrees, we had to crawl on all-fours. The chief difficulty was to breathe, and we could not get over twenty or twenty-five paces without rest. Spite of a veil and of green spectacles, my eyes suffered this time; but even the pain derived from that affliction was surpassed by an attack I experienced at about two o'clock. It came on like the sensation of a red-hot iron searing my lungs, and from that moment, every time I took a breath, I experienced agonizing pains in the chest, and which, with intervals of relief, became so acute at times as to leave me perfectly senseless. My two friends and the Indian guides were so terrified at the intensity of the attacks, that they wished to return, but I would not consent to that."

The sun had at least warmed the travelers up to that time, but the heavens coming on clouded, they now began to experience a sharp cold. Sometimes a wall of snow presented itself in front of them, which they had great difficulty in turning. A violent storm then broke far beneath them, the thunder of which was only like so many cracks. They now began to feel alike wearied and discouraged, the day was already far advanced, the summit was still far off, and the Indian guides refused to go any farther. Even the companions of the Baron began to lose courage. It was only upon the latter's declaring that, if left alone, he would still persevere in the ascent, that they consented to remain with him. In order to render their progress less irksome, one of the Indian guides was sent with a long knotted rope in advance; this he fastened with a stick tightly into the ice, and then the travelers pulled themselves up from knot to knot. But the Baron's pains in his chest continued as bad as ever, and were now followed by the loss of blood and fainting-fits. A last annoyance was reserved for the travelers in the shape of a very fine frozen snow that had begun to fall, and crept into their clothes and to their very flesh. It was not till after unheard-of efforts, and the most indomitable perseverance, that, almost utterly exhausted, and yet full of a firm resolve to succeed, the Baron attained the brim of the crater at forty-five minutes past five in the afternoon.

"Success had crowned my efforts," says M. de Müller, "and my joy was so great, that for a moment I forgot all my sufferings, but I was soon recalled to a sense of my weakness by a fainting-fit and the pouring forth of torrents of blood from my mouth.

"When I came to myself again I was still on the borders of the crater, and I summoned together all my strength to look around me and observe as much as I could. I proximatively determined the form of the crater; but my weakness was so great, and the fall of snow continued so dense, that I could not fix its precise circumference with the aid of a sextant. Nor was it in my power to make a topographical survey of the regions below, for nothing could be plainly discerned.

"The crater has an irregular elliptical form; its chief axis is from west-north-west to east-south-east, but it curves a

little more to the southward; its length may be about two thousand five hundred metres. Two other axes, running nearly from north to south, have very different lengths: the greatest to the east is about five hundred French yards; the lesser one to the west about one hundred and fifty yards. I estimate the whole circumference of the volcano at six thousand metres.

"The extent of this circumference is perfectly incomprehensible to any one who contemplates the mountain from below from the north-west or south-west; the summit appears much too small to possess so capacious a crater; but, from above, it is seen that the mouth of the crater has a considerable slope in the direction of the south-east, and that at once explains the deception. That which is taken as viewed from the sea, from Vera Crnz, from Cordova, and from Orizava, for a perpendicular wall situated without the crater, is nothing else than the internal lining of the crater itself.

"My pen fails me in attempting to depict the appearance presented by this great crater, or the impression that it produced upon me. It was as the gateway to the infernal regions closely guarded by Night and Terror personified. What terrible power has been evoked to raise and break up such enormous masses, to melt them, to pile them up one upon another, tower-like, till they cooled in such a position and retained their existing shapes!

"A bed of yellow sulphur covered the inner walls at different places, and little volcanic cones rose out of the bottom. The soil of the crater was, however, mostly clad with snow as far as I could see, and was not therefore warm; but the Indians assured me that a warm air issues from the crevices in various places. Although I did not verify their statement, it appears to me all the more credible, as I have frequently observed the same thing to be the case in the Popocatepetl.

"A project which I had entertained from the first of passing the night upon the crater had, by the force of imperious circumstances, been superseded. Twilight, which, as is well known, is under such latitudes very brief, had already set in, and there was no alternative but to return at once. The two Indian guides rolled the *petates*, or straw mats, which they had brought with them, into the

shape of a kind of sleigh or sledge; we then took our seats upon these, and spreading out our legs, had nothing to do but let the vehicles thus extemporized glide down. But, as may be imagined, the rapidity with which we were thus hurried along soon increased to such an extent, that our descent resembled rather a fall in the air than any other system of locomotion; and we were carried in a few minutes over the same distance that had taken us five hours to climb up."

Arrived at the limit of perpetual snow, after having effected their dangerous descent, which the Baron designates as a *schulte*, not without some slight accidents and still more serious perils, our travelers had to accomplish the remainder of their journey on foot. At half-past eight they were cheered by the vision of the fire burning in the grotto of the Valle de Lopus, and they were safely ensconced in it an hour afterward.

"The scene," says M. de Müller, "was singularly changed since the previous evening. The snow had fallen in every direction, and the floor of the grotto had been converted into mud by the increased quantity of water that had filtered into it. Our clothes were also wet through and through, and yet our eyes were so bad that we durst not approach the fire. All we cared for, after fourteen hours' arduous toil, was to lie down and repose ourselves. So we took off the greater portion of our clothes, and let the Indians dry them at the fire, whilst we sought refuge, half-naked, in the driest corners of the grotto. Water was, at the same time, being boiled, so as to make a strong decoction of tea mixed with wine. An hour afterward we had had our tea, our clothes were partially dried, and so happy did we feel, compared with the dangers we had just surmounted, that we slept better than princes buried in sheets of cambric.

"Our sleep was broken next morning by a cheerful sun. The snow of the previous evening was in great part molten, and, strengthened by a good sleep and a good chocolate, we took the road that we had followed on our ascent. About two in the afternoon, as we were approaching San Andres Chalchicomula, I was surprised at seeing the whole population of the town coming out with music and banners to congratulate us on our success. One of our Indian guides had started off from

the grotto of Valle de Lopus by a short cut and with a quick step, and had spread the news of our successful ascent some time before." After having briefly reposed themselves, Mr. Campbell and M. de la Huerta went to the prefect, and made an affidavit as to the positive ascent having been accomplished.

The affidavit was so far correct, but we have seen that the worthy Baron was mistaken when he supposed that he was the first person who had effected an ascent of the Peak of Orizava. The very details which he gives serve to corroborate the correctness of the descriptions given by those who preceded him. The abyss over which he and M. Malmström found themselves suspended by a thin coating of snow, and which defeated their first attempt at ascending the peak, seems to have been the same "enormous chasm" that is described by Doignon as extending about half a league in a semicircle, and which the French traveler crossed on a fragile bridge of ice. We have also before noticed other corroborations. It is only surprising that the authorities and inhabitants of San Andres Chalchicomula should have left the Baron and his friends in ignorance of the previous successful ascents made, and the last of which they rewarded by their acclamations and their presents.

According to Doignon's measurement, the height of the Peak of Orizava is eighteen thousand one hundred and seventy-eight feet English; Ferrar found it to be seventeen thousand eight hundred and eighty-five feet; and the North-American engineers, seventeen thousand eight hundred and nineteen feet. Baron Müller estimated the height at five thousand five hundred and twenty-seven metres, and "I think," he adds, "I can affirm that no one had the curiosity to explore the summit before us." This estimated height approximates to those previously obtained, and if we adopt the least of the calculations, it would appear that Orizava is the highest point of the Mexican Andes.

These ascents, and especially Doignon's, which were accomplished under more favorable circumstances and with less exhaustion than Baron Müller's, afford proof that the subterranean fire in this volcano, or rather the sources whence its volcanic action are derived, are not extinguished or exhausted, and that the lurking monster, like Etna and Vesuvius, may again

terrify those dwelling on or near it, even after a lapse of three centuries.

The base of the giant is likewise surrounded for a considerable distance with smaller volcanoes. To the north-east and east we see a whole group of blunted cones between steep calcareous mountains, some of which have cast up lava, others mud and ashes; at all events, the last appears to be distinctly indicated in the strata of the sloping plain, stretching eastward from the base of the volcanic mountain Acatepec. To the south and south-east are various craters, hot sulphur-springs, and springs which burst forth from rocky cavities like brooks. The course of the streams has also been much altered by volcanic action. Two rivers, which rise on the east side of Orizava, suddenly disappear. The larger one, Jamapa, plunges into a fissure on the right bank of a deep ravine, and reappears three miles farther off, on the other side of a range of limestone mountains, not in the ravine, but issuing from a cave more to the south. From the point where the river quits it, the bed of the ravine is dry. The other, called Thiapa, after foaming as a raging torrent over the rocks, disappears near Cordova, at the western base of a range of hills, and then reappears as a deep vortex in a steep rocky inlet near the mountain-pass of Chiquiluite, at a distance of two miles on the east side. This rivulet has, further, the peculiarity that the chief source, which is high up in the pine-forests of Orizava, has milk-white, lukewarm water in winter, whilst in the rainy season it is clear and very cold.

On the west side of the Peak of Orizava, toward the table-lands, several volcanic appearances are also met with. Sulphureous vapors rise from a shrubless hill. The Indians use these warm sulphur exhalations to obtain vapor-baths. They dig pits three feet deep, and as many wide, then sit down in them and cover up the top, so as to leave the head free. Not far off there is also a group of mountains called Los Derrumbatos, one of which is cleft, and frequently belches forth flame.

In the plain at the foot of Orizava, toward the west, near the village of Aljojuca, is a crater filled with water, which tastes rather brackish, but can still be used for drinking. This round pool is about one eighth of a mile in circumfer-

ence, with perpendicular rocky sides. A path made by the ancient Indians leads down into the hollow. Farther on, the steep cones of Pizarro and Tepeyacualco rear their summits above the plain, and a mass of lava serves them for a pedestal.

It is pretty generally admitted by geologists that, as expounded at length by the illustrious Humboldt, the forces of volcanic action are undergoing diminution. Every thing tends to show that the crust of the globe has gone through changes which are gradually arriving at a certain point of consistency. But there are speculations which militate against this view of the subject. It is, for example, supposed that in the constant march of creation and disintegration, the great alluvial beds deposited by rivers, and the vast lythophytic or coralline growths in the Pacific, remain to be tilted up from below by volcanic action before they can take their place, some future day, as islands or continents. Be this as it may, and even granting the limitation of volcanic action, there is nothing to show that the country now in question may not yet be some day the seat of some terrific convulsions of nature, and yet these may be, comparatively speaking, slight, as contrasted with such as have preceded them. Further, were eruptions to ensue upon such efforts of nature to relieve itself, they would, from what has been previously noted, be more likely to occur in the table-lands, the sides of mountains, or in lesser ranges, than from the crater of Orizava.

As this lofty volcano has been succeeded by smaller volcanoes and other cones and craters, as above described, so it appears to have itself succeeded its ancient rival Naucampatepetl, or the Coffin of Perote, in the principal mountain chain, and which appears to have been in part destroyed by lateral eruptions, that have occurred at an epoch posterior to when it was itself an active volcano, just as we see going on in the present day with regard to Mount Vesuvius. On the north side of the mountain is the so-called Mal Pais, a broad stream of lava, nearly ten miles in length, whose glazed scoriaceous mass bears every indication of a molten state, while the pumice-stones, scattered far and wide, distinctly prove that a discharge took place in that direction. The mountain is most shattered on the south-

east side, where it has an appearance as though an explosion from the summit to the base had hurled one whole side of the crater to the east. The whole form of the crater and the destruction of the mountain are best seen at certain heights of the sun, when the lights and shade are distinctly brought out. A beautiful plain, remarkable for its great fertility, was produced at its base by this falling in, as also by the streams of lava and the discharges of ashes and mud. The mightiest trees flourish there, and for more than a century maize has been annually sown in the same ground without manuring.

The perpendicular rocky walls, from a thousand to two thousand feet high, of the profound barancas, ravines, or chasms, which every where intersect this region, also enable us to form some idea of the might of volcanic ravages. They are compact masses of firm conglomerate, with larger or smaller fragments of basalt, or a jumble of volcanic tufa. The upper covering is argillaceous of all colors, but mostly ferruginous, and wherever water can exert its influence, iserine, or crystals of magnetic iron, are washed out in great quantities, as in other countries similarly circumstanced. The breaking up of these mountains must have happened at a very remote period, for horizontal stratification may be observed, or at all events divisions into separate stories, marking, probably, different epochs of eruption and cataclysm, and there are deep caves and grottos at their base.

It only remains to be remarked that the lofty Popocatepetl, (seventeen thousand seven hundred and seventy-three feet,) though quiescent, is still active, and close by it is the snow-mountain Iztaccihuatl, which bears the same relation to Popocatepetl as the Coffin of Perote does to Orizava: it is a ruined flue of the same furnace. Nearer to the Pacific two more volcanoes are still active, namely, Jorullo and Colima, the latter since the earliest known periods, the other a recent production of the mighty subterranean fires, which in the middle of the last century called forth terror and dismay on all sides. It is not impossible that this line of volcanic country, stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific, indicates an occasional subterranean connection or filtration between the two oceans.

COMPREHENSIVE HISTORY OF ENGLAND.*

In the literature of any people, the first place must be given to their national history. Such a history, if it be worthy of the name, must have for its chief object to bring into view the social, intellectual, and moral development of the people; to place in its true light their manly struggle for freedom and independence, rather than the intrigues of courts and cabinets; to show the progress of the peaceful arts, rather than the strides of conquest and the spoils of war; to set forth the workings of a free and spiritual Christianity, rather than the platform of any particular ecclesiastical polity. If history be a mirror in which we see the past, and if it be impossible for us to break the link which connects us with the ages and the men who have gone before, then it is at least worthy of remembrance, that the past has given its impression to the present, to ourselves, our institutions, our government, our literature, our religion, and our morality; so that the new is but a farther and fuller development of the old. Never, therefore, did Schleiermacher utter a more profound truth than when he said, that "whatever makes its appearance in any department of history as an individual momentum, is capable of being viewed either as a sudden organization, or as a gradual development and further progress." All national life and progress has its origin in the individual mind. The advancement of the race is dependent on a few master-minds, and these confined to no rank or condition of life. Nor can we refrain from adding that, but for the principle of supreme selfishness, and the obstructive tendency of all class

interests, how different would have been the history of nations! Happily for our age, and happily for the ages yet to come, the spirit of progress, governed and directed by a Power that is omnipotent and irresistible, is conducting the historic life of the world into a new channel altogether, and in which it is destined to flow in ever-deepening force and fullness. So that if history be what Cromwell said, in the years long ago, it was "God manifesting himself," then, just as we can view it in this light, and as a whole—as one grand unity—embracing all nations and all events, and running on to one great final consummation, can its study be either intelligible or interesting.

After a careful examination of *The Comprehensive History of England*, which now lies before us, we are free to acknowledge that, to a large extent, it meets our idea, and fulfills our expectation. We have taken some of the more critical periods in our national life and development to test the fidelity of the authors, and, with a very few exceptions, we have found them quite equal to their arduous task. At the same time we are not prepared to say that the unfortunate, unhappy Mary, Queen of Scots, has received the justice which she deserves at their hands. Let any one read her Letters and Memoirs by the Prince Alexandre Labanoff, and how different will be the estimate of her character! With all her Popish prejudices and predilections, she was a deeply-injured woman. If her amorous connections and matrimonial alliances be incapable of defense, equally indefensible is the conduct of those who, instead of standing by her in her weakness and her wrongs, first deceived her, and then hunted her to death. We are not the apologists of Mary's life and character; but we claim for her even-handed justice from the pen of every historian. The conduct of Elizabeth toward this unhappy woman can

**The Comprehensive History of England; Civil and Military, Religious, Intellectual, and Social. From the earliest period to the Suppression of the Sepoy Revolt.* By CHARLES MACPARKLAND and the Rev. THOMAS THOMSON. Illustrated by above One Thousand Engravings. In Four Volumes. London: Blackie & Son, Paternoster Row; and Glasgow and Edinburgh. 1861.

never be forgotten; and it has left a deep, dark blot on her memory, which time can never efface. We know of no words in our mother-tongue strong enough to express the duplicity, treachery, and cruelty of the great Virgin Queen toward the lovely daughter of the fifth James. For nearly twenty years, and without the shadow of pretense, she kept Mary a prisoner, and during her imprisonment treated her with every possible indignity. She then brought her to a public trial, and accepted evidence on which the life of a dog might not have been suspended. After sentence of death was passed, she was afraid to carry it into execution, and encouraged a private assassination. To remove all blame from herself, she employed her ministers to lead on the guard and keepers of the royal prisoner to perpetrate the deed; and when these latter instinctively shrank from taking the life of Mary, she upbraided them with weakness and infidelity. She then turned a deaf ear to the intercession of a son on behalf of his mother, denied the condemned Queen the offices of a priest, and suffered her to go to the scaffold the victim of her jealousy and revenge. After the execution, she hypocritically affected that Mary had been put to death without her knowledge, and against her inclination; imprisoned and fined her secretary Davidson, under pretense of having exceeded his commission; sent a special ambassador to James, to apologize for this "unhappy accident," and feigned her grief in sighs and the outward garb of mourning. Never were professions more hollow! Never was woman's conduct more heartless! We have no wish to depreciate the virtues of Elizabeth, as the sovereign and the mother of her country; but her treatment of Mary will remain as a blot on her character and her reign till time shall be no more. Nor can we dispossess ourselves of the thought that, if Mary had not been so conscientiously and inalienably attached to the Romish communion, Scotland would never have suffered her to be so treated by any sovereign on earth. We have no faith in Popery; but still less have we faith in persecution on the ground of religious belief. It is possible that a man's theological creed may lead him to political wrong-doing, and in punishing the wrong-doing his creed may appear to suffer; but

the distinction is eternal between what is civil and what is sacred; and, had this distinction not been overlooked, we think that the lovely and accomplished Queen of the Scots would never have come to so melancholy an end.

In speaking of the suppression of feudalism in England as leading to an increase of the royal authority, as "the inevitable result of the destruction, or, at least, the suspension of that middle or balancing power by which the despotism of the king and the democracy of the people had been ultimately held in check," and as involving a conflict which now "lay between the monarch and his subjects,—between the one man who ruled with unchecked and unlimited authority, and the masses who had not yet fully learned their own power, or the mode of using it"—our authors are not slow to admit that the Tudor dynasty well knew how to avail themselves of such an exercise of regal authority. It signally marked the reign of Henry VIII., and not less so that of his high-minded daughter Elizabeth. "Such was the despotism of her rule and the success of her measures, that both Parliament and people were willing to concede to her the same despotic authority that had been granted to her predecessors."

But for this concession, she could never have filled the throne for such a length of years. She was surrounded by those who paid her the most abject adulation; looked upon her as the incarnation of all truth and wisdom—the representative of God himself, if not the embodiment of his essential divinity! Hence the persecution and the wrong, the suffering and the martyrdom which characterized her reign. Hers was a character and a policy with which every historian should faithfully deal. The facts on which that character and policy are founded are patent and incontrovertible, and it is by these we must form our estimate of the Queen. For any such estimate, we look in vain to the volumes before us; and this we deem a defect. History, to be of any value, ought, in every point and particular, to be faithful and true, as just and impartial in dealing with character, as fair and unbiased in dealing with statement. We mean not to infer that our authors have said a single word to give a false impression of Elizabeth's character on the one side or

the other. They have left it just as they found it; and it is of this we complain. While they have left us in no doubt as to the despotism of her rule, they have yet refrained from touching those moral elements of her character which were so conspicuous in her life, and which gave their impression to her court, her subjects, and her age. Her reign was an epoch in English history, and was fraught with immense, incalculable good to the country; but the picture has another side.

To us, the least satisfactory chapter in these volumes is that on Cromwell and the Commonwealth. The state of affairs in the time of the first Charles demands at the hand of every historian the most sifting, searching examination. Nor till this process of investigation is faithfully gone through and finished are we in a position to hail the appearance of Cromwell on the great open stage of life. Then we have to take into account the singularity of the circumstances in which he was placed; the part which he had to perform; the men with whom he had to deal; with the impossibility of maintaining his ground and saving his country otherwise than by arrogating to himself a plenitude and prerogative of power, which, in almost any other circumstances and for any other end, would have been dangerous in the extreme in the hand of any one single man. His only alternative was so to act, or to sacrifice the dearest and most sacred interests of his country. The destinies of England were in his hand; and had he either faltered or failed, the consequences would have been incalculable. Yet he has been publicly reprehended and condemned for the part which he performed in the most eventful crisis in our national existence. Men, either unwilling or unable to realize his position, have traced his whole line of action to the lowest, basest, and most selfish motives. In later years, it is true, he has found an able advocate to defend his name and character; and it may be that the authors of these volumes thought enough had been done by Thomas Carlyle to vindicate the man Cromwell in the judgment of the English people, and of all people, not only now, but in all future time; and hence their comparative silence. Now, if any where, it is on the page of our national history, that the name of Cromwell should be written

in no blurred or blotted characters, in no faint or indistinct terms; but clear and distinct, full, bold, and unmistakable. He had his weak points and assailable, as have all true men; but henceforth no one dare to write him hypocrite, usurper, murderer. It would be a lie in the face of God's bright sun.

To show the spirit which animated the men of that age, scarcely had Charles the Second been restored to the throne, and little more than two years had rolled away since the grave had closed on one of the greatest men the world ever saw, when, on December the eighth, 1660, the Convention Parliament proceeded to attain Cromwell, Ireton, and Bradshaw; on which proceeding our authors jointly say:

"This vote had another meaning beside that of the forfeiture of the property of the dead, which was too insignificant to excite the cupidity of the wasteful and needy Charles, or the selfish, mean-souled courtiers. On the thirtieth of January, of the following year, the anniversary of the death of Charles I., the solemn recesses of Westminster Abbey were invaded by a brutal crew, acting by the authority of the restored king and clergy; the graves were broken open, the coffins of Cromwell, Ireton, and Bradshaw, were put upon hurdles and dragged to Tyburn; there, being pulled out of their coffins, the mouldering bodies were hanged at the several angles of the triple tree till sunset, when they were taken down and beheaded. Their bodies—or, as the Court Chronicle calls them, their loathsome carcases—were thrown into a deep hole under the gallows; their heads were set upon poles on the top of Westminster Hall. With the same decent loyalty, the Dean and Chapter of Westminster, acting under his majesty's and their own zeal, afterward exhumed the bodies of all who had been buried in the Abbey since the beginning of the Civil Wars, and threw them into a deep pit dug in St. Margaret's Churchyard. Among others, the inoffensive remains of Oliver Cromwell's mother and daughter, who had both been models of domestic virtue; of Dorislaus, one of the lawyers employed on the trial of the late king, who had been basely murdered in Holland by the retainers of the present king; of May, the accomplished translator of the *Pharsalia*, and historian of the Long Parliament, whose mild and comprehensive language we have so frequently quoted; of Pym, that great and learned champion of English liberty; and of Blake, the renowned and honest-hearted, the first of naval heroes—were torn from the sacred asylum of the tomb, and cast like dogs into that foul pit."

In thus referring to these two most pregnant periods in our national history, it is not to find fault with the compilers.

of this invaluable work. As a whole, they have performed their task with great fidelity and corresponding ability. That no one will join issue with them on some, perhaps many, points, is more than they can fairly expect. Still we can confidently recommend this comprehensive history as a faithful record, well written, beautifully and truthfully illustrated, and worthy of a place in every library, private and public, which is entitled to the name. If no man should be without the history of his country, then we trust that, with the progress of education, and amid the mani-

fold developments of our common humanity, the people will betake themselves to the study of this comprehensive history, that they may learn how the generations which preceded them worked their way, through untold difficulties, to a proud pre-eminence, and so be stimulated to press forward in the race of social, intellectual, and moral improvement, that our country may still preserve its advanced position among the nations for all that is pure in virtue, independent in liberty, and exalted in character.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

THE CASKET

THEY were very precious, and represented four thousand pounds, money value. There were two sprays to encircle the head like a wreath. There was a comb, a necklace, ear-rings, and a brooch. They all lay nestling together in little creeks and burrows of rich blue velvet, shining like glow-worms. The casket lay before me open, on the table—before me, the constituted guardian of these treasures.

There was to be a wedding far away in the great Pontifical city, and these precious gifts were to be poured out into the bride's lap on the eve of the nuptials. In the pardonable linnæy of this period—at which he himself will perhaps wonder some years later—the rapturous husband had ordered out these treasures, and kept his jewelers working double tides to have them ready. They have just been brought home under convoy, and the casket lies open before me. This is Tuesday evening. On Monday next the marriage takes place outside the walls of the city of the Popes, and I, the friend of this husband *in posse*, have consented to take personal charge of this precious load.

There are locks and double-locks—the casket itself mimicking the outside of a dispatch-box respectably. Some one sug-

gested an outer skin or case; but the head of the firm, in consultation, pronounced that such defense would be no real protection, and that the simple shamming of a dispatch-box would be the most effectual security. And it was decided accordingly that, disguised as a dispatch-box it should go, with no more than half an inch of wood or leather between it and the outside world. From the date of this ominous discussion, held at about six P.M. on the Tuesday evening—the Dover mail going down at half-past eight—I began to feel sensible symptoms of uneasiness, not unlike the early qualms of sea-sickness. Fresh from the University, young, full of hope, I relished this guardianship amazingly at a distance; but it was not until the moment of departure, when I took the casket by its stiff leathern strap into my hand to descend to the cab, that the serious responsibility first flashed upon me; it then occurring to me that peace of mind and tolerable assurance of its safety were only to be purchased by never relaxing my fingers for an instant from the stiff strap. This disagreeable notion took possession of my fancy, and worked itself into a hundred awful shapes, and before we had reached Dover a sort of nightmare conviction had taken possession

of me, that in all human probability there was to be for the wretched guardian, no sleeping, no eating, save under conditions of strictest inconvenience; no walking, no lying down; in short, he was to be chained like a felon to this odious yet precious companion. These unpleasant shapes were afterward modified considerably, and did not in reality embody such inconveniences. Down to the town of Dover, where we embarked on board H. M. Royal Mail Steamer, a period of over two hours, the casket lay upon my knees, my fingers firmly clutched upon the strap; and I could see, with uneasiness, that it excited the curiosity of the five other passengers, to whom I then imputed the most felonious designs, but who, I am now convinced, were simply mystified by its eccentric and conspicuous position, and the astonishing power of endurance in the knees that bore it.

How in the cabin of H. M. royal mail-packet I leant back in a seat with the casket still upon my knee, and how in that fatal position, conceded by all to be one of encouragement to the fell enemy of those who go down to the sea in ships, I did battle with the gradual encroachments of sickness, need not be told here; how I at last, after the regular period of suffering, dropped asleep for an instant, and awoke with a shriek, clutching at every object near at hand, need not either be let out. With the morning, and with the sun, I took a brighter and less hypochondriacal view of things. I carried the casket from the packet to the station at Calais. I carried the casket tenderly from the station in Paris to a cab, selecting a cabman with a look of primeval innocence. I carried it from the cab to that other station of the Lyons Railway. I ate a hasty portion of roll, and butter upon it; I drank a hastier cup of coffee, upon it; at times I sat upon it; at times I put my feet upon it; at times I laid it under the seat. Yet, having to go down every three minutes or so, to feel if it was safe; it seemed wiser to restore it to its old position. At times I placed it in the network over my head, straining my neck every moment to see that it was safe, and finally at the Empereur Hotel at Marseilles, I actually took it to bed with me, and in the morning was conscious of acute suffering, and severe abrasion in the left side, from a sudden

thrust of a sharp corner of the casket in the night.

The packet sailed at noon on Thursday; the casket still never left my sight. At eleven a. m. it took breakfast with me in a private chamber, occupying a chair beside me, all to itself; we took another cab together down to the "Dées," casket and I inside, the heavier baggage outside; we got on board together safely, went down into the cabin, secured our berth, and at last, in a tolerable security, I breathed a free breath.

But, before having got thus far on the journey, there were one or two things which I had time to take note of, even while suffering this grievous *peine forte et dure*. The first was, that on the platform at London-bridge I had seen a huge truck of luggage, clearly of the monstrous feminine character; black funereal chests, more tall than broad, containing who knows how many mysteries. Perhaps—into *this* shape it worked itself during the qualms and horrors of the middle passage—perhaps the damning evidence of some fearful crime. But in the fact of female luggage monstrously developed, overgrown, unfairly out of proportion, there was surely no marvel; it was the two figures that walked behind, following the heap close, that attracted me. One was a tall burly man, much swollen after the fashion of fat foreigners, when they incline to obesity, and which gives more the idea of distention than of sound honest fat; not unconnected, too, with a suspicion of bracing. His face, also, was round and tallowy, and smoothly shaven, save only so far as a trim and square moustache, and he wore a comfortable travelling-cap, with a tassel.

There was a lady with him in a round velvet hat, and a veil down, that came exactly to her mouth, and tantalized, and at the same time discouraged. The contrast to the burly barytone—for so I dubbed him—was striking indeed; she was so slightly made, so graceful, moved so airily, and as to all that could be seen of her face, possessed the most exquisitely rounded chin. Looking after them as they passed—barytone, baggage, and the beautiful chin—I almost forgot for a few seconds the precious deposit in my hand.

I saw them next at Paris, in the Customs' Office, where the huge trunks were being disemboweled. The huge trunks

seemed bursting with precious things. One of the disembowellers, having done his savage work, sweeps away the huge monster to make room for others, and thus brings the direction close under my eye—a coronet also under it—"S. E. Le Comte Becco, Palazzo Becco, Firenze."

I say to myself, still clutching the diamond casket, that it was easy to see the tokens of rank and breeding. Do as you will, you can not hide such things under a bushel. Ancient lineage always will betray itself. It did not occur to me at the moment that this betrayal was owing to a very conspicuous card, and was in that sense no self-betrayal; and also that I had previously set down the Count himself as a burly barytone, and busily associated him with the Royal Italian Opera.

I saw them again at Marseilles. The monster trunks were being tilted up on the roof of the huge omnibus for *Service du Chemin de Fer*. I saw them at the door; and presently the round velvet hat, with veil still down to her chin, got in. After her toiled up the steps the portly barytone Count. It was a business of much heat and struggle. A sadly ill-conditioned aristocrat, as I could well make out. A fellow wrapped up in his own comforts and selfish humors, as in that heavy braided Arab's wrapper in which he was swathed. She was an angel of sweetness and good temper. But what situation did she fill about his odious person—companion, daughter, waiting-woman, wife, drudge—all convertible terms with him?

There was a scent-bottle—a flask of eau de cologne—presently dropped by his odious fingers—omnibus by this time rolling away down into the town. It had rolled away under the seat where she sat, and was for the moment irrecoverable. This I set him grumbling—launched out by-and-by into louder abuse, sprinkled with plentiful French oaths; though it was plain that it was his own clumsy fingers, and they alone, that were accountable for the mischief. She never spoke nor remonstrated; but accepted this cruel treatment with sweetest resignation.

"Stupid!" I heard him say, sputtering the words under his breath; "did I not tell you to take charge of it before I got in. You will never attend to what I say, with that mawkish air of yours. Bah! I have no patience with you!"

The injustice of this attack was so fla-

grant, I could not forbear; and with a glance at the precious casket, still across my knees, I said: "Patience, sir, a little patience. A few minutes more and we shall be at the hotel, and you will have your perfume-bottle. Rest assured that it is in safety under some corner of the seat, unless time has, indeed, decayed away the floor of this ancient vehicle, and it has fallen through."

The only reply he gave me was a scowl. She lifted her veil, and repaid me with a view of a charming face, perfectly consistent with that promise in the chin. I encouraged her—poor child—with a smile; and I could see she was reassured by the notion, that at least so far as the hotel she should not want a protector, or a sort of moral support.

Here then was the *Empereur Hotel*, and here we descended for the night. Obese Count Barytone and his white slave, it appears, were to put up here also. Happily, he did not discover that I was about to stop there until his heavy baggage was got in; for he made no concealment of his disgust when I brushed by him in the passage. I openly smiled, with ill-concealed contempt; to her I cast another of those reassuring glances of comfort, as who should say: "Be of good cheer, lovely one; there is a protector for you under the roof, and the number of that protector's chamber is forty-nine, *numero quarante neuf*. Fear nothing." All this I threw into one glance of astonishing meaning, and I think she understood me.

At twelve o'clock sailed the *Capitole*, "*Direct Service*," in the slang of their ticket. A lovely day. Sun shining on the gay streets of Marseilles, as in a scene out of an opera. As before stated, I shared my couch with the precious diamond casket, and passed a night of sad discomfort; for there were two things on my mind—the diamonds and the diamond eyes—the dull insensate precious stones, and that other living casket, infinitely more precious, whose accredited protector and knight-chevalier I now considered myself in a sort of sacred sense. "Sleep, gentle lady," I found myself murmuring, "the flowers are closing. Good night! Good night, beloved. To be near thee; to be near thee," I murmured, adapting Longfellow's well-known lines to the situation.

By noon then, as stated, I was in a cab,

making for the "Docques;" and should have made the Docques very speedily, but for a slow-going, heavily-laden vehicle, which kept before us persistently; no doubt, also making for the Docques. There was a physiognomy about one of the Patagonian trunks standing up gauntly on the roof, which I thought I recognized. A strange feeling came over me. Could there be truth in that sense of a mysterious chain that links kindred hearts together—unseen, unfelt—yet drawing the two by a wonderful law? It made me thrill; and though at the moment I was conscious of a kind of lumbar soreness, reaching even to acute pain, owing to carrying a heavy casket so many hours on my knees, I almost immediately forgot all sense of suffering.

In a few moments we had passed the hugely-laden cab triumphantly, yet not without a sad protest on my part. Be of good cheer, I said, (internally,) as we went by, (keeping myself carefully concealed,) *He* is with thee, and watching over thee from afar.

From the bright decks of the Capitole I saw them arrive; I saw their heavy baggage swing over into the hold, and the huge Patagonian chest (*Her* box; tenderly, more tenderly, ye bearded sailors!) tilted down into Erebus. Then I saw bulky Count Barytone toll up the steps painfully, discharging his venom as he ascended. Him followed closely, accepting all sweetly, and without a murmur, that tender Cenci face. No name is as yet known to me for her. Let me hold you at the font, gentle maid, and christen you, temporarily, "Cenci." You shall be known to me evermore as Cenci.

I shall not forget the look of Count Barytone as he reached the deck, and his eye fell on me. His lips moved with a shower of indistinct oaths, and I could see we were to dislike each other cordially from that moment. Gladly I accepted his defiance of hate, and was glad to meet him any where, on ship-deck or dry land, ready to do battle. But for Cenci, a tinge of pale color lighted up her cheek; for she knew that her champion and standard-bearer was with her. Unconsciously thus, and though it were fated that I was never to address a single word to her, still this sense of moral support thus imparted, must have been

of inestimable value, as to strengthening and comforting her.

I approached them, and spoke words, of course. Why should I be deterred by the brutal humors of the man? "The man at the wheel tells me," I said, assuming a nautical manner; "the man at the wheel tells me that we shall have what he calls a *Beau trajet*. I concur with the man at the wheel; we *shall* have a beau trajet—we *ought* to—have—a—Beau trajet!" This was said slowly, and with a strange meaning.

What I sought to convey, thinly disguised under the forms of an indifferent remark, was that there was an influence "aboard," (not *on* board,) superior to the vulgar force of storms and tempest, and which would send us gliding over the smooth waters, not to be disturbed by a ruffle. This compliment was so delicately implied, that I think it was imperceptible to the dull appreciation of the monster.

She understood me. "The wind," I continued, "is Nor-nor-east. The wind is favorable—*very* favorable"—(another meaning look condensed here.) This while I was standing with the casket hanging conspicuously from one hand, and my arm was growing a little fatigued.

"Come down," growled the Count. "Come away—why do you keep me?" "In an instant, dear," she said: "first let me thank this gentleman, who was so kind about the scent-bottle!"

I saw that the memory galled him; but as this was a quasi introduction, he had to check his boorish ways, and, with a forced constraint, murmured some grudging words.

That thirty-six hours' voyage was to me a voyage to Paphos in Cleopatra's own galley. It was all war and love, in the most delicious contrast. I loathed *him*; and he, I knew well, heartily reciprocated that animosity; for his treatment of that poor suffering lady that accompanied him grew every hour more barbarous. I could see, every hour, as opportunity and intimacy favored, that he was a brute and domestic tyrant. He was wasting her precious existence away by his treatment; and she was speeding fast, too fast, to that other world where the wicked shall cease to trouble and the weary are at rest. I

yearned to approach him privately, and whisper: "Come with me—let us make for a secret place on the foredeck—where we may have this business out: the first mate will see fair."

At last, so odious was my presence to him, that he kept below as much as he could, and appeared but seldom. She came there often; for those pale cheeks were the sea-breezes healthful. It was I who prescribed *that* treatment. "Be as much," I said, "in the open air as possible—shun the corrupt atmosphere of the cabin; for *you* it is death." And here again, with this simple expression, I contrived to throw such a world of meaning, that I think if I had been speaking hours I could not have conveyed more. I spoke, as it were, by the way of parable. I was fast gaining a strange and curious influence over her.

Soon a sort of confidence sprang up between us; and I often detected the pale, Cenci-like face fixed on me pensively, as I sat, sometimes near her, sometimes opposite; with the casket all the time in the old familiar position on my knees, at other times disguised artfully under a cloak upon which I sat. It thus had the effect of raising me very high, and lent a not unnatural nor yet ungraceful dignity to my figure. Sometimes she called me over to her, and then I took it with me, and sat upon it beside her, or rested it in the old familiar position upon my knees.

Gradually I won upon her. I saw she was struggling with a new and hitherto unfelt fascination, and that her strength was every day growing weaker. She did not, indeed, tell me her history; at least I wrung it gently and soothingly from her reluctant lips, and I shall not forget the tumult of my heart, the triumph, the elation, when she told me that *he*—the human porker, who, at this pleasant hour of the morning, when we are all breakfasting on the blue and silver Mediterranean waters, is still a-bed, or, more strictly speaking, a-berth—that *he*, I say, was no more to her than a legally constituted guardian—in plain words, a sort of remote uncle on the mother's, or, perhaps, grand-mother's side.

All this while the casket had never quitted me an instant. It was of inconvenient size, scarcely portable, for it was a foot and a half long by a foot broad. I took it with me on to the deck; I took

it with me into the cabin; I took it with me on to the paddle-wheels, where I loved to commune quietly with the blue Mediterranean, under moonlight; I took it with me into the seclusion of my berth; it came to breakfast; it came in to dinner. I sat beside her, and we both put our feet on it.

"Tell me," she said, in her sweet accents, the second morning, as we all sat at breakfast—he, the swine, was still in bed—"tell me one thing; may I make a guess, and will you tell me if I guess right?"

I answer enthusiastically, "Yes—a hundred times, yes."

"Well," she said, "I am going to be inquisitive, very inquisitive. But I know well why you always carry about with you that strange-looking case. You are invested with a diplomatic character. You are in the nature of an ambassador to high powers. You are carrying important dispatches, and that case contains the papers!"

She looked at me triumphantly, and smiled.

I smiled, too, consciously. It was not a foolish idea. Had they been my own jewels I would have told her without an instant's hesitation. As it was, the whole thing was half-way to my lips. Though, after all, was it generous to be thus reticent with *her*? Still, that character of diplomatist was infinitely more flattering, and I could not bring myself to wave it off.

"Ah!" she said, "I can read it in your face. I saw it from the very beginning. Trust a woman's penetration to find out the true character. Neither did it need that outer sign and badge of office. Your looks, your manner, your speech, artfully composed, so as to conceal your thoughts; all this betrayed you. I knew you were skilled in the mysteries of dealing with men and" (this with some hesitation) "in women. Even the way you became introduced to us proved this most clearly!"

I smiled again; it was true. Though not strictly and officially marked F. O., still I always felt within me that curious administrative ability which reaches almost to an instinct. I was, as it were, one of Nature's own diplomatists, though not yet strictly accredited. So, once more, I smiled again.

"Ah! you will not speak," she said,

"you will *not* trust me, a poor woman. We are too talkative. We can keep no secrets." Ah! cruel, cruel Metternich!"

I smiled again. Some way I found there was a strange force and purpose in that smile of mine. It seemed to have all the force and fluency of a language; so, I say, I smiled again.

"Wicked, unkind Metternich, perverse Talleyrand," she went on; "I know it all now, but I will not press you more. It is not fair. Ah!" she gave a start, "here is Ludovico."

The Great Bear, Ursa Major I christened him, was beating up the saloon now. To say the truth, I felt far less hostile to him, now that I had discovered their true relationship. He was not nearly so objectionable, and that obesity, poor soul, it was only his infirmity; we should have allowance for our poor fellow-creatures not so blessed as we are. So from that time forth I buried the hatchet, (figuratively speaking,) and would have smoked the pipe of peace with him, (still figuratively,) had he suffered it. But though not offensively hostile, he was surly, and stood off. The Cenci and I interchanged looks, privately, when he became thus morose; for we understood each other. I say no more.

He was outside our little circle. We had our own allusions—a sort of allegorical form of speech unintelligible to, and utterly independent of him. I almost think he began to feel the awkwardness of his situation, being thus pointedly, and yet all the while with perfect politeness, excluded from our confidence, and I think he showed his sense of this treatment by a sort of rough surly protest.

"How do you manage him?" she said; "what strange art is this you have found? Ah! what a happy voyage has this been. It is a calm, a tranquil holy calm after a storm. It is alas! only too short!"

They were going on to Rome, the city of the Cæsars, of the Emperors, of the Popes—where the gladiators bled, where the early Christians bled—where travelers bleed now. We should see the places hallowed by a thousand associations, and grow enthusiastic in concert. The arrangements as then understood, and to which *He*, Ursa Major, was no party, was that *He*, Ursa Major, owing to his size, inconvenient for locomotion, should be left at home—in bed, say—

whilst we, unshackled, should go forth and study the evangelical Murray of the crimson coat, together. It was all arranged.

During that Paphian voyage I may say I traveled over all her mind. She kept nothing from me. He used her barbarously. She did not indeed tell me this; her gentle nature would not admit such a disclosure. Rather with an exquisite art I extracted it all from her, she being unconscious. All the while, too, I kept up passively admitted perhaps, would be the proper form of putting it—the innocent fiction of the diplomatist. I was the accredited minister traveling, say with secret dispatches, for Mr. Odo R—ll, Secretary of Legation; a nice and delicate mission, for as is well known, we have no direct diplomatic relations with the S—e of R—me.

Here, at last, is Civita Vecchia, and here at last we go ashore from Cleopatra's galley. It is a Sunday. We are rowed ashore in boats. Ursa Major still surly. Cenci now resuming velvet hat down to chin. Her maid, his valet, an ill-looking fellow, which made up the suite of the "Illustrissimo Signor Il Conde Becco," and all the heavy baggage. We passed through the ordeal by Custom House together; went to the railway together, and flew away to Rome together. "O Giorno felice!" I exclaim in my new-found tongue; and happily adapting a few fragments to the moment—"Ah Giorno felice. Qual bella vista! Ah ei ancora denique eterno!" Whether this dialect was strictly pure and correct is not for me to say; but it seemed to have a prodigious effect. She looked at me with wonder.

"What, dear Metternich," she said, "you can speak Italian. Ah! wily, wily diplomatist!" and she shook her finger at me playfully.

"Poco-poco," I answer, with some modesty; and meeting her humor.

"Where is your biglietta? The conduttore will be asking for it presently."

"See, il mio casketta is getting burdensome; but I shall soon have done with it."

"Yes," she said, knowingly, "and a certain Cardinal will know something of it presently."

"Hush!" I say, cautiously, looking round; "heaven knows how many spies are within ear-shot." It was true. But

an hour more of the casket. I should deliver it at once—have done with it forever, and return to spend my first evening in Rome with them.

"Whisper," she said, as we left the railway carriage, and I was looking round for a cab; "why should you leave us now? We may be going the same way—the same road. Where do you wish to leave your—dispatches?"

"No. 43, Via Condotti."

"That is exactly on our road to the Palazzo. You shall stay with us at the Palazzo. You must have a room there."

"But," I was saying, "the Conde—"

"Never mind him. He, of course, will not like it. You must be prepared for a little crossness from him. We have all our trials. But perhaps you would shrink from encountering that for my sake. Why should I ask you? True, you have indeed, been a protector and a shield to me during these last few happy days, and now—"

I smiled on her again. I had a pleasant little Italian fragment ready; but, instead, only smiled on her. It at once quieted and reassured her.

"We will take him with us in the carriage," she said to the bear; "it is all in our way."

He grumbled and growled savagely. We look at each other. We expected this. Grumbling and growling he was helped into the carriage; grumbling and growling he flung himself back in the seat. He feared me, I think. Just as we were starting, he roared out, "Diavolo! where is that beast, Beppo?" (this was the valet.)

"He is outside, dear, on the box with Catterina," (her maid.)

"Let him come down again, and come in here. My head is heavy."

She whispered to me that his head became heavy, *very heavy*, often, and in such cases he leant it on Beppo's shoulder and slept it away. I smiled intelligence to her.

"Then we must have Beppo in," I said. "Diavolo!" I continued, shouting from the window; "descend *Traditore*. You are to come in a *la porta*—poco poco."

"Si Signor," he said, respectfully touching his hat. It was marvelous this wonderful and sudden command of a difficult tongue. I have heard of French in six weeks; but here was Italian in an hour.

We rattled through the Roman streets all now lit up. Very strange and new it appeared to my eyes, and yet with a certain familiarity, as of old acquaintance. I pointed out to her the various objects of interest.

"Ecco un Prêto," I said, as an ecclesiastical personage, in a large hat and cloak went by.

"San Pietro! Ecco," I said, in a transport of enthusiasm, as the famous dome loomed into view.

"Rivero!" I said, as we looked down on the muddy Tiber, I playing cicerone to her. By-and-by it seemed that we were getting out of the city, out on a country-road, as it appeared.

"Where are we going?" I asked; "we are a long time getting to *Via Condotti*."

"Ah!" she said, shaking her finger at me, "you know more of these things than you will admit. You have been here before on secret missions. Every stone and pillar and street of this glorious Eternal City is familiar to you! Don't tell me. Why will you not trust me? And yet it is very natural, too natural."

I shook my head. Some way through life I have always had this smack of familiarity with things never known before. I did, indeed, appear to have walked the Eternal City before now; and as for the language, she said I had actually caught the very accent. I can not account for this phenomenon.

"Patience, dear Metternich," she went on—she always called me Metternich; "we are only just entering Rome—the Eternal City. Do you not feel a strange enthusiasm?"

"Yes," I say, "Roma! Roma! Roma! This, I suppose, is un suburbo, a mere suburb."

"Just so," she said.

We were a still longer time getting to the city, and it appeared curious, to say that the lights began to disappear as we drew nearer. I noted a lonely road, with rows of trees; then we got into an uneven lane.

Suddenly the bear woke up.

"Where are we?" he said, doubtfully.

Latterly, indeed, the casket had not been a source of such solicitude to me. Some way it was swallowed up in a higher sense, and was lifted up into a cloud, and these smaller cares of life seemed to be contemptible. I did not sit upon it so

frequently now. I did not attempt to share my berth with it as I had tried to do the first night. The excess of care I felt was only ludicrous. It was safe: I would arrive safe.

"Not far from the Palazzo, dear," she said. "They will be all up expecting us."

"Who?" I ask.

"The Count's tenants and relatives," she answered. "Every window will be lighted, the gardens will be hung with colored lamps, the musicians will be there, and, in short, there will be a little fete to celebrate his return."

"Un festo," I say; "we shall dance the first set." This I added in a low whisper; yet not so low but that he heard me.

This speech seemed to exasperate the old Conde.

"You should dance the first set with that chest of yours," he said, touching it with his stick. "Come," he said, looking at me sardonically, "you must be pretty well tired of it. How many days now have you been carrying it about with you?"

I was used to this humor and language of his. It only amused me.

"I shall only be troubled with it a very few minutes more," I said gayly. "We shall drop it at Via Condotti."

"You had better let me carry it for you a little," he said jeeringly.

"No, no!" I said, in the same light tone of banter; "it is too precious for that. It would not be in character to let it out of my hand. You know what I mean," I added to her, alluding to the little diplomatic joke that had been carried on between us.

"Ah! yes," she said; "we know what is in it."

"You had better let me carry it for you," said he, very rough and surly.

"Humor him," whispered Cenci.

"Oh no!" said I petulantly.

The carriage stopped suddenly. "Ah!"

I say, "here is the Palazzo! Vive la danse! Our journey is ended. Let the festivities commence."

"Yes, the festivities shall commence," said the Count, with a sneer.

In another instant he had flung himself on me with the whole weight of his enormous person. In another instant, the ruffian-looking servant, Beppo, was holding the cold iron of a pistol-barrel to my forehead. In another instant—oh! cruellest stroke of all! I felt two soft hands but very strong ones, withdrawing the precious casket from my pinioned arms and stiffening hold. I shrieked—I roared for aid. Some one had tied my arms behind; and, oh! second cruel stroke—the same soft hands were fastening a bandage over my eyes.

They dragged me from the coach—the ruffian and the fat Count, now suddenly endued with wonderful activity. They forced me into a field; tied me up again there, behind a hedge, to a sort of stone pillar, then left me.

They departed, the Count and his servant, uttering horrid threats. But she, the traitress, (and yet, perhaps, after all she was but a victim, struggling against her inclinations, and obeying the brutal logic of force,) her voice reached to me the last—from a distance—calling out, musically: "Adieu, Metternich! Farewell, Talleyrand!"

There was a gay wedding among the English settlers, outside the walls, "*fuori le mura!*" but it was noticed that the bride had no jewels. She never wore those particular jewels. The Roman police are not the best detectives in the world.

THE BIBLE TRANSLATORS.

This is the significant and expressive title of the artistic plate which embellishes our present number. In the past years and volumes of this work, we have gathered up many portraits of men of renown; monarchs, statesmen, historians, *savans* in the varied walks of science and literature, whose names stand out in bold relief on the historic canvas, and in the annals of mankind. But the men whose fine portraits are engraved on the plate at the head of this number, have performed a work and inaugurated a train of benign influences for the moral benefit of mankind, whose expansive march will scatter blessings in rich measure along the track of coming ages. Their talents, their character, their attainments, their relations to a great national society, and their moral worth and intellectual achievements, justly place them high on the list of benefactors of mankind. They have deserved well of the age and country in which they live. They do not wear crowns, they do not wield the scepters of power on earth, or hold seats in the council-chambers of kings and nations; but the honors due these laborious and unobtrusive men, are inferior to none which earth affords and which no revolutions of empire or time can tarnish.

A few words of explanation seem fitting and needful to add interest to the design and object of the plate.

The scene so well represented, and the almost life-like portraits so truthfully engraved, are intended as a historic memorial of these eminent men themselves and of the great work to which a large portion of their lifetime has been devoted. It is a biographical index of their lives. It is a condensed chapter in their personal history. Many years of intellectual labor, of toil, of research, of patient investigation into the structure and philosophy of various ancient and modern languages, and a long residence among the people in the Turkish Empire have been needful and imperative to endow them for the difficult and responsible work which they have performed. Their work of translating the Bible into five different languages for the

instruction of millions, is a memorial monument more enduring than Parian marble. Their labors in this form will travel down in their benign influences, through all coming ages. Their work, under the direction and auspices of a great national society which has furnished the necessary funds for this and kindred objects is full of moral grandeur, seldom equaled in the annals of the world.

The scene and the portraits, were photographed from life, by native artists at Constantinople a few months since. We obtained it from a gentleman of New-York, who kindly placed it at our disposal. It has been engraved for the monthly embellishment of the *ECLECTIC*, both as a memorial of the men and their work, and also to gratify very numerous friends of the American Board of Foreign Missions, and others who have long taken a deep interest in the missionary movements in progress in the Turkish Empire.

Let us gather around the plate for a few moments and inquire its meaning, and who are the originals of the portraits, and what they appear to be doing. It is a scene of no ordinary interest. It is laid in a quiet and retired room in Constantinople. They are secluded from public view in their patient daily toil. They are surrounded by a million of inhabitants in the city, and by many millions more in the Turkish Empire; for whose enlightenment they labor, but who are little aware of the object, and little appreciate the vast benefits which are to be the result. They are seated at the table deeply intent on their great work. Books and versions of the Bible in ancient and modern languages are on the table, or near at hand. They are doing what, doubtless no three men ever attempted to do before, at the same time, since the world began, they are translating the Bible into five different languages, which are now spoken or read by millions in the Turkish Empire. Their aim and object is accurately to express in these various languages, the true meaning of the sacred Scriptures, and as near as possible the exact mind of the Spirit. This work has become needful and



Eng. by Geo. S. Foxton

Rev. Dr. Higgs

Rev. Dr. Goodell

Rev. Dr. Schaffner

TRANSLATORS OF THE BIBLE

ATTO. JAMESON, BOSTONIAN, BOSTON, MASS. 1880. 4. 1880. 1880.

From Photograph

imperative. The Scriptures hitherto have not been translated and printed in a language which these millions can read and understand. The object of these beneficent labors is to open the windows of heaven and let in upon the dark minds of these millions, the illuminating power of the Scriptures.

The scene in the plate represents these actors thus engaged in translating the Bible into the modern Armenian, into Bulgarian, into Hebrew-Spanish, into Arabo-Turkish, and into the Armeno-Turkish languages. As they appear in the plate, Dr. Schauffler is supposed to be offering a criticism on the language or phraseology proposed to be adopted in the translation; Dr. Riggs, with his characteristic accuracy and caution, is in the act of consulting the best authorities as to the use of words or phrases; Dr. Goodell has raised his head, put back his glasses, and seems in deep thought, pondering the question as to whether any change in the phraseology proposed would better express the true meaning of the passage. This, at least, is the view of their attitude and actions, as we understand it. It is obvious to remark here, how much time, talent, learning, research, and patient investigation were requisite to translate the Bible accurately into these five languages.

THE TRANSLATORS THEMSELVES.—It is now nearly forty years since the first of these devoted men left the United States to enter on his work in the Turkish Empire. These men went, leaving behind them home, friends, and country, to spend a lifetime in self-denying and laborious service for the good of the vast population in that part of the world. They went as strangers to the people, to the government, and to the many different languages there spoken. They encountered difficulties, oppositions, persecutions, dangers, and threatenings to their lives. They were often in peril; but the protection of guardian angels was over them, and they were preserved. They escaped all the dangers and perils. They are heroes in the truest sense of the word. They have devoted more than half a lifetime for the good of others, in foreign lands, speaking other languages. It is no common service they have performed. They are not

ordinary men, however unambitious and unaspiring to the honors of the world. His Majesty the Sultan would find it difficult to duplicate these men within his empire. No rewards or honors of earth could compensate them for such a life of labor. They look for a more enduring recompense. But they are not alone. Other men, other minds, of kindred spirit and object, have borne the burden and heat of the day with like endurance. British Christians also have taken a large interest in this great work, and have contributed liberally to sustain it. The British Ambassador also (Lord Stratford de Redcliffe) has long been the warm friend of the missionaries and their object, and often given strong proofs of his confidence and regard for their persons and character. He has exerted his official influence in their behalf. With all these facts, many of our readers may be familiar; with others, it may not be so. We desire to do honor to the American character in other lands; and we only add the noble testimony of Lord Shaftesbury, President of the Turkish Missions Aid Society, in his speech in Exeter Hall, May, 1860. He said:

"I do not believe that in the whole history of missions; I do not believe in the history of diplomacy, or in the history of any negotiations carried on between man and man, we can find any thing to equal the wisdom, the soundness, and the pure evangelical truth of the body of men who constitute the American mission. I have said it twenty times before, and I will say it again—for the expression appropriately conveys my meaning—that 'they are a marvelous combination of common-sense and piety.' Every man who comes in contact with these missionaries speaks in praise of them. Persons in authority, and persons in subjection, all speak in their favor; travelers speak well of them; and I know of no man who has ever been able to bring against that body a single valid objection. There they stand, tested by years, tried by their works, and exemplified by their fruits; and I believe it will be found, that these American missionaries have done more toward upholding the truth and spreading the Gospel of Christ in the East, than any other body of men in this or in any other age."

We subjoin brief biographical sketches of the translators from authentic facts and materials gathered from sources in this country, without the knowledge of the missionaries themselves in a far-off land.

REV. WILLIAM GOODELL, D.D.

REV. WILLIAM GOODELL, D.D., was born at Templeton, Mass., February fourteenth, 1792. His father, who served his Divine Master with almost singular devotion during a long life, having also served his country three years in the army of the Revolution, died on the nation's birth-day, July fourth, 1843, at the age of eighty-six. The son pursued his preparatory studies at Phillips' Academy, Andover, Mass., and graduated at Dartmouth College in the class of 1817, and at Andover Theological Seminary in 1820. Having devoted himself to the work of Foreign Missions, under the care of the American Board, he was ordained at New-Haven, Conn., September twelfth, 1822, and embarked with Mrs. Goodell at New-York, December ninth. He arrived at Malta January twenty-first, 1823, where he spent nine months, studying the languages that were to be employed in his future labors in the Turkish empire. Leaving Malta, he arrived at Beirut November sixteenth, 1823, and remained there about five years, during which he became familiar with the Arabic and Turkish languages. Upon the breaking out of the Greek revolution, the East was in an unsettled state, and Beirut sharing in the general agitation, a party of Bedouin Arabs was sent to protect the city against the Greeks who threatened to attack it. Their protection was such as the wolf gives to the lamb. They devastated the town, plundering houses, and laying waste gardens and grounds. They attacked the house of Dr. Goodell, who barricaded the door, and from an upper window endeavored to dissuade them from their purpose of plunder. One of the horde leveled his gun, and threatened to shoot him, while the rest broke open the door, and rushing in, seized every thing on which they could lay their hands, carrying off trunks, boxes, and even the cooking utensils. Only the room of Mrs. Goodell was spared, as a matter of oriental gallantry. As an illustration of the coolness with which the whole thing was carried out, one of the Bedouin robbers returned the next day and demanded

of Dr. Goodell, pay for a pouch of tobacco that he had lost in the assault. Consular protection being suspended in Syria, Dr. Goodell was obliged to return to Malta, where he remained three years. In May, 1831, he removed to Constantinople, which has been his residence until the present time, a period of thirty-one years. Soon after he reached Constantinople, Pera, one of the principal suburbs of the city, and the only one where foreigners generally were permitted to reside, was entirely destroyed by fire. In no other city in the world, probably, have so frequent and such terrible conflagrations occurred, as in Constantinople; and this one, of August second, 1831, was more fearful than any that had preceded it. There had been no rain for a long time, and the houses being built of wood, were like tinder, easily inflamed; a strong wind carried brands of fire through the air to distant places, and the flames thus spread simultaneously far and wide. Only eight houses stood at sun-set where at sun-rise there had been many thousands. Many lives were lost, some by the flames, and others by the crowd trampling one upon another in their frantic haste to escape. Dr. Goodell and his family lost every thing in the conflagration, and the very clothing which they wore was several times on fire, owing to the intense heat of the flames to which they were exposed.

In the year 1839 a severe persecution against the missionaries and the Christian converts at Constantinople, threatened the utter suppression of their work and their forcible expulsion from the country. A society was actually formed to get rid of the missionaries by poison. Dr. Goodell and Dr. Hamlin were there alone with their families, and having committed no offense against the law, they determined to abide and await the result, relying upon the care of God, in whose service they were laboring. The storm of persecution after a while passed by. Often during the residence of Dr. Goodell at Constantinople, the plague broke out in the city with great violence, from one

thousand to fifteen hundred daily being numbered with the dead. These various calamities and perils are mentioned to show the vicissitudes through which many of the missionaries of the cross have passed who are now living and laboring unmolested.

The missionaries at Constantinople have, as a matter of necessity, become polyglots. Several years since, Dr. Goodell wrote: "Every Sabbath we preach in five different languages at Constantinople, namely, English, German, Greek, Turkish, and Armenian. In three others also, namely, French, Italian, and Spanish we have preached, and we might every Sabbath had we strength and time. I was myself called upon to lead the music every Sabbath, in four different languages, namely, English, Greek, Turkish, and Armenian." Although they devoted themselves chiefly to preaching, it was early found indispensable to have the word of God translated into the languages of the country, and the variety of tongues used in daily life in the Turkish empire, made several translations necessary. Dr. Goodell devoted

himself to preparing one in the Armeno-Turkish, which is the Turkish language in Armenian character. He accomplished the whole work alone, translating the Scriptures out of the original Greek and Hebrew, completing the Old Testament November sixth, 1841, and the New Testament within less than two years after. The day on which he completed this great work, he wrote to his former instructor, John Adams, LL.D., of Phillips's Academy: "Thus have I been permitted, by the goodness of God, to dig a well in this distant land of which millions may drink; or as Brother Temple would express it, to throw wide open the twelve gates of the New Jerusalem for all this immense population." He has now nearly completed a thorough revision of this work.

Dr. Goodell came to this country with Mrs. Goodell on a visit in 1851, for the first time since their departure in 1822. Soon after his return two American colleges simultaneously conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Divinity.

REV. WILLIAM GOTTLIEB SCHAUFFLER, D.D.

REV. WILLIAM GOTTLIEB SCHAUFFLER, D.D., was born at Stuttgart, in the kingdom of Wurtemberg, Germany, August twenty-second, 1799. When he was about eight years of age his father, in company with many families residing in the same region of country, emigrated to the southern part of Russia, attracted by the numerous advantages which the liberal reign of Alexander I. offered to foreign residents. Here, in the city of Odessa, a celebrated seaport on a bay of the Black Sea, the son spent his boyhood and youth, assisting his father at his trade, that of a musical instrument maker. His attention was first seriously called to the subject of personal religion by the preaching of an eminent clergyman of the Roman Catholic Church, by the name of Lindel, who was subsequently deposed from the sacred office on account of his evangelical sen-

timents. At the age of about twenty-two, amidst the opposition and ridicule of many friends and associates, Mr. Schaufler became a decided Christian, and devoted his life to the cause of his divine Lord and Saviour. His attention was directed to the missionary work by the example and influence of an independent Swiss missionary, who was laboring among the Tartars of the Crimea. Resigning all worldly prospects and claims, he left home in the year 1826, with the intention of supporting himself while engaged in missionary labors among the inhabitants of Eastern Turkey. With this object in view, he proceeded to Constantinople, which he found under the military despotism of the Janizaries, and suffering at the same time from the fearful scourge of the East, the plague. From Constantinople he proceeded by a long and tedious

journey on horseback to Smyrna. Here he met with the well-known and now veteran missionary to the Greeks, Rev. Jonas King, who was then just commencing operations in the East. After conference with him, and learning more of the state of things in Turkey, he determined to visit this country, and if possible prosecute a course of study, preparatory to entering upon a missionary life. After a tedious passage of over a hundred days, in which the whole company were put on short allowance, they finally reached Boston. Mr. Schauffler's first care on landing was to obtain employment at the trade which he had acquired from his father, and then to present his letters of introduction. Mr. Evarts, Secretary of the American Board, Professor Stewart, of Andover, and others, were interested in him, and he was soon established at Andover, and commenced his studies. Within the ensuing five years, besides going through with nearly all the usual collegiate studies, and completing the regular course in the Theological Seminary, he devoted much attention to the study of Arabic and Chaldee. While at Odessa, he had obtained a thorough knowledge of the Russian, French, and Italian languages, and had also made some progress in the study of English, German being his native tongue.

Dr. Schauffler graduated at Andover Seminary in the class of 1830. He embarked at New-York, on his return to Turkey, December first, 1831. On his way he spent several months in Paris, studying Arabic and other Oriental languages, and reached Constantinople July thirty-first, 1832. He left this country

under appointment from the American Board as missionary to the Jews in the East. One of his first labors was to make an extensive tour of exploration through European Turkey, in company with his former fellow-student at Andover, the late lamented Dr. Dwight, who was his colleague for nearly thirty years. In the prosecution of his mission to the Jews, he devoted his attention in a large measure to the translation of the Old Testament into the Hebrew-Spanish. The translation being completed, it was deemed expedient to have the printing done at Vienna, and he was accordingly occupied there, in attending to its execution, from 1839 to 1842. He also prepared a Grammar and a Lexicon in the same language, and after completing these works, he gave himself to the revision and printing of an edition of the Bible in Hebrew-German for the German Jews. In 1856, Dr. Schauffler suspended his labors among the Jews, and devoted himself to the Mohammedans. In entering upon his new field, he directed his attention to the revision of a translation of the Bible into Osmanli-Turkish, on which he is still engaged. Since he undertook this work, there has been a great demand for the Bible among the Mohammedans in Turkey, and several thousand copies of the word of God have been already sold or distributed among them. There have also been several conversions to Christianity from their numbers. The Crescent is the *crescent* no longer; it is now on the wane, and even the Moslems themselves entertain the opinion that it is destined to be superseded by the Cross. May the day speedily come!

R E V . E L I A S R I G G S , D . D .

REV. ELIAS RIGGS, D.D., was born at New-Providence, New-Jersey, November nineteenth, 1810. He was the son of Rev. Elias Riggs, for many years pastor of the church at that place. A friend states that from his childhood he seemed to take more earnest views of life than is common with persons in early youth, and he began very soon to apply himself vol-

untarily to study. He commenced Hebrew when about eleven years old, having no instructor, and no aid in the study of the language but such as he derived from a work of the late Rev. Dr. Wilson, of Philadelphia, the only book of the kind then within his reach. The Hebrew text in this was without the vowel-points, but he mastered all the difficulties. His

father subsequently procured for him a copy of Van Der Hooght's Hebrew Bible and Stuart's Hebrew Grammar. In all his subsequent studies and labor in the translation of the Bible, this copy, which his father procured for him in his youth, has been his constant companion and book of reference. In 1815, when he was not yet fifteen years of age, he entered Amherst College, and about the same time made a public profession of religion. While in college, he devoted himself assiduously not only to the prescribed course, but to general reading, and to other studies, which it afterward appeared was providentially ordered as a means of preparation for his future work. At Amherst he continued the study of Hebrew with the cognate dialects, Chaldee and Syriac. Finding in the college library a manual of the Syriac Grammar in Latin, he translated it into English and transcribed it into a volume which he used in the study of that language. He was chiefly remarkable while in college, for his patient, persevering fidelity, and thoroughness in whatever he undertook, and to this was owing in a great measure his success as a linguist. Besides the languages already named, he commenced the study of the modern Greek, French, and Spanish. He had the Greek Oration on his graduation, in 1820.

He entered Andover Theological Seminary the same year, and graduated in 1832. He was ordained at Elizabethtown, New-Jersey, September twentieth, 1832, married the same month, and em-

barked at Boston October thirtieth, being under appointment from the American Board as missionary to Greece. He reached Athens January twenty-third, 1833, where he remained with Dr. King for more than a year, for the purpose of perfecting himself in the modern Greek. He removed to Argos in May, 1834, and established a missionary station at that place, where he remained until a law was enacted requiring that pictures of the Virgin Mary and of the saints, which the children were taught to worship, should be hung up in the school-rooms. This broke up the Protestant schools, and in November, 1838, he removed to Smyrna, continuing to labor among the Greek population. In 1843 the labors of Dr. Riggs were transferred from the Greeks to the Armenians, and he commenced the translation of the word of God into the Armenian, which has been his chief work of translation. This accomplished, he undertook a translation of the Bible into Bulgarian, for which there was a great demand, and on this work he is now engaged. The first volume, including the Pentateuch, has been published, and the second, including the remaining historical books of the Old Testament, is now nearly or quite complete.

Dr. Riggs removed to Constantinople in 1853, where he now resides. In 1856 he came to this country with his family, on a visit, for the first and only time, and remained until 1858, when he returned to his eastern home and his labors.

THE AUSTRIAN NAVY.—A letter from Trieste, some time since received, gives interesting details respecting the Austrian squadron of evolution now assembled in the Adriatic. The squadron, which has been formed silently, consists of fifty vessels, of which thirty-four are steamers, and sixteen sailing vessels. In the former category there are some fast screw line-of-battle ships; among others the Kaiser, ninety-one guns; the Radetsky, Danube, and Adria, frigates, of thirty-one guns; the Archduke Frederick, the Dandolo, and Elizabeth, of twenty-two guns; ten first-class gunboats, armed with five rifled

cannon each, and provided with machines of two hundred and thirty horse power. This squadron is placed under the superior command of Archduke Maximilian, Lord High Admiral of Austria, whose second in command is Rear-Admiral Bourguignon. The crews are chiefly Slaves, Dalmatians, or Germans. Independently of the organization of this squadron the Austrian government is actually constructing ten ships-of-war, among which are two cuirassed frigates, and six sailing vessels are being transformed into steamers. Great works are under construction at Pola.

From Chambers's Journal.

A NON-COMBATANT HERO.

A POLITE French gentleman who had meant no harm, was once knocked down by an ancient English civilian because he had called him a non-combatant. "No Briton," urged the latter, (in extenuation of his hasty conduct,) "no matter what his profession or his age, should ever be called a non-combatant, or any thing like it; and least of all, by a Frenchman." Our venerable countryman had sinew and humor upon his side of the argument, but his reasoning was very defective. Some of the bravest men the world has produced have been non-combatants, and some of the most heroic deeds in its history have been performed, not by the destroyers of their species, but by the healers and preservers thereof. There was not a more valiant work done in all the Crimean war, than that undertaken by Surgeon Thomson after Alma. There was not a more dauntless man in the whole Grand Army of Napoleon, than its surgeon-in-chief, Baron Larrey.

This gentleman, when attached to Kellerman's brigade in 1792, first exhibited his credentials as Mitigator of War in his invention of the Flying Ambulances, which bore the wounded rapidly away, instead of leaving them to linger on, as of old, in agony upon the battle-field. The employment of ambulances is not, however, at all times practicable, and even when it is so, there are dangers and difficulties in the path of the army-surgeon, such as can not be possibly imagined by us who live at home at ease, but must be described by one who has experienced them. In the *Memoirs of Baron Larrey*,* we possess perhaps the most trustworthy, as well as the most striking account of how it goes with the wounded, and that (for he ever tended friend and foe with equal care) on both sides, in the bloody arbitrament of war. History has long concerned herself with the victors, and the vanquished only, and not without reason;

since, to receive a severe wound, in the case of a common soldier, was, under the old régime, almost certainly to die. It was only the chiefs that were much attended to, or who "lived to fight another day" at all. Yet in Larrey's time, so much had these things been changed for the better, that he sent forth Napoleon from Moscow with more than one hundred thousand able-bodied men, who had entered that city, fatal as it was in other respects, with only ninety thousand combatants. The means, however, by which patients are recovered in warfare, are often strange enough, and the remedies applied not a little violent. In the woodless wastes of Egypt, the sick were warmed at night by fires which were made of the bones of the dead. When the army got to Cairo, it fell into the hideous embraces of the plague, whose only merit was that it extinguished, like death itself, all other diseases. When the plague ceased, fatigues and privations under a burning sun, excited liver-complaint, which degenerated into abscesses so terrible that it was sometimes found necessary to plunge some sharp instrument into the stomach, in order to give free course to suppuration. The lesser diseases of that Egyptian campaign were leprosy, caught from infected mattresses and unclean food, ophthalmia, scurvy, and elephantiasis. Dark, indeed, was the side of Bellona's shield which it was the life-long fate of Surgeon Larrey to contemplate. The personal safety, too, of this non-combatant was jeopardized in every engagement. His amputations were performed amid a shower of bullets, and in expectation of the charge of hostile cavalry. "Among the wounded was General Silly, whose knee was ground by a bullet. Larrey, perceiving that fatal results might ensue unless the limb was amputated at once, proposed amputation. The General consented to the operation, which was performed under the enemy's fire in the space of three minutes. But lo! the English cavalry suddenly near

* Renshaw. London, 1861.

their side. What then, was to become of the French surgeon and his patient? 'I had scarce time,' said Larrey, 'to place the wounded officer on my shoulders, and to carry him rapidly away toward our army, which was in full retreat. I spied a series of ditches, some of them planted with caper bushes, across which I passed, while the cavalry were obliged to go by a more circuitous route in that intersected country. Thus I had the happiness to reach the rear-guard of our army before this corps of dragoons. At length, I arrived with this honorably wounded officer at Alexandria, where I completed his cure.'

On many battle-fields, the cold was so intense that the instruments requisite for the operations fell from the powerless hands of the army-surgeons; after others, nothing could be procured but horse flesh to make soup for the exhausted patients, while their only treasures were the cuirasses of the fallen. At Smolensk, where all supplies and stores had been burned by the retreating Russians, Larrey, fertile in expedients, discovered a board of archives, and substituted paper for lint, and the thick parchment for splints. His wounded were then upward of ten thousand in number, and almost all the town in conflagration. At Eylau, these poor fellows were well-nigh meeting with a second calamity, which would, without doubt have destroyed the whole of them. "While I was operating," says he, "or directing operations, I heard on all sides of me the most pressing appeals to me from the sufferers. To the doleful moans of these intrepid soldiers succeeded, after the operation, a prodigious and almost inexplicable calm, along with a kind of internal satisfaction, which they expressed by testimonies of the most lively gratitude. They appeared no longer occupied by their personal evils; they made vows for the preservation of our Emperor and the success of our arms; finally, they mutually encouraged each other to bear patiently the different operations which their wounds rendered necessary. It was in the midst of all the obstacles which a hostile locality and a rigorous temperature were presenting, that some of the most delicate and difficult operations were performed successfully. Just at the moment when a veritable consolation was diffusing itself in the soul of every wounded man, an unexpected ef-

fort made by the right wing of the enemy to outflank our left, precisely at the point where the ambulances were stationed, was calculated to spread trouble among these distressed men. Already some who were able to march had taken flight; others were making vain efforts to follow them, and escape this unexpected attack. We, however, were their prop and support; we were determined to die rather than to seek ignominious safety. I expressed forcibly to all the wounded who remained the resolution which I had taken not to abandon my post; I assured them that, whatever might be the result of this alarm, which to me appeared false, they had nothing to fear for their life. All the members of my own department rallied round me, and swore not to abandon me.

"Presently, an impetuous charge, purposely made upon the enemy which had been threatening us, in midst of dense whirlwinds of snow, prevented the event so dreaded by our wounded men. Calm was reestablished, and it became possible for the medical officers to continue uninterruptedly their operations. All the more serious wounds of the Imperial Guard and a great part of the line were treated and operated on during the first twelve hours; then only did any of the surgeons begin to take rest. We passed the remainder of the night on the ice and snow around the fire of the bivouac of the ambulances. Never had there been so hard a day for me: it had been hardly possible for me to restrain my tears in those moments when I was endeavoring to sustain the courage of my soldier-patients."

A more catholic hearted man than Larrey never breathed; a fellow-creature had only to need his professional assistance, and whether Englishman, Austrian, or Russian, he was his friend at once. He held that a surgeon had no enemies except disease and death, and on one occasion almost perished of a malignant fever contracted from some countrymen of our own who were prisoners to the French in Spain.

With the armies of his beloved master Napoleon, Larrey visited in turn almost every country in Europe, of each of which he has something novel to say, since his view of all things is taken from so unusual a stand-point; but the most striking of all his experiences is without

doubt his narrative of the campaign in Russia. During that awful expedition, the surgeon-in-chief of the Grand Army went on foot. Cold, he had convinced himself, was only the predisposing cause of frost-bite, and the heat which succeeds the cold, the real source of mischief. Those who rode, upon arriving motionless at a bivouac, experienced an irrepressible desire to warm themselves, and on approaching a fire contracted gangrene, in their half-frozen limbs. In all other countries through which the French passed as invaders, it was Larrey's custom, upon evacuating a town, to leave a letter for the medical chief of the enemy, commending to his care such of his own unhappy patients as were too ill to be moved; and in no case was this confidence found to be misplaced. But in Russia every town was set on fire before Napoleon reached it, and consumed almost to the last house before he departed. Where the Grand Army looked for abundance, and rest, and shelter, they found nothing but flames. The hope of reaching their great goal, Moscow, however, animated them to an extraordinary degree, notwithstanding that the four hundred thousand fighting-men who had crossed the Niemen were reduced to less than a quarter of that number.

"At length, on the fourteenth of September, on reaching an eminence in the road, the advanced-guard suddenly caught sight of Moscow. As all the battalions of the army reached that part of the road, they halted, and the sound of 'Moscow' reverberated through their ranks. It was a moment of intoxication. After a short halt, they continued their onward course; and as the old city of the czars of Muscovy became brighter and clearer, the joy of the French soldiers increased. Murat, at the head of the cavalry, galloped forward, and concluded a truce with the enemy for the evacuation of Moscow. The whole French army soon afterward began to enter the gates of that city. The French soldiers dispersed themselves through the town, and gazed at its novelties. The houses were richly furnished, the churches were profuse in ornament, and the palaces seemed stored with the wealth of ages. Afterward, some of them climbed to the summit of the Kremlin. From that spot, they looked down upon a city which in extent seemed as large as Paris, Vienna,

and Berlin together. Beneath them in survey, were fifteen hundred palaces, with gardens and parks, and thousands of houses of a perfectly new architecture, tiled or roofed with polished iron of various devices. From the midst of these abodes arose hundreds of churches and innumerable steeples. Conceptions the most eccentric, of Byzantine, Tartar, and Armenian architecture, had there raised edifices, with twisted columns in front of them, and also produced a variety of contour and painting. Many of the houses were of colored wood; but the colors were unmatched and incongruous. Then the silvered and gilded cupolas of the principal churches, in reflecting the rays of the sun, gave to this panorama much that was dazzling as well as new to French eyes. Commanding and overlooking all, by its gilded roof of immense height, and by its towers almost laden with steeples, with its walls carved or sculptured like garlands, the Kremlin, in its imposing grandeur, appeared like the father and protector of the old Muscovite city."

In this Kremlin, the citadel of the capital, the abode of the czars, which contained their treasure, the sacred images of the Greek religion, and the mortal remains of the sovereigns laid out in funeral chapels, adorned with gold and gems, Napoleon took up his quarters. His soldiers, who had long been strangers to a bed, that night slept on soft couches in mansions of the noble and wealthy. They were dreaming of enriching themselves by the spoil of those luxuriant but forsaken abodes, when the torches of the incendiaries—the felons who had been liberated from prison, and left behind for this dread purpose—were applied to the holy city. The gales of the equinox acted like a bellows on the rising conflagration. The polished steel roofs of the buildings soon became red hot, balloons of fire drifted to and fro, and the air resounded with the falling of walls and springing of mines. Napoleon clung to the spot as long as possible; but at length the increasing fury of the flames rendered it quite untenable, and he removed—not without great peril in passing through the burning streets—to Pétrowskoïé, a château of Peter the Great, about four miles from the city. For three days and nights, the fire raged, consuming the entire capital except the Kremlin, the

churches, and a few of the large stone houses. Napoleon surveyed the scene from his château, and was overheard by Larrey to exclaim: "This event is the presage of a long train of disasters." As soon as possible, the Emperor returned to the place where Moscow had stood. "The camps which he traversed," says M. de Segur, "in order to arrive at the Kremlin, offered a singular aspect. They were on thick and cold mud, in the midst of fields. Here the soldiers were warming themselves by igniting furniture of acacia, windows of handsome framework, and doors of rich gilding. Around these fires, on a litter of damp straw, which, was badly sheltered by some planks, one saw the soldiers and their officers, soiled with mud and blackened with smoke, sitting in arm-chairs, or sleeping on sofas of silk. At their feet were stretched or heaped up shawls of cashmere, the most rare furs of Siberia, and also stuffs of gold of Persia. Between the camps and the town, one met crowds of soldiers dragging or trailing their booty, or chasing before them as beasts of burden, monks bent under the weight of the pillage of their capital, for the fire showed near twenty thousand inhabitants, unperceived till then, in this immense city. They went to shelter themselves with the wreck of their goods near our fires. They lived pell-mell with our soldiers, protected by some, and tolerated or scarce remarked by others. There were even about ten thousand soldiers of the enemy. During several days, they wandered in the midst of us, free, and some of them still armed."

Having deferred as long as possible the evacuation of Moscow, on account of the loss of prestige which he knew must result from any retrograde movement, and despairing of any conditions of peace from Alexander, Napoleon commenced his retreat. The one hundred and three thousand men who yet remained to him carried with them an immense plunder, beside that famous and gigantic cross snatched from the tower of the great Ivan, which the Emperor fondly hoped to see erected on the dome of the Invalides at Paris. They were also accompanied by many French families who had long resided in Russia, but were now apprehensive of being left behind. The dreadful story of this retreat has been told again and again. Before the French

could effect their passage across the Berezhina, the Russians arrived in enormous force, and began to fire upon "the division of General Partoureaux, the soldiers of which division immediately wished to cross the bridge all at once. The conveyances clashed with each other. Some of the unfortunate men were crushed, while others, losing all spirit, threw themselves into the stream; some opened a cruel way for themselves by massacring all who obstructed their passage. Shrieks of women, cries of despair, roar of cannon, noise of explosions, and a variety of sounds, were all heard together. A certain number, in the abyss of despair, sat on the banks half-stupefied, and, after gazing as if they scarce saw, died of prostration. There was throughout a frightful mixture of imprecations, of lashings, and of strugglings; thence arose indescribable disorder, and a breaking of the overloaded bridge. The Russian army approached, and with its formidable artillery tore the ranks of the French mob of soldiers." In this immense disaster, the surgeon-in-chief, after having crossed over with the Imperial Guard, "discovered that requisites for the sick and wounded of his countrymen had been left on the opposite bank. With equal humanity and heroism, he recrossed the stream; and hardly had he done so, when he was surrounded by a wildly excited crowd. He was almost suffocated in the midst of it. It is here that one may find proof of that unbounded affection with which Larrey had inspired the soldiers with whom he was serving. No sooner was he recognized, than he was carried with astonishing rapidity in the arms of the soldiers across the river. On all parts was heard the cry nearly in these words: 'Let us save him who saved us!'"

The sufferings of the remnant of the Grand Army became now extreme; neither rank nor nationality could be recognized in their diminished columns. Those rags which had been uniforms were scorched by the fires of the bivouacs, and their feet were wrapped up in bits of cloth instead of shoes and stockings. Even their very ages were confounded, for the beards of youth and age were equally whitened by the hoar-frost, and all went stumbling on in apparent decrepitude. So fatal was the cold, that of the twelve thousand men forming the twelfth

division of the army, all had perished between Wilna and Ochmiana save three hundred and fifty! "At Miedneski, the cold was so great that Larrey found it was twenty-eight degrees on the thermometer of Reaumur, which was suspended to his coat-button. It seemed a region in which all life died, death lived, for, as the army of skeletons passed onward, they observed numbers of dead birds, which, doubtless, in their flight toward the center of Europe, had been overtaken by the winter, and had fallen at once, stiffened by the cold, on the very track which the retreating French were now pursuing. The silence of their march was broken occasionally by the weak voice of some comrade as he sank never to rise, on the snow-clad earth." Even the Russians themselves fared little better. The one hundred and twenty thousand men of Kutusoff melted down to thirty-five thousand; and the fifty thousand of Wittgenstein to fifteen thousand. Nay, so benumbed and stupefied were these natives by the cold of their own winter, that they were incapable of distinguishing the French prisoners who marched in the middle of their columns. Many of these were so audacious as to attack isolated parties of Russians, and make themselves masters of their arms and uniforms, after which they would join the enemy's ranks without being detected.

Larrey's iron constitution endured all the hardships of this campaign without much detriment: the spirit was ever

willing with him, and the flesh was not weak. His moral courage, too, was fully equal to his physical. Long ago at Esslingen, when the officers of the staff complained to Napoleon of their horses having been shot by command of the surgeon-in-chief, he had been summoned to the Emperor's presence. "What!" said the latter, "have you ventured on your own responsibility, to dispose of my officers' horses for food for your wounded?" "Yea," answered Larrey, nor did he add another word to that monosyllable. For this reply, his master, who was not of the silver-fork school of sovereigns, created him a baron of the empire.

As no man ever merited honor and promotion more than Larrey, so none was ever less grudging the possession of them. The name of this non-combatant hero is engraved on the stone of the *Arc de Triomphe* with those of the illustrious soldiers of the Republic and the Empire. His statue stands in the Court of Honor in the military hospital of the Val de Grâce at Paris. His works, forming the connecting-link between the surgery of the last age and the present, are also themselves a monument. Finally, there is this noble record of him in the will of Napoleon his master, who had an eye for an honest man, although he could scarcely himself be classed in the category of such: "I bequeath to the surgeon-in-chief of the French army, Larrey, one hundred thousand francs. *He is the most virtuous man I have ever known.*"

From Chambers's Journal.

AUSTRIAN RULE IN TUSCANY

UNDER THE GRAND DUKE LEOPOLD II., 1849.

In the little town of Pistoia, a few miles distant from Florence, there lived, a few years ago, a respectable couple in humble life. Agostino Frosini was a servant in a gentleman's family, and his wife, Annunziata Sapoli, a washerwoman.

They had five children, one of whom, Attilio, was noted for his mild and amiable disposition. A favorite with all who knew him, he retained, at the age of sixteen, a purity, and almost childlike simplicity of heart and mind, which was

the more striking among a people whose character and intellect are usually developed at an earlier age than in races inhabiting northern countries.

In 1849, all Italy, from the Alps to Sicily, rejoiced in the hope of establishing constitutional governments throughout the land, of forcing their separate rulers to obey the existing laws, which they had arbitrarily set aside, and of driving out the Austrian, who not only had forfeited all claim to Lombardy, by breaking the conditions upon which it had been bestowed by the arbiters of Europe in 1815, but had likewise supported tyranny, political and religious, throughout the whole peninsula. The Grand Duke of Tuscany, Leopold II., who at first appeared to yield to the wishes of his people by granting them a constitution, fled, terrified at his own work, to seek aid from the very government which was most hated by his Tuscan subjects. He left Florence in March, 1849, but returned in June of that same year, under the escort of an Austrian army. The German soldiers entered Florence in triumph, wearing boughs of laurel on their caps; and having once established themselves in the country as the protectors of the sovereign, they were allowed full license to insult the Italians they had conquered by arms. If two or three Florentines were seen in the street conversing together, they were ordered to separate; if they sang, they were silenced, whilst the Austrian soldiery paraded the streets in bands, singing their national songs. One day, an unfortunate peasant happened to jostle an Austrian officer in Via Porta Rossa, one of the most frequented streets of Florence. He was knocked up against a wall, and forced to remain there, whilst the officer and the soldiers following him successively spat in his face.

But worse instances than these contributed to deepen the hatred of the Italian against the Austrian, and against that sovereign who had returned to the country and office he had abandoned with unmanly cowardice, through Austrian means. News had arrived of the victories gained over the Austrians in Hungary, which were hailed with joy in Italy; and a rumor having got abroad that the Austrian regiment in Pistoia was Hungarian, the people there hoped to find in the soldiers not only friends, but the

enemies of their enemies. One afternoon, Attilio Frosini was passing the bishop's palace, where the Austrian commander, Lieutenant-Colonel Francesco de Mayer, was quartered. The guard, who were partly Croats, wore the Hungarian uniform, and the lad saluted them as he passed with the words: "Long live Kossuth!" The sentinel replied, "Viva!" and Attilio, encouraged by this, repeated, "Viva Kossuth!" Three more of the soldiers had now joined the sentinel, and shouting "Viva, bravo!" beckoned to him to come nearer. No sooner was he within reach, than they surrounded and seized him, carrying him into the guard-house, where they informed him he was under arrest. Attilio at first remonstrated against his seizure, but finding his words vain, he lost all self-command, and broke out in invectives against the Austrian soldiers, their officers and generals, declaring he would tear down their flag, which was hanging in the guard-house. Upon this, the soldiers put him in chains, giving him repeated blows with their guns.

Shortly afterward, Lieutenant-Colonel de Mayer, with the officers of the regiment, returned to the palace, from which they had been absent when the boy was arrested. After listening to the corporal's report of the affair, the Lieutenant-Colonel ordered the soldiers to be drawn out, and Attilio Frosini to be beaten a second time by blows from the but-end of their guns. His cries were heard at a considerable distance; but, not satisfied with this, the Austrian officer ordered him to be conveyed to the fortress, to which he was driven with blows and insults by thirty Croats, and kept there all night. On the morning of the twenty-ninth of June, an express was sent to the commander-in-chief resident at Prato, informing him of what had occurred the previous evening; but an officer of the garrison, half of whom were Tuscan, had likewise sent word to the prefect of Pistoia, Cavaliere Rossellini Gualandi, warning him that Attilio's case would be tried by a military tribunal, and was one of life or death. The prefect accordingly started early for Florence, to lay the affair before the minister of the Grand Duke, and entreat his interference. Before leaving Pistoia, however, he addressed the following letter to Lieutenant-Colonel de Mayer:

"MOST ILLUSTRIOUS SIR: I have been informed that a youth of this city, the son of a servant of the family Marchetti, was arrested yesterday evening, accused of using means to induce some soldiers of the troop commanded by your Excellency to desert, and that he is at this present moment under trial by a council of war, and, in case of being found guilty, that he will be subjected to the extreme rigor of martial law. I consider it my duty, in the interest of the authority I represent, formally to signify to you, that without prejudging any other question which may arise as to what are the cases amenable to martial law, it is not possible in any way to apply it in a case which has not been formally declared punishable according to martial law and by the forms of an extraordinary tribunal; but this case can only be tried in the terms and in the established forms of Tuscan laws.

"I can not doubt that, while I am engaged in acquainting the superior government with this urgent case, and await my instructions from thence, that whatever may be the sentence pronounced, the execution will be suspended until the required instructions arrive. I have the honor, etc.

"CAV. ALESSANDRO ROSSELLINI GUALANDI,
"Prefect."

That the minister could not or would not interfere, may be inferred from what followed; but the story may now be told in the words of the priest, Doctor Vincenzo Marraccini, of Pistoia, who attended the poor lad from this time to his last moment:

"Two o'clock was striking in the afternoon of the twenty-ninth June, 1849, when an Austrian soldier, guided by a man of the name of Valente Chiappini, knocked at the door of my house, situated in the Via del Corso, near the church of Santa Maria Nuova. Going to the window, I saw Chiappini, who, pointing to the Austrian soldier, said: 'This gentleman wants your attendance on a sick man in the fortress.' I immediately hastened down to the street, where I found the Austrian soldier alone, as Chiappini had departed.

"On my way to the fortress, I asked the soldier who the sick man might be, and what was his complaint; but his only reply was, that *he did not know—he was told there was a sick man.* 'Tell me, at least,' I added, 'if this sick man is one of your comrades, or one of our soldiers, for I suppose you know so much.' But he only repeated what he had said before: 'I was told there was a sick man, and that I was to fetch a priest.' We

had by this time reached the external gate of the fortress, and passing through, he led me to the interior, bidding me turn to the left.

"Here I found all the Austrians drawn up under arms, but hardly noticing them, I turned to my guide, believing him still beside me, to desire him to lead me at once to the sick man; but he, like Chiappini, had disappeared, without telling me he was leaving me.

"Whilst I was looking round in search of him, one of the Austrian soldiers present advanced, and requested me to wait. I bowed my consent, and approaching a Tuscan, of the name of Antonio Sarto, and who, with several other Tuscan soldiers, was quartered in the fortress, I asked him what all these Austrians were about, and why they were under arms.

"He replied with much agitation: 'Reverend sir, they are about to commit a very brutal act, and, it appears, you are required to be present.' As I was totally ignorant of what had occurred, I could not at the moment comprehend the import of his words, and I again inquired: 'But have I not been called here to attend a sick man?' 'Exactly so,' he replied. 'I tell you it is a very brutal act; and the supposed sick man is, I believe, there in the midst of them.'

"That instant, I heard the sound of the drum; and the Austrian soldiers filing off in two lines, I perceived a young lad walking between them, chained hand and foot, and followed by twelve Austrians, who were conducting him toward the inner gate of the fortress. As soon as they had passed, an officer, either a major or captain, advanced toward me, and, without further preface, said: 'I consign him to you.'

"At the sight of that miserable-looking boy, and the sound of these brief but alarming words, I felt my blood freeze in my veins, and a secret presentiment suggesting the idea of death rise up in my mind. I could have thrown myself at the feet of the Austrian officer, but I only said: 'I will not fail in performing the duties of my sacred office; but for the love of Jesus, I entreat you to spare the life of that boy.' 'Who knows!' he replied; 'the matter has been referred to the Colonel, who is at Prato. All depends on him.'

"So saying, he took me by the arm,

and accompanied me to the gate of the fortress, when, making me a sign to enter the guard-house, he left me.

"In the center of the room, a corporal sat astride on a chair, leaning the elbow of his right arm on the back, and his head on his hand. Three soldiers mounted guard, two at the door of the room, and one near the window. All this armed force was placed there to watch that poor boy, as if he had been a wild beast. The prisoner had thrown himself on his face upon a bench, sobbing violently. As I have said before, I was ignorant of what occurred; I did not even know who he was, and I was therefore uncertain how I should approach him, so as to alarm him as little as possible.

"I blew my nose, and starting at the noise, he turned round trembling, and looked me; but he no sooner perceived who I was, than he threw himself weeping upon my neck. At this eloquent appeal, I could do no less than embrace him in return, and clasping him in my arms, without uttering a syllable, we both sank down upon the bench. The poor lad was bathed in perspiration and tears, whilst his face was hot with fever; but after a few moments he disengaged himself from my embrace, and, half-suspicious, half-terrified, he asked me: 'But are you the priest Marraccini?'

"'Yes,' I replied, stroking his cheeks, 'I am the priest Marraccini; you need not be afraid, my son.'

"'Bravo! you have done a good act in coming to me.'

"'I came solely on your account; therefore, tell me all you want. But first, your name; for I do not think I ever saw you before.'

"His lips relaxed into an ingenuous smile, as he answered: 'My name is Attilio. I am the son of Agostino Frosini. You know him; he is a servant in the house of the Marchetti family. My mother is the washerwoman. Do you not know her—down there, on the way to the theater? I was at school at Master Tozzelli's. 'But yesterday,' and he lowered his voice, 'I was seized down there by the bishop's palace, and they brought me here.' And he burst into a fresh flood of tears.

"Hardly knowing what to say, I exhorted him to have courage, and trust in Jesus, assuring him there must be some

mistake; and I then asked him if he was in want of any thing.

"'I am so thirsty,' he said.

"I beckoned to the corporal, who had never moved from his position; he went out, soon returning with a flask of water. Attilio carried it so hastily to his mouth, that I was only aware of the neck of the flask being broken, when I perceived the blood from his lips mingling with the water. I asked for a cup, but was refused; and poor Attilio, whilst quenching his burning thirst, had frequently to pause to take breath, swallowing drop by drop, till it went to my heart to see him.

"Soon afterward, he said he was very hungry; adding, 'I have not tasted any thing since yesterday evening.' I told the corporal, who went out, and returned with a loaf of bread, but which was more black than white. 'For the sake of charity,' I asked, 'allow him a few mouthfuls of soup or a little broth.' The corporal again left the room, and returned with the answer that it was not allowed. I myself then went to the captain, who all this while was standing outside the fortress with the other officers, and asked him the favor, telling him I would go and fetch the broth; but my entreaties were vain, and I was obliged to return disappointed, and with nothing but that miserable loaf. If drinking had been difficult, eating was still more so. The bread was so hard that I asked for a knife to cut it, but this was likewise denied, and I was obliged to use both hands to break it against the bench.

"While Attilio was swallowing a few crumbs, I endeavored to console him; his answers, which proved the innocent and ingenuous nature of this boy, who had hardly passed sixteen years of age, touched me so deeply that I could scarcely restrain my tears, and in order to conceal them from him, I looked round the room until my eyes accidentally fell on an image of the Virgin which hung against the wall. Attilio, who watched my every movement, instantly perceived my eyes were fixed on something, and asked me what it was.

"'I am looking at that image,' I answered; and thinking it might be of use in keeping his thoughts on sacred subjects, I climbed on the bench, took it down, and bade him look at it, and tell me who it represented. He gazed at it for a

moment, and then exclaimed: 'Do I know it? It is the holy mother of Jesus.' Then covering it with kisses and tears, he laid it on his knees. After a few moments, he spoke again: 'I too am under the protection of the Virgin. Do you ask if I remember her image? It was only uncovered a few days ago, when I made my general confession.*'

"Well done, Attilio, I answered; 'you give me comfort. You have already told me you wish to do right, but as you also tell me you have made your general confession, perhaps you would like now to confess again. If you would like to do so, tell me where your confessor lives, and I will at once go and fetch him.'

"My confessor is Bartolini, the sacristan of the Church della Madonna; but I do not wish him to come here now, because—in this state'—and he raised his hand to show me his chain—'I am ashamed! I would rather confess to you. I should like to have my crucifix, which is at home, but it is a long way off.'

"I am quite ready to hear you confess,' I said, 'and to fetch your crucifix; but your house is so far off, that I should have to leave you too long alone. Let me rather go to mine, and fetch my own.' Attilio acquiesced, and assuring him I should soon return, I left him.

"As I left the fortress, I found the Austrian captain, and begged he would inform me how I was to regulate my behavior toward the prisoner.

"I can not tell you,' he replied; 'we are waiting the arrival of the sentence from Prato.'

"For charity's sake, tell me,' I continued, 'is there any danger of a capital sentence, that I may prepare him for the great change? for, should you not believe the affair so serious, I would not unnecessarily alarm him.'

"But it is precisely because the chances are such that we sent for you. All, however, depends on the general. Act as you think best.'

"My sad suspicion that the cup would be bitter, and that Attilio would have to drain it to the dregs, was thus confirmed, and in a painful state of agitation I hastened home in search of my crucifix, and re-

turned to the fortress. Five was striking as I reentered the guard-room. I found Attilio where I had left him, seated on the bench, with the image of the Virgin laid upon his knees. The corporal and the three Tuscan privates who had mounted guard before had been removed, and exchanged for the same number of Austrians. As soon as he saw me, he exclaimed: 'Come here; it seems an age since you went. The soldiers who were here before' (and he lowered his voice) 'whispered to these, and went away. I have had such a fright! When they let me out, I will go to your house. Have you brought me the crucifix?' He took it from my hand, and after examining it, said with a smile—'It is just like my own;' and then kissing it, and unbuttoning his waistcoat, laid it on his breast, crossed his arms, and remained silent.

"After about a quarter of an hour, he raised his face, and glancing round the room, fixed his eyes on mine without speaking, upon which I said: 'I did not wish to distract your thoughts, and have therefore kept silence, as I concluded you were meditating upon the confession you intend making to me.'

"True,' he replied; 'and you will do me a kindness by allowing me now to confess.'

"I rose, and requested the corporal and his three soldiers to leave us alone for a short time, but received no answer. I then asked them to retire to the further end of the room, as they had heard the prisoner express his wish to confess; but none of them moved. Attilio, who had borne with meekness the brutality with which they had denied him every bodily comfort, could not resist a moment of despair at this denial of that consolation he needed for his soul, and let his head drop between his knees. But raising his face again, he took my hand, and led me between the bench and the wall into a corner of the room.

"Gentle and resigned to ill-usage, he was about to kneel, when I raised him up, and, placing him beside me on the bench, drew my arm round his waist, and laid his head on my shoulder, so as to enable me to hear him without the danger of being overheard by these four inexorable soldiers; and, with the crucifix in his hand, the poor boy began his confession.

"Six had struck when he finished, saying to me: 'I do not remember any thing

*A ceremony of the Roman Catholic Church, which had been performed by the people on the ninth and tenth June, 1849, on an occasion when an image of the Virgin, supposed by them to be peculiarly holy, had been uncovered.

more; but, before giving me absolution, let me think awhile, lest I should have forgotten something, for I seem hardly to know where my head stands.' Saying this, he pressed his forehead and temples with his hands. As he uttered these words, I felt a cold sweat break out over all my limbs, and an agonizing sensation, in the thought that I could neither say nor do any thing to relieve him. I could only add: 'My poor son, how thou dost suffer!' And whilst his head sank on my shoulder to find ease from pain, he gradually fell into a quiet slumber.

"The bell striking seven, woke him from this angelic sleep. Attilio opened his eyes wide, and raising himself, recognized the place he was in, and recollected his miserable condition; he then gave way to a fresh burst of tears.

"When he became calm, I left him for a little while, assuring him I would soon return. Again presenting myself to the captain, I asked him if the sentence had arrived. His answer was the same as before, and therefore with my sad presentiment stronger than ever, I returned to Attilio.

"I spoke to him of the instability of human affairs, how short and fleeting is this miserable life, and how happy and blessed eternity. I exhorted him, if it ever should be required of him, to resign his life, to die for the love of Jesus, and to pardon his enemies.

"Then, he exclaimed, 'they intend to murder me; they will put me to death! O my father! O my mother and brothers!'

"Attilio, they may not still condemn you to die; but if Jesus wills it, to lead you to heaven—you have promised to do your duty—you will bear even this with resignation, will you not?"

"Yes, he replied, bursting into a fit of sobbing.

"As it struck eight, we recited together the *Angelus Dominus*; he requested to confess again, and I again gave him absolution. After this, I asked him to allow me to go home, to which he quietly consented, but begged me soon to return.

"I hastened to the captain, and for the third time asked if he had nothing positive to tell me, informing him that I was on my way home, but would soon return, and remain all night, if necessary. He told me I might go, that the sentence might not arrive for some little time, and

that if I was wanted, he would let me know.

"At a little after nine, Antonio Sarti, sergeant of the Tuscan division of veterans, arrived at my house to summon me to the prisoner. He led me at once into the interior of the fortress. The Austrian captain and the officers were no longer standing at the gate. I found poor Attilio in an open space below, leaning against the wall, his arms crossed on his breast, and his eyes raised to heaven. He looked like an angel, by the silvery light of the moon. His chain had been removed. Ten or twelve Austrian soldiers, ready armed, formed a half-circle round him; the rest, as in the daytime, were drawn up along the sides of the square.

"As soon as I approached him, Attilio asked: 'Is it the priest Marraccini?"

"Yes, it is I.'

"Oh! come and stand beside me; do not leave me again. Look where they have brought me!"

"Courage, I answered, 'my dear son—courage!' and in order better to support him, I took his hand, and passing my arm round his waist, pressed him to my side.

"At beat of drum, the soldiers filed off in two lines, and we were ordered to advance between them—the twelve soldiers who had formed a half-circle before us now falling in behind. When we reached the center of the square, we were ordered to halt. The line of soldiers drawn up on the left then opened, and we discovered all the officers, with their captain, standing round a little table. One of them advancing a few steps toward us, said: 'Attilio Frosini, your sentence has arrived. I will first read it in German, and then translate it to you in Italian.'

"He retired to the table, took up a paper, and holding a lantern in one hand, read its contents aloud—first in German, and then in Italian. It was as follows: 'Attilio Frosini, you have been found guilty of having attempted to induce two of our men to desert, and you are condemned to die by hanging—'

"God's will be done,' interrupted Attilio.

"But, continued the officer! 'this being impossible to execute, your sentence is commuted, and you are to be shot. Do you understand?"

"May the will of God be done,' repeated Attilio.

"His straw hat, which they had ordered him to take off, now fell from his hand. I stooped to pick it up, and, as if he feared to lose me again, he laid hold of the collar of my coat. As I rose, I put his hat on his head for him, took his hand, and assured him I would remain with him to the last.

"We again heard the sound of the drum—those preceding us moved forward in a march, and we two, always between two lines of soldiers, and with twelve more following us, proceeded, as ordered, toward the little gate which opened on the platform leading to the outer walls of the fortress.

"The drums again beat. The two lines of soldiers stood still, the officers with the captain advanced, ordering Attilio and myself to follow. We were immediately surrounded by the escort of ten or twelve soldiers. As we passed beneath the gate, I remembered the crucifix, and I took it from Attilio's breast, where he had replaced it after he had confessed. As I gave it into his hand, one of the soldiers of the escort asked me what I was about.

"'You need not be afraid,' I said. 'Look at it; it is the image of the Saviour, whose eyes can pierce even this darkness.'

"As soon as we reached the platform, Attilio was ordered to advance a few steps, and turn his face toward the little gate which we entered. The soldiers of the escort were drawn up there, with the captain and officers beside them.

"One of them now approached Attilio, and offered to take off his waistcoat; but Attilio would not allow the soldier to touch him, and turning to me, gently asked me to help him. He was next ordered to take off his hat and cravat. I took them off, and threw them, with the waistcoat, at the feet of the Austrians. They told him to kneel down, and approached to bind his eyes. But here I interfered, and turning to the captain, said: 'I desire to be left a moment alone with this unhappy boy, for the duties of my sacred office.' I did not wish to detain them above a minute, for I should only have prolonged his agony. The captain accordingly ordered the soldiers to fall back, saying that the sentence should not be executed until I had moved from beside the prisoner.

"I knelt down, and with a few words which Jesus alone could have placed upon

my lips in that moment of anguish, I exhorted him to be resigned, and to lay down his life in the sure hope of immediately being with Jesus in Paradise; I urged him to forgive his murderers; and Attilio pronounced their forgiveness aloud. We repeated together the words, Jesus, Joseph, and Mary, and then embraced. He pressed my hand whilst uttering these holy words: 'God reward thee—I recommend my soul to God.' They were his last.

"I rose, and then, O God! what a moment! I stepped on one side, and with one hand pointing to heaven, I raised the other in the act of blessing, saying: 'In the name of Divine Omnipotence, and Justice, I absolve thee of thy sins.' The Austrians' reply to these words was an explosion like thunder. We both fell to the ground—Attilio dead, and I in a faint, from whence a false report arose that I had been wounded.

"When I recovered, I found myself outside the fortress, and I heard ten o'clock striking. The Austrian captain and the officers insisted on accompanying me home. When I reached my door, my crucifix was restored to me. The silver setting and the lower part of the cross were blackened where the powder had struck it. I preserve it as a precious relic, with the last words of Attilio: 'God reward thee—I recommend my soul to God.'

With these words, the account of the priest Marracini ends. The following day, he visited the mother of the poor boy, and found her in a state bordering on distraction. She, however, survived her son six years; but his father went raving mad, and died in the lunatic asylum of Florence, in 1857.

The formal notification of Attilio Frosini's crime, and its punishment, was published in the following words, by Lieutenant-Colonel Francesco de Mayer:

"Attilio Frosini, native of Pistoia, aged seventeen years, having been convicted by eye-witnesses, and by his own confession, of having been guilty of the crime of illegal attempt at enlistment, (he was only sixteen years of age, and had just seventeen *quattrini** in his pocket,) has been condemned to be shot by the sentence of a court-martial. The execution took place that same day at nine p.m. The crime of illegal

* A *quattrino* is about half a farthing.

attempt at enlistment was committed upon the Austrian troops, who were therefore under the necessity of executing the sentence.

"FRANCESCO DE MAYER,

"Lieutenant-Colonel.

"PISTOIA, 1st July, 1849."

Notification of the sentence of death, placarded on the walls of the city of Pistoia:

"Attilio Frosini, a Pistoian, convicted of, and having confessed himself guilty of, the attempt to induce two Austrian soldiers to desert, and to fight for the so-called cause of Rome, besides uttering repeated insults during his examination against the imperial and royal troops; against their commander-in-chief, Field-marshal Radetzky; and against the colors of the regiment of the Archduke Francis Charles, thus exhibiting a depravity which deprived him of all claims to consideration, has been, by the sentence of a court-martial, condemned for the crime of illegal attempt to enlistment, to be hung. All are aware of the gravity of such a crime, as few are ignorant of the spirit of anarchy and hatred of the legitimate government cherished by a large number of the inhabitants of the city of Pistoia—a spirit of anarchy and a hatred which has recently led to the assassination of the notary Vincenzo Piccioli,* [who never was assassinated.] As a salutary means to intimidate the wicked, and as a warning to all, be it publicly known that the said sentence was executed on the twenty-ninth day of the past month at Pistoia, and that in the absence of the hangman, the prisoner was shot.—Imperial and Royal Colonel in command of the Regiment of the Archduke Francis Charles. WEILER.

"PRATO, 2d July, 1849."

To the honor of the inhabitants of Pistoia, be it told that neither menaces nor bribes could induce one of them to placard this iniquitous sentence on the walls of the town, and finally the Austrian commander had to resort to an agent of the lowest description.

* Vincenzo Piccioli was a spy, who had received, as a reward for his services, the office of Protocolli Notariali for Tuscany. He continued his office of spy until the police were disbanded, and his house was the nocturnal haunt and focus of men of his class and occupation. During the absence of the Grand Duke, the liberal party in power let him alone; but as soon as the Grand Duke returned, he hastened to offer his services to the Austrian general, with a list of the inhabitants of Pistoia accused of republican opinions. He went about publicly with the Austrian officers, and even openly pointed out to them such of his countrymen, who might be put on the list of suspected persons. One night, returning home, he was slightly wounded by an unknown hand. Far from having been killed, he asked and obtained leave to quit the country, and eight years afterward, repassed the Alps, and returned home.

The body of Attilio Frosini was so carelessly buried, that a few days later, one of the elbows was seen protruding from the earth. A man of the name of Angiolio Cottino, employed within the fortress, had some lime thrown on the spot, to prevent the body being devoured by dogs, which was the more probable, as almost every Austrian had his dog with him. Cottino twice attempted to set up a wooden cross to mark the spot, but it was each time removed by the Austrians. He finally painted a red cross on the adjoining wall.

On the twelfth June, 1860, when Leopold II. had been again obliged to leave Florence, after his attempt to fire upon the city, and when liberty was restored, with the hope of a new era, under a new sovereign, and with a united Italy, Baron Bettino Ricasoli, then governor-general of Tuscany, gave permission for the mortal remains of the youth Attilio Frosini, who had been shot by the sentence of an Austrian court-martial, to be disinterred, that they might receive Christian burial. Accordingly, in the presence of the priest Marraccini, and of eleven of the magistrates and principal persons of Pistoia, on the evening of the twenty-eighth June, 1860, search was made in the ground near the spot indicated by the red cross painted on the wall; and the bones having been found, they were wrapped in a linen cloth, and placed in a wooden coffin. Conveyed to the chapel of the fortress, the remains were next consigned to the care of the commander, until the funeral rites were prepared. On the second July, the coffin, covered by a rich pall, and surmounted by the crucifix he had held to his lips at his death, and which was now covered with wreaths of flowers, was borne by the members of the Confraternity of Mercy, and followed by an immense concourse of people, to the church of Santa Maria Nuova, in Pistoia. A funeral oration was pronounced over the grave by the priest Marraccini, whilst the inhabitants of Prato, from whence the sentence of Attilio Frosini's death had been sent, now sent their token of sympathy, in a crown of flowers, to be laid on the grave, and a letter in the following words, addressed to their fellow-countrymen at Pistoia:

"PRATO, 2d July, 1860.

"INHABITANTS OF PISTOIA: On this day, when you gather to the sepulcher the sacred mortal

remains of Attilio Frosini, who, eleven years ago, fell an innocent victim, in the flower of his age and hopes, to German vengeance, we, the undesigned, offer you, in the name of the entire city of Prato, a crown of flowers, begging you to place it on the sepulcher of this Italian martyr. It is the intention of the city of Prato, upon the sad anniversary of the cruel death of Attilio Frosini, annually to renew this humble offering, which, whilst it attests our remembrance of this sacrifice of the life of your fellow-citizen, will likewise be a solemn protest against the many and unheard-of cruelties committed against this sacred land of Italy by the iniquitous and expiring House of Hapsburg," etc.

Inscription on the tomb of Attilio Frosini: "At the age of sixteen, this gentle and innocent youth could not escape the ferocity of the Austrian. Attilio Frosini, contrary to all law and justice, and to the horror of this city, was shot on the twenty-ninth June, 1849. God, who vindicates the oppressed, laid low the atrocious foreigner at Solferino.—The people of Pistoia, to perpetuate the shame of his murderers, removed the ashes of the martyr,

on the second day of July, 1860, from unconsecrated earth, to this sacred spot. We confide this victim of the insulting destroyers of our independence, to the pious and patriotic love which has, through blood and suffering, reconquered the national flag."

Over the doors of the church are inscribed these words: "To the ashes of Attilio Frosini, sixteen years of age, who, though without arms, and obedient to the laws, was, by an Austrian council of war, with inhuman ferocity, thirsting for Italian blood, sentenced to death. The bullets of the barbarians pierced his young breast on the twenty-ninth June, 1849. Pistoia was then panic-struck at the enormity of the crime, but now, having reconquered her liberty, she raises this memorial of the wicked assassination; and as some reparation to the insult offered to her laws, she here bestows on him this solemn and sacred sepulture."

"2d July, 1860."

From the St. James's Magazine.

A DAY OF ARCTIC ADVENTURE.

BY DAVID WALKER, M.D.,

F.L.S., M.R.I.A., F.R.G.S., ETC.

(Late Surgeon and Naturalist, on board the

Fox, in the Search for Sir John Franklin.)

THE morning of the twenty-sixth May, 1858, was bright and lovely; the sun was reflected from floe, iceberg, and snow-capped mountains, as we entered Disco Bay. The surface of the water was as smooth as a pond—not a breath of wind—our sails hung loosely in their brails, and we found it necessary to get up steam. Slowly we passed along the coast, threading our way among hundreds of icebergs, whose varied proportions and fantastic shapes added to the beauty of the coast scenery: many of these ice-mountains were aground; others were borne quietly

by the current to be drifted through Davis' Strait to the southward. One, very majestic in its appearance, slowly passed our ship; it was three hundred and eighty feet high, square-topped, solid, and massive, its huge sides caverned and eroded by the ceaselessly active element in which it glided, and which, like the Promethean vulture, constantly gnawed at its vitals. We steamed close to another, which, as we approached, seemed to shake with some internal convulsion; the immense mass rocked and groaned, then reared itself up, breaking into vast

fragments as it toppled over; very fortunately the noise it made warned us to give it a wider berth, else we might have received damage from some of the numerous pieces. This disruption was caused by the mass having become, as the sailors say, "top-heavy," the water having eaten away and dissolved the base; and the upper portion gravitating downward, the mere wave of the ship was sufficient to excite the latent elements of destruction; the report of this disruption was louder than that of a small park of artillery simultaneously discharged.

The coast along which we passed was picturesque in the extreme. The main body of Disco Island is composed of terraced trap of tertiary volcanic origin, its average height being about three thousand feet; the summit is covered with the jökler, or the temporary fast ice-mass of the country, which breaks off at intervals of about twelve years. The sun was shining upon the sides of the mountains facing the sea, which, with their dark brown masses and indentations of the deepest black, and the summit covered with a cap of glistening snow, might not inaptly be compared to an immense bride-cake. The upper fifteen hundred feet or so of these mountains seemed almost perpendicular, their surface broken only by the ravines, which were occasionally seen, or by the conical stream of *de-tritus* which filled the small hollows. Here and there a thin white zigzag line showed where the sun's rays had thawed a miniature cascade, which leaped and bounded down the immense wall, furrowing the rock and aiding the elements in their disintegrating action. The lowest portion of the coast—that nearest the sea—was composed of sandstone, red and yellow, with an occasional spit of sand running a long way into the bay, the accumulation of grounded ice and stranded icebergs.

All morning we steered our course among the bergs, small pieces of floating ice often coming foul of the ship. As we rounded Flakker Point, the surface of the sea was covered with myriads of eider-ducks, which, as we neared them, rose in thick clouds to settle down a little further on, again to be disturbed as we approached. Entering the Waigatt, we crept along the shore, our purpose being to anchor off that part of the coast where coal-beds crop out to the surface, about

midway up the strait. The dark lines of coal contrasted well with the thicker bands of sandstone, so that it was not difficult to identify the spot; and all our spare boats and men were at once sent off with pickaxes and shovels to bring on board this, to us, precious material.

The Waigatt Strait is about eight miles wide, and separates Disco Island from the continent of Greenland—the island appearing as if it had been broken off and towed a few miles away from the mainland. The mountains on each side rise to a height of three thousand to four thousand feet, and are either composed of basalt or granitic rocks. This strait is one of the "*Anoatok*" of the Eskimos, and is truly, as its name signifies, "a wind-loved spot," for the high land on each side of the narrow strait converts it into a funnel, through which the wind sweeps with dangerous velocity.

We had visited the place the previous year, when I had been foiled in attempting to reach the summit of one of these mountains: this time, however, I was determined to succeed, and proceeded at once to equip myself for my journey. The temperature of the air was just hovering about freezing-point as, at eight in the evening, I started from the ship. Thick strongly-nailed boots on my feet, an alpenstock in my hand, a geological case, and a barometer slung across my shoulder—these were my accoutrements. The men were hard at work picking out the coal as I landed on the ice-foot, or narrow belt of ice, which, adhering to the land for a longer time than the other ice which covers the strait in the winter, formed a natural landing-stage, rising and falling with the tide. Close to the shore were the seams of coal, which could easily be worked for a short distance in, as the layers were almost horizontal. To scale these beds was my first object, and at one hundred and fifty feet I reached a gradually ascending plateau, covered with the *débris* of the mountain just above me; here and there a huge piece of rock showing the origin of the smaller ones, among which I obtained many good specimens of chalcedony and cornelian, with numerous pieces of chabazite and other zeolites which filled the amygdaloid cavities in the trap. Scattered among these rocks were a few—but very few—patches of grass, where an occasional saxifrage or poppy was struggling into exist-

ence. Scrambling over these rock pieces, I reached one immense fragment, some one thousand tons in weight, which, like an avalanche, had been torn from the parent mountain mass. In one of the hollows of this plateau—of which there were many covered with snow, that had not yet disappeared—I saw some ptarmigan feeding, which, in their snow-white winter dress, could, with difficulty, be distinguished from the surface over which they ran. Two or three hares were quietly nibbling at the grass, eyed from a distance by a hungry fox, who was evidently making up his mind to have one of them for his supper. The ascent over these rubbly stones was by no means easy, and many times I halted before reaching a spur about sixteen hundred feet high, where I rested for a while, and where the first of a series of panoramic views burst upon me. Beneath me was the strait, with its navy of icebergs slowly surging along—some, the leviathans of the deep, moving in calm stateliness, while others, like tiny gunboats, seemed dispatched on some special service as they passed rapidly to and fro. The ship lay idly swinging to the tide, and the hum of the men at work below could plainly be heard. Around me lay the *disiecta membra* of a many a conflict, in which time and the elements had been engaged with one of our emblems of eternity—the everlasting hills. On the opposite side of the strait was varied mountain and valley scenery, which would have ravished an artist, and above me rose heavenward twenty-five hundred feet of perpendicular rock capped with snow.

Crossing this arm, I lost sight of the ship; and now commenced the real peril of the ascent, which began, somewhat anomalously, by a descent into a ravine about three hundred feet deep and very narrow, the sides clothed with broken rock and small stones, into and among which the foot slipped. Quick but dangerous was the descent, which I happily accomplished without accident; but to get up the other side presented an unforeseen difficulty, and my progress resembled that of the unfortunate who slipped three feet back for every one taken forward, and I was unable to walk backward. However, by taking a zigzag course, I succeeded, after an hour's hard work, in reaching the top of the ridge. Following this upward, I found myself stopped at a height of two thousand feet, by the per-

pendicular face of the mountain, which was formed here of columns six to eight feet high, while others, lying horizontally, were much longer—reminding me of the somewhat similar formation seen at the Giant's Causeway. Without attempting to climb this precipitous face I turned westward and encountered a steep slope of snow, which apparently led up to within a few hundred feet of the jökler-bedecked summit. Congratulating myself upon this easy pathway, cheerfully and carelessly I stepped on the bank, and suddenly found myself rolling some fifty or sixty feet down its deceitful face. Exposed to all the wind and frost of the winter, this snow had been caked hard and smooth; and, instead of having improved my prospect, I seemed in a worse plight than before. Fortunately my geological hammer had a broad cutting edge at one end, which in an extremity could be used as a hatchet; so cutting, or rather gouging out steps, I succeeded, by the aid of the alpenstock, in reaching the upper end of this treacherous slope: the last fifty feet were the worst, as the ice was almost as hard as rock and the incline very steep; by dint of perseverance, however, I managed to reach the face of the cliff, having ascended in all three thousand three hundred feet. One glance upward seemed quite enough—the ascent appeared utterly impracticable, but I was determined not to be daunted by any obstacle; for were not my feet resting on rock which I well knew no Eskimo or Dane had ever reached, and was I not a Briton? So, bracing myself well up and gathering all my courage together, like a pilgrim, "I addressed myself to the ascent." Climbing through a narrow gorge, I succeeded in progressing about fifty feet, very much as a sweep climbs a chimney. Here I would fain have got rid of my barometer and geological case, which were sadly in my way; but, without the first, I had no means of ascertaining the height of the mountain should I reach its summit, and I was very reluctant to abandon my specimens. On emerging from this chasm, the rock I had next to climb was very steep, and worn smooth and polished by the action of a small summer stream that trickled on it, presenting no holding-place at all. The lower part seemed a trifle rougher than the rest, and over this I essayed to ascend, the way becoming steeper and smoother as I crawled

along, till at last I was obliged to rest by the whole surface of my body. Slowly I wriggled myself upward by the palms of my hands and my breast, pushing my alpenstock before me; once it rolled back, striking me on the face and hands, almost causing me to loose my hold, which would have been sudden destruction. Now and then I grasped madly at small pieces of jutting rock, which at another time I should never have dreamed could give any support; but the convulsive clinging made up, I suppose, for the deficiency of the holding-places. At last it seemed that I could get no further, and I hung suspended from the rock. Oh! how slowly the time seemed to drag, and yet a whole existence was crowded into those moments of suspense, each of which I fully expected would have been my last. But the love of life was strong; and, after a few more electric despairing efforts, I found myself clinging to a steep ledge which bounded this water-channel—but to this day I could not describe how I got there. I turned over, and saw the alpenstock on the face of the rock—and there it remained. The remaining part of my way was still dangerous, loose pieces of rock often breaking under my feet and thundering down the mountain side in a painfully suggestive manner, and I had to test every stone and ledge before trusting it with the weight of hand or foot. At last I reached the jökler which crowned the summit; this I could not ascend, as no hammer could gouge out steps in its adamant hardness: so on a shelf of rock at its base I rested and thanked God for life.

I remained about an hour and a half on the summit to wait till the fluctuations of the barometer had ceased, when I found that the mercury had fallen some five inches; the mountain therefore, was thirty-nine hundred and fifty feet high. It was now a quarter to one in the morning as I looked across the strait to the northward, yet high above the mountains shone the sun. Midnight of the clock was no midnight to him! The mountain-tops from the other side of the strait reflected his rays from their snowy summits, while below me the bergs seemed balancing themselves in the glassy water. Within sight, and almost seeming to touch me, was a miniature glacier, some five or six miles long and two or three hundred yards wide, which,

like an overflowing molten mass, had oozed out of the valley above, and was now imperceptibly working its way to the sea. Just at my feet grew a last year's specimen of *Cerastium Alpinum*—the mouse-ear chickweed. What a contrast to the neighboring glacier! This one vestige of life in the middle of the surrounding desolation carried back my thoughts on memory's rapid wing to the far-distant shores I had quitted so long before; thoughts of home and loved ones, and perhaps even more solemn thoughts still, were not out of place, there, in the presence of such symbols of Time and Eternity.

But my watch, which pointed to two in the morning, warned me not to delay longer descending the mountain, which I confess I did not begin without apprehension, remembering the dangers of the ascent. There was no help for it, however; so I set forward with what courage I might.

Skirting the base of the jökler to the westward, I reached the edge of a steep bank of broken stones, the *debris* of the rock, which had accumulated and formed a considerable slope occupying the bed of a narrow valley between two prominent spurs of the mountain. My progress over this was neither safe nor agreeable. At every step the stones rolled away from under my feet, and I was more than once precipitated with violence against sharp blocks. At times it was hard to believe that the whole side of the mountain was not instinct with life, so continuous was the movement among the *débris*. It is easy to imagine the effect of this part of my journey—the cutting of my boots, the tearing of my hands, and the dilapidation of my apparel generally. With great delight I found myself on a declivity apparently covered with soft snow. This tempted me to try the *Russe Montagne*, but unfortunately I had lost my alpenstock. By the aid of my geological hammer, however, I managed to contrive a tolerable rudder; so, seating myself on the snow, feet well kept together and the hammer under my arm, down I went very pleasantly for a while; but the surface suddenly changing from soft snow to hard frozen ice, the velocity of my progress became almost terrific. Happily this frozen surface only extended some two hundred feet, after which there was again soft snow; but the impetus

thus given was sufficient to carry me much more quickly than I approved to the bottom of the slope and throw me most abruptly into a water course formed by the melting of the snow. Rather startling was the transition from the warmth caused by my quick descent to a very cold bath, and rather ruefully I picked myself out of it, and endeavored to make the best of my way to the ship. Keeping along the edge of a moraine, the remnant of some former glacier, I at length reached a gorge that had been the bed of a wide and once rapid river, which had made for itself a passage in the rock some twenty to thirty feet deep, and about two to three hundred wide. As the river had diminished to a tiny stream, the fine sections of the coal strata were beautifully visible. The layers of coal were but

some eight to twenty inches thick, alternating with thick beds of sandstone. No fossil impressions were to be found in these bands; but, subsequently, I was fortunate enough to obtain specimens of fir and beech fossil leaves from Atanakerdluk on the opposite side of the strait, where lignite in all stages, from charred wood to fully fossilized coal, was to be found—in one place the stem of a tree, discovered by Inglefield, in an almost erect position. Amber has also been found in small quantities. Thenceforward my course was plain; I followed the bed of the torrent, which led me to the coast, and at about a quarter-past four found myself on board the ship, where my companions had almost given up for lost.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

T H E D E A T H - S H I P .

FROM THE DANISH OF B. S. INGEMANN.

BY MRS. BUSHBY.

Upon the deck fair Gunhild stands
And gazes on the billows blue,
She sees reflected there beneath,
The moon and the bright stars too.

She sees the moon and the lovely stars
On the clear calm sea—the while
Her steady bark glides gently on
To Britain's distant isle.

'Twas long since her betrothed love
Had sought, alas! that foreign strand,
And bitterly had Gunhild wept,
When he left his native land.

He promised tidings oft to send,
He promised soon to come again;
But never tidings reached her ear—
She looked for him in vain!

Fair Gunhild could no longer bear
Such anxious, sad suspense—
One gloomy night from her parent's home
She hath fled, and bled her thence.

Mounting yon vessel's lofty side,
To seek her love she swore—
Whether he lay in ocean's depths,
Or slept on a foreign shore.

Three days had she been tossed upon
Wild ocean's heaving wave,
When the sea became, at the midnight hour,
As still as the solemn grave.

On the high deck the maiden stood,
Gazing upon the deep so blue;
She saw reflected there, beneath,
The moon and the bright stars too.

The crew were wrapt in hushed repose,
The very helmsman slept,
While the maiden, clad in robes of white,
Her midnight vigil kept.

'Twas strange! at that still hour, behold!
A vessel from the deep ascends;
It flutters like a shadow there,
Then near its course it bends.

No sail was spread to catch the breeze;
 Its masts lay shattered on the deck;
 And it did not steer one steady course,
 But drifted like a wreck.

Hushed, hushed was all on board that bark,
 But flitting by—now here, now there—
 Seemed dim, uncertain, shadowy forms,
 Through the misty moonlight air.

And now the floating wreck draws near,
 Yet in the ship 'tis tranquil all;
 That maiden stands on the deck alone,
 To gaze on the stars so small.

"Fair Gunhild!" faintly sighs a voice,
 "Thou seek'st thine own betrothed love,
 But his home is not on the stranger's land,
 No, nor on earth above.

"'Tis deep beneath the dark, cold sea—
 Oh! there 'tis sad to bide—
 Yet he all lonely there must dwell,
 Far from his destined bride!"

"Right well, right well thy voice I know,
 Thou wanderer from the deep, wide sea;
 No longer lonesome shalt thou dwell,
 Far, far away from me."

"No, Gunhild, no! thou art so young—
 So fair—thou must not come!
 And I will grieve no more if thou
 Art glad in thy dear home.

"The faith that thou to me didst swear
 To thee again I freely give;
 I'm rocking on the billow's lap—
 Seek happier ties and live!"

"The faith I vowed I still will hold,
 I swear it here anew;

Oh! say if in thy cold abode
 There is not room for two?"

"Room in the sea might many find,
 But all below is cheerless gloom;
 When the sun's rays are beaming bright,
 We sleep as in the tomb.

"'Tis only at the midnight hour,
 When the pale moon shines out,
 That we from ocean's depths may rise,
 To drift on the wreck about."

"Let the sun brightly beam above,
 So I within thine arms repose!
 Oh! I shall slumber softly there,
 Forgetting earthly woes!"

"Then hasten, hasten, reach thy hand,
 And take thy bride with thee!
 With thee, oh! gladly will she dwell,
 Deep, deep beneath the sea!"

"And we will oft at midnight's hour
 Upon the lonely wreck arise,
 And gaze upon the pale, soft moon,
 And the stars in yonder skies."

Then reached the dead his icy hand;
 "Fair Gunhild, fear not thou!
 The dawn of rosy morn is near,
 We may not linger now!"

Upon the wreck the maiden springs—
 It drifts away again;
 The crew of her bark, awaking, see
 The Death-Ship on the main!

The startled men crowd on the deck,
 With horror on each brow;
 They pray to God in heaven above,
 And the wreck has vanished now!

REMARKABLE LITERARY BIOGRAPHY.

WHY IRVING WAS NEVER MARRIED.

THE following sketch of a remarkable man is so full of touching and romantic interest, that few will not be affected by the narrative. Washington Irving has a fame so valued in American hearts, that every thing connected with his life is worthy of remembrance. We find the following from the *Boston Post* of April third, by its New-York correspondent:

"Much mystery has attached to the celibacy of Washington Irving. While upon every other point of peculiarity of the great writer's character and career, his familiar friends have taken pains to inform the wide circle of his admirers, an aggravating reticence has always met the questionings of those who were curious as to why matrimony made no part of his

experience. There were occasional and very vague references made to a "lang syne" love—so dimly distant in the past as to have the air of tradition—and the manner of mentioning which made Irving appear the model of constancy, if not the hero of a romance. But the circumstance of his bachelorhood remained a simple, unexplained fact; the theme of many wonderings, the warp and woof of much imagining—nay more, the substructure of a thousand sweet sympathies outgushing from other hearts whose loves had not been lost but gone before. It is doubtful if a secret of the sort—all things considered—was ever before so carefully and completely kept. For once the impertinent were held at bay, the prying were baulked, and the sympathetic, even, discouraged. The set time for its disclosure had not come, and, surely, when his intimates and relatives were debarred from the remotest reference to the subject in the hallowed home circle of the literary bachelor, it was but proper that the truth should burst forth upon the world, if at all, in Irving's own selected time and in his own pathetic language.

"It was while engaged in writing his *History of New-York*, that Irving, then a young man of twenty-six, was called to mourn the somewhat sudden death of Matilda Hoffman, whom he had hoped to call his wife. This young lady was the second daughter of Josiah Ogden Hoffman, and the sister of those two talented men, Charles Fenno Hoffman, the poet, and Ogden Hoffman, the eloquent jurist. In her father's office Washington Irving had essayed to study law, and with every prospect, if industrious and studious, of a partnership with Mr. Hoffman as well as a matrimonial alliance with Matilda. These high hopes were disappointed by the decease of the young lady on the twenty-sixth of April, 1809, in the eighteenth year of her age.

"There is a pathos about Irving's recital of the circumstances of her death, and of his own feelings, that is truly painful and tear-impelling. He says: 'She was taken ill with a cold. Nothing was thought of it at first; but she grew rapidly worse and fell into a consumption. I can not tell you what I suffered. . . . I saw her fade rapidly away—beautiful, and more beautiful and more angelical to the very last. I was often by her bedside, and in her wandering state of mind she

would talk to me with a sweet, natural, and affecting eloquence that was overpowering. I saw more of the beauty of her mind in that delirious state than I had ever known before. Her malady was rapid in its career, and hurried her off in two months. Her dying struggles were painful and protracted. For three days and nights I did not leave the house, and scarcely slept. I was by her when she died; all the family were assembled round her, some praying, others weeping, for she was adored by them all. I was the last one she looked upon. . . . I can not tell you what a horrid state of mind I was in for a long time. I seemed to care for nothing; the world was a blank to me. I abandoned all thoughts of the law. I went into the country, but could not bear solitude, yet could not enjoy society. There was a dismal horror continually in my mind that made me fear to be alone. I had often to get up in the night and seek the bedroom of my brother, as if the having a human being by me would relieve me from the frightful gloom of my own thoughts. Months elapsed before my mind would resume any tone; but the despondency I had suffered for a long time in the course of this attachment, and the anguish that attended its catastrophe, seemed to give a turn to my whole character, and throw some clouds into my disposition, which have ever since hung about it. . . . I seemed to drift about without aim or object, at the mercy of every breeze; my heart wanted anchorage. I was naturally susceptible, and tried to form other attachments, but my heart would not hold on; it would continually recur to what it had lost; and whenever there was a pause in the hurry of novelty and excitement, I would sink into dismal dejection. For years I could not talk on the subject of this hopeless regret; I could not even mention her name; but her image was continually before me, and I dreamt of her incessantly.'

"Such was the language in which Irving poured forth his sorrows and sad memories, in a letter written many years ago to a lady who wondered at his celibacy, and expressed the wish to know why he had never married. Can words more graphically describe the shipwreck of hope, or more tenderly depict the chivalric devotion of a faithful lover? How sweetly, too, does Irving portray with his artist-

pen the lineaments of his loved one. He says, in the same letter: 'The more I saw of her, the more I had reason to admire her. Her mind seemed to unfold itself leaf by leaf, and every time to discover new sweetness. Nobody knew her so well as I, for she was generally timid and silent; but I in a manner studied her excellence. Never did I meet with more intuitive rectitude of mind, more native delicacy, more exquisite propriety in word, thought, and action, than in this young creature. I am not exaggerating; what I say was acknowledged by all who knew her. Her brilliant little sister used to say that people began by admiring her, but ended by loving Matilda. For my part I idolized her. I felt at times rebuked by her superior delicacy and purity, and as if I was a coarse, unworthy being in comparison.'

"Irving seldom or never alluded to this sad event, nor was the name of Matilda ever spoken in his presence. Thirty years after her death Irving was visiting

Mr. Hoffman, and a grand-daughter in drawing out some sheets of music to be performed upon the piano, accidentally brought with them a piece of embroidery, which dropped upon the floor. 'Washington,' said Mr. Hoffman, 'this is a piece of poor Matilda's workmanship.' His biographer describes the effect as electric. 'He had been conversing in the sprightliest mood before,' says Pierre M. Irving, 'and he sunk at once into utter silence, and in a few minutes got up and left the house.' Do any of the pages that record the 'loves of the poets' glisten with a purer, brighter halo than is thrown around the name and character and memory of Matilda Hoffman by the life-long constancy and the graceful tributes of one whose name, destined to a deathless renown, may not henceforth be dis severed from that of the early lost and dearly loved, whose death made Washington Irving what he was and what the world admires? **NOR'WESTER."**

PICTURE OF MEXICO.

MEXICO stretches from sea to sea on the North-American continent, between the United States and the Central American republics. It has been shorn of much territory by the annexation of its northern and the secession of its southern districts, yet it still retains an area nine times as large as that of Great Britain and Ireland. Its government is a federal republic, divided into twenty states, (Yucatan being no longer in the Union), a federal district, and three territories.

The country is almost unique in its conformation. It is one vast mountain, the Cordillera, rising out suddenly from the sea, the top of which forms the table-land that comprises most of its area, and slopes to the north with a gradual decline. Out of the table-land spring other mountain chains. As you enter from the south, the range of the Cordillera branches off east and west, running on each side at no great distance from the coast. In the

space between the mountain and the shore there is all the burning heat and luxuriant vegetation of the tropics—it is the Tierra Caliente, the first of the three climates of Mexico. The verdure is of surpassing beauty—a sea of burning green. Tall forests of cocoas and feathery palms rise over almost impenetrable thickets of aloe, banana, and leafy cane; groves of oranges and lemons mingle their fruits with granaditas and pine-apples in rich profusion; a thousand parasites wave from the lofty branches, and fling their garlands to the earth; a multitude of gorgeous orchids, some erect, some pendent, start from the bark of living or prostrate trees, the whole alive with birds of gaudy plumage and noisy chatter, mocking-birds, cardinals, cat-birds, golden pheasants, parrots, and humming-birds; whilst the pools swarm with wild fowl, and the air with mosquitoes and crowds of painted butterflies.

Such is the most attractive side of the picture. But it has its reverse. Malaria lurks in the heavy air, and yellow fever decimates those who are not acclimatized. Vera Cruz is called by the natives La Ciudad de los Muertos—the City of the Dead. Through one half the year the pestilence rages, through the other storms sweep along the coast, which render the shore unapproachable from the sea, and deluge those who venture out of doors.

As you advance inland, the climate changes to the perpetual spring of the Tierras Templadas, or Temperate Region, which lies on the slope of the Cordillera to the height of about five thousand feet. To this elevation above the sea-level its climate is due. Although within the tropics, the extremes of heat and cold are unknown. Jalapa is the head-quarter of the Tierras Templadas. The vanilla, the indigo, and the palm are no longer seen, but other tropical vegetation here consorts with the oak and apple, and other products of temperate lands. The bright verdure is occasionally broken by deep *barrancas*, or volcanic ravines, which intersect the country, and in whose recesses the vegetation of the Tierra Caliente blooms, and by the snow-clad cones of lofty volcanoes. In the winter months there is no cold, but the atmosphere is damp and misty; in the summer the sun shines out in a sky of serene and pure blue.

Crossing a rocky sierra as you advance northward, you enter the valley of Mexico, and are in the Tierras Frias, or cold regions. The valley is shut in by the peaks of the Cordilleras, which form a gigantic azure belt of about sixty leagues in circumference. Fine lakes glisten in the bright sun, and in two of them the lofty cones of two snow-capped volcanoes are reflected. The marked features are a dark forest of cedars, clumps of pale green olives, and an occasional palm or weeping willow. The air is so clear that the distance melts away, bathed in light which the eye's vision is too feeble to penetrate.

Advancing yet farther to the north, you reach the district of the silver mines, here in the midst of fertile fields of maize, there on bare rocks, whose forests have been ruthlessly cut down by Spanish miners, whose improvidence neglected to plant any young trees in their stead. The most northern States are bounded by waving

prairies, through which the mule-caravans pass to New-Mexico and Texas.

The political history of Mexico has all the interest of a romantic story. The Spaniards found it inhabited by a highly-civilized people, under the rule of the powerful Montezuma. The valley of Mexico teemed with an industrious population; numerous cities lined the shores of the lake of Tezeuco, on which the capital is now situate. More than all, the Europeans were astounded at the splendor which surrounded the person of the Emperor, the magnificence of his palaces, gardens, and menageries, and the elegance of the metal work and other manufactures with which they were adorned. All these have long since passed away. But the great Calendar stone built into the cathedral at Mexico, the huge pyramid at Cholula, and some ruined cities, still remain to testify to the truth of the Spanish accounts of Aztec civilization. There are probably many monuments of the past yet unexplored, which will reward the search of future travelers.

The story of the conquest of Mexico by Cortez must be read in the pages of Prescott and Robertson. With a handful of men he subdued the Aztecs, but not until Mexico was a heap of ruins. The terrible sufferings of the siege, and the fortitude with which they were borne, are unsurpassed in the annals of the world's history. Alvarado added all Central America, then called Guatemala, to the empire of Mexico. The Jesuits won California by more peaceful weapons. The Spanish crown held all North-America, from the Isthmus of Panama to the northern boundaries of Texas, New-Mexico, and California. The Pope was good enough to confirm Spain in the possession of this territory, won for it by the acts and arms of its subjects.

Mexico was governed for nearly three centuries by Spanish viceroys. The home government made good laws for the protection of the Indians, as the natives were termed, but they were unable to enforce them. The people were terribly maltreated by their Spanish and Creole masters. They were forced to labor in the silver mines, to work on the farms of the planters, and to pay heavy taxes to the king. In vain did the Council of the Indies interfere in their behalf. In vain did the Pope assert that *they were really men*, and capable of being convert-

ed to Christianity. The Spanish colonists only thought of making a fortune and returning to Europe. Indeed, Spanish pride made but little distinction between Indians and Creoles, although the latter were as rich and more numerous than the Europeans. One of the last viceroys declared, that as long as a Castilian cobbler remained in Mexico, he ought to rule.

The Creoles revolted against Spain in 1810, and, after a struggle of about ten years, the independence of the country was established. Ever since, different parties in the state have been quarreling with one another. There has usually been a liberal and a priestly faction, but the leaders have changed sides so often, that the whole country has been thrown into a hopeless condition of confusion. The Mexicans are exceedingly bigoted, and hate foreigners, their ill-treatment of whom has caused the present intervention of England, France, and Spain.

Mexico is but thinly populated. It contains only some seven millions of inhabitants. The people do not bear a high character: they are cowardly and quarrelsome, much addicted to use their knives when provoked. Assassination is exceedingly common, and the friends of the murdered man, instead of seeking for justice from the law, avenge his death themselves. Thus feuds are constantly rising and spreading. The religion of Mexico is Roman Catholic, and they are excessively intolerant; but the Indians hold a strange intermixture of heathenism and popery. The language universally spoken is Spanish. Of the character and habits of the Mexicans, we must speak more fully in another paper.

Mexico, the capital, is charmingly situated in the great valley of the tableland. Its streets run in a straight line at right angles to one another, and the view is almost invariably shut in by the purple of the distant hills far beyond the city itself. The population is estimated at one hundred and seventy thousand. The houses are commonly quadrangular in shape, entered by a large gateway leading into a court-yard, generally filled with flowers. The ground floor is occu-

pied by the servants and the stables, and its windows to the street, if any, are strongly barred; the other floor contains the reception and dwelling-rooms of the family. The outer walls are stained with various colors, and the balconies hung with striped cotton, which gives them a jaunty appearance. The flat roof, called the azotea, is the receptacle for a quantity of flowers, and forms the promenade and evening lounge of the household.

The great square contains the cathedral on one side—a huge pile, overladen with ornament, containing immense stores of silver plate, many tawdry pictures, and abundance of dirt. The President's palace, including all the offices of administration besides, two barracks, a prison, a botanic garden, and the legislative chambers, fill up another side of the square; the remainder is occupied by two large markets. There is great abundance of churches and convents, whose spires and domes of blue and yellow tiling diversify the picture. The streets swarm with people, save in the hours of the siesta, until the last toll of the *hufelus* or evening bell, when all respectable persons hurry home. It is not safe to be out after dark.

The Alameda, or public park, is the great place of resort in the evening. Carriages of every description, from the modern barouche to the old-fashioned gilded coach, like that of my Lord Mayor, throng the drive. Mexican gentlemen, in velvet jackets of gaudy colors and silver buttons like a postillion—the saddle, bridle, and stirrup all bright with silver and stamped leather, with high pommel and cantle, so that the rider can only just put his toes into the stirrup—prance upon their spirited little horses. The ladies do not wear bonnets, but have their hair dressed with much care, and adorned with natural flowers; all have fans, which they use with much grace.

The outskirts of the capital contain some miserable quarters, in which the leperos reside; but we must defer an account of this peculiar class of the Mexican people, and of other matters, until our next paper.

LITERARY MISCELLANIES.

A BOOK ABOUT DOCTORS. By J. CORDY JEAFFERSON, author of "Novels and Novelists," "Creme Rise," etc. Reprinted from the English edition. Pages 490. New-York: Rudd & Carleton, 130 Grand street.

This is a curious book. It is an omnium gatherum of anecdotes, old stories, facts, and fancies in the lives, histories, manners, and customs of old veteran doctors of the medical profession. It seems especially more designed for their amusement, whenever they are in a mood to be amused. Others may share in the curious anecdotes, and be amused also. Among the contents of the book are, Early English Physicians, Sir Hans Sloane, Quacks, Dr. John Radcliffe, Pedagogues turned Doctors, Fees, the Generosity and Parsimony of Physicians, the Quarrels of Physicians, the Loves of Physicians.

SONGS OF THE CHURCH; OR HYMNS AND TUNES FOR CHRISTIAN WORSHIP. Hymns, 1193; 24 Chants, etc. Pp. 380, with an Appendix. New-York: Published by A. S. Barnes & Burr, 51 John Street. -1862.

This is a neat and convenient volume with the attractive contour characteristic of all the publications of this house. In the interior of the volume, in the selection of hymns and musical arrangements, good taste and judgment seem to prevail. We doubt not it will find many patrons and extended usefulness. Musical authors and compilers vary in their tastes and judgments, but we welcome every good book of music for use in the sanctuary, in the social prayer-meeting, and in the family. There is none too much music and songs in this jarring and discordant world. The more the better.

THE PRINCE OF WATERLOO.—In a recent meeting of the Belgian House of Representatives, one of the subjects which came under discussion was the grant to the Duke of Wellington, in 1815, as Prince of Waterloo, which was understood to have been given to his grace and to his direct descendants, and some information was asked as to how things now stood, in consequence of the death of the Duke. In reply, it was stated by M. Frere-Orban that his attention had been drawn to this subject by observations which had been made in the newspapers some years ago, and he had in consequence made inquiries, from which he had learnt that the direct line of the Duke of Wellington was not extinct, for, although the rights claimed by his son were contested, because at the time of his birth, the system of registration was imperfect or irregular, yet it had subsequently been proved by other means, and particularly by an inscription in a family Bible, that the present Duke was the legitimate offspring of the first Prince of Waterloo, and as such was entitled to be recognized as one of the direct lineal descendants who were included in the original grant.—*Globe.*

NOTICE OF MOTION.—The railway whistle.

STATISTICS OF 1862.—The House of Peers at present consists of two royal dukes, (Cambridge and Cumberland—the latter the King of Hanover,) 3 archbishops, 25 dukes, 31 marquises, 163 earls, 30 viscounts, 27 bishops, and 160 barons. The Bishop of Bath and Wells also sits as Baron Auckland; so the total present number of members of the House of Peers is 440. There are also 19 peers who are minors, and await their coming of age to take their seat in the House. The peers of Scotland and Ireland who are not peers of Parliament number 114, of whom six are minors. The peeresses in their own right amount to 15. The number of privy councilors in England and Ireland is 224. In the United Kingdom there are 853 baronets, 472 knights, and 109 noblemen and baronets who are also knights of the various orders of British knighthood. There are 772 companies of the Order of the Bath. In the army there are three field marshals and 506 generals, and 286 generals in the Indian army. The admirals in the navy number 301; and there are 150 Queen's counsel and sergeants-at-law.

GREAT MONUMENT IN RUSSIA.—A correspondent of the *Morning Advertiser*, writing from St. Petersburg, sends some account of the great memorial now erecting at Novgorod, to celebrate the thousandth birthday of the Russian Empire. Of the groups of colossal figures, the first represents Rurik of Roslagen (in Sweden) arriving, sword in hand, among the Slavonians of Novgorod, and laying the foundation of the Russian Empire. Nothing is known of the history of the country now called Russia before Rurik arrived in it with the able governors and irresistible warriors, who extended their dominions in a few years from the Baltic to the Black Sea. The principal figure in the second of the colossal groups is the Russo-Norman Vladimir, under whom Christianity was introduced, (988;) the principal figure in the third is Demetrius of the Don, a prince of Russo-Norman descent, who, for a time, freed Muscovy from the Tartars, (1380;) in the fourth, Ivan III., also of the house of Rurik, who founded the Muscovite-Russian Czarate, (1462;) in the fifth, Michael Fedorovitch, the first Czar of the house of Romanoff, descended from Rurik by the mother's side, (1613;) in the sixth, Peter the Great, the founder of the Russian Empire. The base-reliefs include the figures of a hundred and seven persons who have contributed to strengthen or to civilize Russia.

At the close of 1861 the whole number of paupers in England and Wales approximated 900,000. The entire population was less than 20,000,000—nearly one in every 20 persons being paupers. In the manufacturing districts only, the number in December last was 217,851. But looking to the vast wealth of the nation, and its habitual benevolence, the Queen in her recent speech to Parliament pronounced the general condition of the country to be "sound and satisfactory."

I WOULD NOT CALL THEE MINE.

FAREWELL! thy hand I would not take,
 Unless the gift contained thy heart;
 Far better, for each other's sake,
 To wear life's galling chain apart.
 I love thee, worship thee! but still
 If deep within that heart of thine
 My passion wakes no answering thrill,
 I would not wish to call thee mine!

Without thee life will be a waste,
 My heart of every pleasure void;
 For bliss though offered to the taste,
 Without thee, could not be enjoyed.
 But since my love avaleth not,
 Doth in thy soul no echo make;
 I would not have thee share my lot,
 Oh! better that my heart should break.

Farewell! though it is death to part,
 Farewell! 'tis more than death to me;
 I can not teach my self-willed heart
 To beat for any one but thee!
 And yet though doomed to love thee still,
 Since deep within that heart of thine
 My passion wakes no answering thrill,
 I would not wish to call thee mine! A. H.

A TENDER conscience is an inestimable blessing; that is, a conscience not only quick to discern what is evil, but instantly to shun it, as the eyelid closes itself against the mote.

THE EMPEROR AND GENERAL MONTAUBAN.—The *Moniteur* publishes a letter from General de Montauban, requesting the Emperor to withdraw the Bill granting him an annuity, as it had met with opposition in the Corps Législatif. "However small may be my income," says General de Montauban, "I should be very much grieved to see the idea of the Emperor and the glory of the army turned into a discussion personal to myself." The following is the Emperor's reply:

"My dear General: The request which you make to me to withdraw the Bill of dotation, is inspired to you by a sentiment which I honor; but I shall not withdraw the Bill. The legislative body may, if it pleases, not think worthy of an exceptional reward the leader of a handful of heroic soldiers, who, amidst so many difficulties and dangers, forgotten on the morrow of success, went to the end of the world to plant the flag of France in the capital of an empire of 200,000,000 souls; a leader who, while maintaining the dignity and independence of his command, understood how to preserve the most useful and friendly relations with our Allies. Every man is free to take his own view of the matter. As far as I am concerned, I wish the country and the army to know that, compelled to be a judge of military and political services, I have wished to honor by a national donation an unexalted enterprise. Great actions are most easily performed where they are best appreciated, and degenerate nations alone dole out public gratitude. Receive, my dear General, the assurance of my sincere friendship.

"NAPOLEON."

THE EMPEROR AND EMPRESS OF THE FRENCH AT A BALL.—The Minister of State and the Countess Walewski have given a most brilliant fancy ball in Paris. The dresses were of extraordinary mag-

nificence, and all the ornamentation of the rooms remarkable for elegance and good taste. The Emperor and Empress were present in domino. The Princess Anna Murat wore powder and a court dress of the last century; the Countess de Persigny appeared as Snowy Night; the Princess Troubetzkoi as Peau-d'Ane; Mme. de Lutheroth was covered with diamonds; and the Count de Demidoff wore the dress of a Tcherkesse, having in his casque the splendid diamond which bears the name of his family. The Countess Walewski, as a foreteller of the future, did the honors of the night.

MR. PEABODY, THE AMERICAN BANKER.—When Mr. Peabody, the celebrated American banker, who is about to quit this country, first heard of the national memorial of the late Prince-Consort, he authorized Sir Emerson Tennent to state that, should that memorial be a charitable institution, he would give £100,000 toward it; and his disappointment was great on learning that the money would not be expended in that way. However, Mr. Peabody still resolved on carrying out his charitable scheme—as a token, he says, of gratitude to the English nation, for the many kind acts he has received from them, and also in memory of his long and prosperous career in this country—has decided on erecting a number of houses for the working class, who, through the innumerable improvements in the metropolis, have been rendered almost homeless. For this purpose he gives £100,000, and also undertakes to pay the first year's interest of the money—£5000. Sir Emerson Tennent is appointed one of the three trustees; Lord Stanley, M.P., it is hoped, will be the second; the third has not yet been nominated. Mr. Peabody has realized in this country, it is said, an annual income of £70,000.—*Court Journal*.

THE FIRST SAFETY LAMP.—In 1816 Davy's safety-lamp for the first time shed its beams in the dark recesses of a coal-pit. The Rev. John Hodgson, rector of Jarrow, near Newcastle, had on the previous day received from Sir Humphry Davy two of the lamps. Davy, although he felt a well-grounded reliance in the scientific correctness of his lamp, had never descended a coal-pit to make the trial; and Hodgson determined to do this for him. Till this time, miners were in the habit, when working in foul air, of lighting themselves by a steel mill—a disk of steel kept revolving in contact with a piece of flint; such an arrangement being safe, though certainly calculated to afford very little light. Armed with the safety-lamp, Mr. Hodgson descended Hepburn pit, walked about in a terrible atmosphere of fire-damp, or explosive gas, held his lamp high and low, and saw it become full of blazing gas without producing any explosion. He approached a miner working by the spark light of steel mill; a man who had not the slightest knowledge that such a wonder as the new lamp was in existence. No notice had been given to the man of what was about to take place. He was alone in an atmosphere of great danger, when he saw a light approaching, apparently a candle burning openly, the effect of which he knew would be instant destruction to him and its bearer. His command was instantly, "Put out the light!" The light came nearer and nearer. No regard was paid to his cries, which then became wild, mingled with imprecations against the comrade (for such he took Hodgson to be) who was tempting death in so rash and certain a way. Still, not one word was said in reply; the light continued

to approach, and then oaths were turned into prayers that his request might be granted; until there stood before him, silently exulting in his success, a man whom he well knew and respected, holding up in his sight, with a gentle smile, the triumph of science, the future safeguard of the pitmen.—*Chambers's Book of Days.*

PRESENCE OF MIND.—Brunel's presence of mind and promptitude of action were early conspicuous. During his sojourn in America these valuable properties were often called forth. Once, for example, when employed on an island in Lake Champlain, he chanced to arouse the vindictive instincts of a rattlesnake. His companions fled; but Brunel stood his ground, and, as the reptile approached, he broke its back with a heavy stone skillfully thrown. At a later period of his life, while in the act of inspecting the Birmingham Railway, a train, to the horror of the bystanders, was observed to approach from either end of the line with a velocity which, in the early experience of locomotives, Brunel was unable to appreciate. Without attempting to cross the road, he at once buttoned his coat, brought the skirts close round him, and firmly placing himself between the two lines of rail, waited with confidence the issue. The trains swept past, leaving Brunel unscathed.

THE LAST OF HIS RACE.

(*The Baron Solus. Time—Midnight.*)

The wind through the ancient battlements,
Holds on a mournful strain,
And the Harp, long silent on the wall,
Untouched, replies again!

No mortal hand swept o'er those strings,
No earthly tones were those;
The guardian spirit of our race,
Thus warns me of its close.
And hark! I hear these towers among,
A solemn chorus steal;

My fathers from their trophied tombs,
The truth to me reveal.

I die, the last of all my race!

Unstained I've borne the name—

We cease, but on the rock of time,

Our deeds are stamped by fame.

When the battle field was red,

For our country we have bled,

Nor ever turned aside,

From the battle's fiercest tide.

And oft my brand hath sped

To the foeman's fated head;

Though my arm is feeble now,

Age enthroned on my brow.

But not alone these walls

To the battle-cry have rung,

Nor warlike deeds alone

Have our gifted minstrels sung;

When tamed the foeman's pride,

And war's stern note had died,

To spread delight around,

We foremost still were found.

The hills and the dales in the gray of the morn,
Have rung to the blast of our hunter's horn;
And the lord of the soil with his yeomen would
share,

The joy of the chase and the health-breathing air.
Tally ho, tally ho, I hear them still,
As they sweep o'er the plain or the breezy hill;
In war, in peace, still first in the field,
Or play or death, we never would yield.

And oh! ye peaceful cottage homes,
Where nature oft hath gone her round,
From infancy to helpless age,
Where happiness doth still abound;
The race you've honored died in me,
Oh! may you such another find,
To plan your harmless hours of glee,
And tend your wants with heart as kind.

Hark! once again the hand unseen
Awakes that mystic harp's wild strain;
And through the halls I see them sweep,
My Fathers! in a shadowy train.
And dreamy tones float in the air,
Or joy or sorrow, scarce defined,
Yet seeming both, our fame and fall,
In one unearthly dirge combined.
Mourn not, my sires! To Heaven's decree
Ye humbly bent, nor fall in me:
I nothing fear, but bow to fate,
And calmly thus death's summons wait.
It comes! And I approach the goal,
O God! receive my parting soul.

J. W. THIRLWALL.

EARLY USE OF ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH.—In a paper read at the last meeting of the Manchester Literary and Philosophical Society, Mr. Dyer pointed out the following extract from Arthur Young's *Travels in France*, (2d edition), London, 1794, which proved that electricity had been employed at that early date for the purpose of transmitting intelligence: "In the evening to Mons. Lomond, a very ingenious and inventive mechanic, who has made an improvement in the jenny for spinning cotton. Common machines are said to make too hard a thread for certain fabrics, but this forms it loose and spongy. In electricity he has made a remarkable discovery. You write two or three words on a paper: he takes it with him into a room, and turns a machine inclosed in a cylindrical case, at the top of which is an electrometer, a small fine pith ball: a wire connects with a similar cylinder and electrometer in a distant apartment; and his wife, by remarking the corresponding motions of the ball, writes down the words they indicate, from which it appears that he has formed an alphabet of motions. As the length of the wire makes no difference in the effect, a correspondence might be carried on at any distance; within and without a besieged town for instance; or for a purpose much more worthy, and a thousand times more harmless, between two lovers prohibited or prevented from any better connection. Whatever the use may be, the invention is beautiful."

A SAMPLE OF A TIP-TOP STYLE.—With this entrance of Napoleon into the Tuileries the Revolution ended. Bonaparte laid his victorious sword across the yawning, sanguinary abyss, which had drunk up indifferently the blood of aristocrats and democrats; and he converted this sword into a bridge, over which the nation passed out of one century into the next, and from the Republic into the Empire. When Napoleon, on the morning after the removal to the Tuileries, walked with Josephine and Hortense

through the Gallery of Diana to inspect the statues he had ordered to be placed there, he stopped before the bust of the younger Brutus, close to whom stood a statuette of Cæsar. Bonaparte gazed for a long time thoughtfully on these two solemn, earnest forms. Then, as if awaking from a dream, he proudly raised his head, and placing his hand upon Josephine's shoulder, said in an energetic tone: "It is not enough to be in the Tuilleries, a man must also understand how to remain there!—How many have already dwelt within these walls! Yea, even highwaymen and Conventionals. Did I not see with mine own eyes how the wild Jacobins and the cohorts of the *sansculottes* besieged good King Louis and carried him off a prisoner? But do not fear, Josephine, they may come again, if they dare!" While Bonaparte stood thus and spoke before the statues of Brutus and Julius Cæsar, his voice echoed like rolling thunder through the long gallery, and made the forms of the heroes of the ancient republics tremble again on their pedestals. Napoleon raised his arm menacingly toward the bust of Brutus, as if he meant to challenge in this stern Republican, who murdered Cæsar, Republican France, to whom he intended to become a Cæsar and an Augustus at the same time. — *Memoirs of Hortense, compiled by Lascelles Wrazall and R. Wehrhan.*

THE "TAKING" OF GIBRALTAR.—I remembered how often the present King of France, Charles X., had told my father and me the story of his being summoned to meet almost all the Catholic Princes of Christendom, and all the flower of the French and Spanish armies, as to a party of pleasure, to see the "taking of Gibraltar," where various amusements, and bull-fights, and balls were provided to while away each day of anxious expectation, when the propitious morning at last arose which was again to plant the flag of Spain upon the walls of Gibraltar. So certain did they consider themselves of conquest, that dinner and a ball were prepared at Algeiras for General Elliott and his officers when made prisoners. At length the Spanish batteries moved down, constructed with all the care that science could bestow and art invent. The *Académie Française* contributed its labors to improve upon these mighty engines of destruction—and they moved down, the monuments of the combined science, as well as anger of Europe, united against this one object so dear to the vanity, so dear to the interests of the parties engaged in the attempt. The Princes witnessed the scene from the first parallel, and the surrounding hills were crowded with the population of the country, fancying even the reality of the visionary existence of the Queen of Spain in her chair, who had vowed to remain there until she saw the standard of Spain float upon the walls of the fortress she called her own. In a few hours all was dust and ashes, and the few survivors amongst the assailants owed their lives to British generosity and humanity. — *Duke of Buckingham's Private Diary.*

MADAGASCAR: THE OLD RIVALRY.—The utter falsity of the stories with which the French papers were filled as soon as the death of the old Queen of Madagascar was announced is now demonstrated. They must have been fabricated with the deliberate purpose of bringing to pass that which they pretended was already as good as done. The die betrays the mint—they were the work of those famous coiners the Popish priests. The new King is no Catholic; he has shown no desire for French pro-

tection; he has not made M. Lambert his Prime Minister, or charged him with a special mission to Europe. Colonel Middleton, who headed the recent embassy from the Mauritius to Radama II., says in his report that "there is no truth in the statement that the king has sought the official counsel of Europeans, or appointed one of them to fill an important executive office. Such a step would be entirely opposed to the spirit of the Madagascar government." It is now well understood that there is a distinct understanding between the English and French governments that there shall be no interference on either side with the existing order of things, and no step taken with reference to the island except by mutual agreement. If any influence predominates at the capital, it is certainly English; and the inhabitants generally express the utmost pleasure at the presence of Englishmen amongst them. — *The Patriot.*

BONAPARTE AND HIS STUDIES.—In a quiet and somber-looking house in Westbourne Grove resides Prince Louis Lucien Bonaparte, the student and eminent linguist, who occupies his time almost exclusively with the grammars and dictionaries of every European language and idiom. His Highness has here amassed the finest collection of linguistic and dialectical works ever brought together. Some thousands of volumes are entirely in Welsh, whilst every known book relating to our country dialects graces the library. The collection on the slang and cant idioms of the various countries is most extraordinary, those books having reference to London slang and cant alone numbering more than two hundred. His Highness appears to be equally conversant with the vulgar dialect of the Laplander, the argot of the Parisian, or the *lingua Franca* of Trieste or Malta. The *Moniteur* very recently published an official report on the donations made to the Imperial Library during the year 1861, and amongst the printed works we observe twenty-one volumes from Prince Lucien Bonaparte, the fruits of his studies on European linguistics. From the same report we learn that the Russian government has sent to the Library a complete collection of the documents relating to the emancipation of the serfs, in twenty-nine volumes. There have also been presented a very curious Map of the World, on vellum, by Jehan Cossin, a Dieppe pilot, dated 1570; a collection of the charts published under the direction of the British Admiralty in 1860; a copy of the splendid Map of Gaul, under the pro-consulate of Cæsar, published by order of the Emperor; an Ethiopian Manuscript, containing the Fetha-Nagast, or Ethiopian code. — *English paper.*

HARES RACING WITH RAILWAY TRAINS.—In the early working of railways, particularly with mineral lines like the Stockton and Darlington, the "lumps" employed by night trains were iron baskets filled with burning coal, one of them usually swung on the side of the wagon as a signal to the following train. This light thus speeding along presented a great attraction to hares, which made it so general a practice to approach close to it, that some special allurements must have been exercised over these timid animals. It no sooner, however, came within the swinging traveling blaze that shone along its path than it would accompany the train for many miles, mauling the continued attempts of the stoker to kill it by throwing lumps of coal at it. The position they invariably took in the race was just in advance

of the lamp; from which I infer that, as the light would shed its lustre upon only a very limited space of the course, the hare confined itself to this lighted space, clearly because beyond was darkness. This is evident from the circumstance that, after some distance had been run, if the light for a moment got ahead of the hare, the spell was ended, and puss parted company with the blaze. Again, in confirmation of this very timid animal being nonplussed by the luminous streak of light in which it raced with the speeding train, is the fact of its running many miles whilst the man on the proximate wagon was hurling lumps of coal at it with murderous intent, and shows it was bound by some more dominant power than a charm, whatever might have been the first incentive to approach the travelling light. The question yet remains—what motive, curiosity, or impulse enticed this nimble and timid animal to chase and join the running illumination, in spite of the puffing of the locomotive and the rumbling of a running coal-train, till it entered within the influence of the delirious dazzle?—*English paper.*

ABSTRACTION.—Although excellence can be scarcely looked for without the power of abstraction, yet it offers, more than any other tendency of the mind, examples of perversion to the ludicrous. Under its influence, it is related that Newton was tempted to use a lady's finger as a tobacco-stopper; Dr. Robert Hamilton, to take off his hat to his wife in the streets, and apologize for neglecting her salutation; as he had not the pleasure of her acquaintance; the Rev. George Harvest, to go out gudgeon-fishing when he should have appeared at the hymeneal altar with his bishop's daughter; and Brubel, to caress the hand of a lady to whom he was scarcely known, but who happened to be seated next him at table, believing it to be that of his own wife.

It is estimated there are 14,600,000 persons of African descent on this continent and the islands adjacent thereto. In the United States they number 4,500,000; Brazil, 4,150,000; Cuba, 1,500,000; South and Central American republics, 1,200,000; Hayti, 2,000,000; British Possessions, 800,000; French, 250,000; Dutch, Danish, and Mexican, 200,000.

THE COST OF THE WARRIOR.—We learn by a parliamentary return, just issued, that the total cost of the Warrior, before being ready for sea, was £854,835. The hull was £251,046; the engines, £71,875; masts and rigging, £18,530; and fittings and alterations, £12,828.

INFLAMMABLE LADIES.—In these days of inflammable ladies, we shall, perhaps, render good service by giving publicity to the discovery recently made by a French chemist, that muslin, lace, and all descriptions of light stuffs may be rendered fireproof by steeping them in starch mixed with half its weight of carbonate of lime, or, as it is commonly called, Spanish chalk.

The new craters have appeared on Mount Vesuvius during the present eruption. English photographers are at work taking photographs of the mountain in its excited state.

A WHIRLPOOL, some three hundred and sixty feet in diameter, has been formed in the sea near Torre del Green by the late eruption of Vesuvius.

We know more of the heads of celebrated men than of their hearts; they have sketched the former in their works; their hearts are found in their secret actions.

When our desires are fulfilled to the very letter, we always find some mistake which renders them any thing but what we expected.

CRYSTAL PALACE FOR THE PARISIANS.—A *société anonyme*, with a capital of 25,000,000 francs, is in course of formation for the construction of a "Palais de Cristal" in the Bois de Boulogne. The council of administration comprises a number of gentlemen well known both in France and this country—the French portion including the Marquis de la Roche-Aymon, Count de Santivy, the Marquis de Monclar, M. Pasqualini, and Prince A. Galitzin; and the English portion, Messrs. S. Beale, M.P., T. N. Farquhar, and Wm. Jackson, M.P. Sir Joseph Paxton has accepted the office of architect-in-chief; Mr. Edwin Clarke, that of consulting engineer; and Mr. Thomas Brassey, that of contractor-general. It is intended to make the Palace specially attractive by concentrating within it magnificent halls for public entertainments, and a vast nave for the exhibition of fine arts, manufactures, and horticulture. Balls, concerts, art-festivals, literary and national reunions, will find accommodation worthy of the advancement of the age. The exhibitions will be permanent.—*London paper.*

A CURIOUS DOCUMENT.—From Paris we hear that the second volume of *The Family of Orleans*, by M. Crétineau Joly, is shortly to appear, and is said to contain a curious document relative to the present Emperor of France. It is a letter from Queen Hortense, written soon after the Strasburg adventure. The mother of Louis Napoleon writes: "The failure of the undertaking is not to be much regretted." And later: "If unfortunately my Louis ever should become Emperor, he would ruin everything, and France entirely." It is supposed that this volume will appear in two editions, as no French publisher will venture on printing this letter; the French edition will merely make mention of the letter, while the Belgian is to reprint it completely.—*Paris letter in London Review.*

The fellow who got intoxicated with delight has been turned out of the temperance society.

CURIOSITIES WANTED.—A handle for a blade of grass, a letter written with a cow pen, and a feather from the wing of a hospital.

THE RIGHT MAN IN THE RIGHT PLACE.—A husband at home in the evening.

The importation of manufactured tobacco and snuff into the United Kingdom for the first eleven months of this year reached 1,897,616 lbs., being a great falling off as compared with the corresponding period of 1860, when the importation amounted to 2,288,197 lbs.

The mints of the United States have coined, since they commenced operations, a period less than seventy years, the large amount of eight hundred million dollars, about one fifth of the whole metallic currency of the world.